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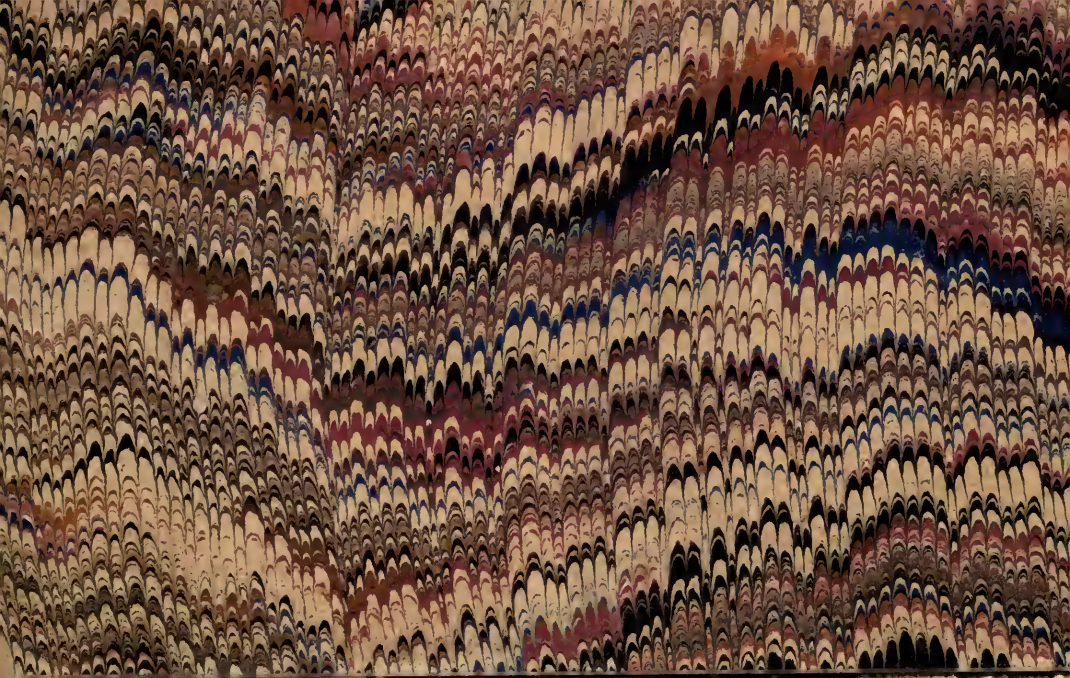

THE

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

VOL. XIII.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

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LIFE

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

WITH A

PRELIMINARY VIEW OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

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LIFE

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CHAPTER XLI.

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THE peace of Tilsit had been of that character, which, while it settled the points of dispute between two rival monarchies, who had found themselves hardly matched in the conflict to which it put a period, left both at liberty to use towards the nations more immediately under the influence of either, such a degree of discretion as their power

enabled them to exercise. Such was Napoleon's idea of pacification, which amounted to this:—"I will work my own pleasure with the countries over which my power gives me not indeed the right, but the authority and power; and you, my ally, shall, in recompense, do what suits you in the territories of other states adjoining to you, but over which I have no such immediate influence."

This was the explanation which he put upon the treaty of Amiens, and this was the species of peace which long afterwards he regretted had not been concluded with England. His regrets on that point were expressed at a very late period, in language which is perfectly intelligible. Speaking of France and England, he said, "We have done each other infinite harm—we might have rendered each other infinite service by mutual good understanding. If the school of Fox had succeeded, we would have understood each other—there would only have been in Europe one army and one fleet—we would have governed the world—we would have fixed repose and prosperity every where, either by force or by persuasion. Yes—I repeat how much good we might have done—how much evil we have actually done to each other."[1]

Now, the fundamental principle of such a pacification, which Buonaparte seems to the very last to have considered as the mutual basis of common interest, was such as could not, ought not, nay, dared not, have been adopted by any ministry which England could have chosen, so long as she

[1] [Las Cases, t. iv. p. 163.]

possessed a free Parliament. Her principle of pacification must have been one that ascertained the independence of other powers, not which permitted her own aggressions, and gave way to those of France. Her wealth, strength, and happiness, do, and must always, consist in the national independence of the states upon the continent. She could not, either with conscience or safety, make peace with a usurping conqueror, on the footing that she herself was to become a usurper in her turn. She has no desire or interest to blot out other nations from the map of Europe, in order that no names may remain save those of Britain and France; nor is she interested in depriving other states of their fleets, or of their armies. Her statesmen must disclaim the idea of governing the world, or a moiety of the world, and of making other nations either happy or unhappy by force of arms. The conduct of England in 1814 and in 1815, evinced this honest and honourable policy; since, yielding much to others, she could not be accused of being herself influenced by any views to extend her own dominion, in the general confusion and blending which arose out of the downfall of the external power of France. That, however, is a subject for another place.

In the mean while, France, who, with Russia, had arranged a treaty of pacification on a very different basis, was now busied in gathering in the advantages which she expected to derive from it. In doing so, it seems to have been Buonaparte's principal object so to consolidate and enforce what he called his Continental System, as ultimately to

root out and destroy the remaining precarious communications, which England, by her external commerce, continued to maintain with the nations of the continent.

To attain this grand object, the treaty of Tilsit and its consequences had given him great facilities. France was his own—Holland was under the dominion, nominally, of his brother Louis, but in a great measure at his devotion. His brother Jerome was established in the kingdom of Westphalia. It followed, therefore, in the course of his brother's policy, that he was to form an alliance worthy of his new rank. It has been already noticed that he had abandoned, by his brother's command, Elizabeth Paterson, daughter of a respectable gentleman of Baltimore, whom he had married in 1803. He was now married at the Tuileries to Frederica Catherine, daughter of the King of Wirtemberg.[1]

Prussia, and all the once free ports of the Hanseatic League, were closed against English commerce, so far as absolute military power could effect that purpose. Russia was not so tractable in that important matter as the terms of the treaty of Tilsit, and Napoleon's secret engagements with the Czar, had led him to hope. But Alexander was too powerful to be absolutely dictated to in the enforcement of this anti-commercial system; and, indeed, the peculiar state of the Russian nation

[1] [The marriage took place on the 12th of August, and, a few days after, Jerome was proclaimed King of Westphalia. The constitution of the kingdom was issued on the 15th December, the new monarch's birth-day, who had then completed his twenty-second year; and, on the 21st, Jerome made his public entry into Cassel.]

might have rendered it perilous to the Czar to enforce the non-intercourse to the extent which Napoleon would have wished. The large, bulky, and heavy commodities of Russia,—hemp and iron, and timber and wax, and pitch and naval stores—that produce upon which the Boyards of the empire chiefly depended for their revenue, would not bear the expense of transportation by land; and England, in full and exclusive command of the sea, was her only, and at the same time her willing customer. Under various elusory devices, therefore, England continued to purchase Russian commodities, and pay for them in her own manufactures, in spite of the decrees of the French Emperor, and in defiance of the ukases of the Czar himself; and to this Buonaparte was compelled to seem blind, as what his Russian ally could not, or would not, put an end to.

The strangest struggle ever witnessed in the civilized world began now to be maintained, betwixt Britain and those countries who felt the importation of British goods as a subject not only of convenience, but of vital importance, on the one hand, and France on the other; whose ruler was determined that on no account should Britain either maintain intercourse with the continent, or derive the inherent advantages of a free trade. The decrees of Berlin were reinforced by others of the French Emperor, yet more peremptory and more vexatious. By these, and particularly by one promulgated at Milan, 17th December, 1807, Napoleon declared Britain in a state of blockade —all nations whatever were prohibited not only

to trade with her, but to deal in any articles of British manufactures.[1] Agents were named in every seaport and trading-town on the part of Buonaparte. There was an ordinance that no ship should be admitted into any of the ports of the continent without certificates, as they were called, of origin ; the purpose of which was to show that no part of their cargo was of British produce. These regulations were met by others on the part of Britain, called the Orders in Council.[2] They permitted all neutrals to trade with countries at peace with Great Britain, providing they touched at a British port, and paid the British duties. Neutrals were thus placed in a most undesirable predicament betwixt the two great contending powers. If they neglected the British Orders in Council, they were captured by the cruizers of England, with which the sea was covered. If they paid duties at British ports, they were confiscated, if the fact could be discovered, on arrival at any port under French influence. This led to every species of deception by which the real character of the mercantile transaction could be disguised. False papers, false entries, false registers, were every where produced ; and such were the profits attending the trade, that the most trusty and trusted agents of Buonaparte, men of the highest rank in his empire, were found willing to wink at this contraband commerce, and

[1] [Annual Register, vol. xlix. p. 779.]

[2] [For copies of the several orders in Council, see Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. x. p. 126, and Annual Register, vol. xlix. pp. 745, 746, 754.]

obtained great sums for doing so. All along the sea-coast of Europe, this struggle was keenly maintained betwixt the most powerful individual the world ever saw, and the wants and wishes of the society which he controlled—wants and wishes not the less eagerly entertained, that they were directed towards luxuries and superfluities.

But it was chiefly the Spanish Peninsula, in which the dominion of its ancient and natural princes still nominally survived, which gave an extended vent to the objects of British commerce. Buonaparte, indeed, had a large share of its profits, since Portugal, in particular, paid him great sums to connive at her trade with England. But at last the weakness of Portugal, and the total disunion of the Royal Family in Spain, suggested to Napoleon the thoughts of appropriating to his own family, or rather to himself, that noble portion of the continent of Europe. Hence arose the Spanish contest, of which he afterwards said in bitterness, "That wretched war was my ruin; it divided my forces—obliged me to multiply my efforts, and injured my character for morality."[1] But could he expect better results from a usurpation, executed under circumstances of treachery perfectly unexampled in the history of Europe? Before entering, however, upon this new and most important era of Napoleon's history, it is necessary hastily to resume some account of the previous relations between France and the Peninsula since the Revolution.

[1] [Las Cases, t. iii. p. 220.]

Manuel de Godoy, a favourite of Charles IV. and the paramour of his profligate Queen, was at this time the uncontrolled minister of Spain.[1] He bore the title of Prince of the Peace, or of Peace, as it was termed for brevity's sake, on account of his having completed the pacification of Basle, which closed the revolutionary war betwixt Spain and France. By the subsequent treaty of Saint Ildefonso, he had established an alliance, offensive and defensive, betwixt the two countries, in consequence of which Spain had taken from time to time, without hesitation, every step which Buonaparte's interested policy recommended. But notwithstanding this subservience to the pleasure of the French ruler, Godoy seems in secret to have nourished hopes of getting free of the French yoke; and at the very period when the Prussian war broke out, without any necessity which could be discovered, he suddenly called the Spanish forces to arms, addressing to them a proclamation of a boastful, and, at the same time, a mysterious character, indicating that the country was in danger, and that some great exertion was expected from the Spanish armies in her behalf. Buonaparte

[1] [From the rank of a simple gentleman of the Royal Guards, Godoy had, through the Queen's influence, been raised to the highest dignities. "There was no jealousy in the Queen's attachment to this minion; she gave him one of the royal family in marriage, but the private life of the favourite continued to be as infamous as the means whereby he had risen. It is said, that there was no way so certain to obtain promotion, as by pandering to his vices; and that wives, sisters, and daughters, were offered him as the price of preferment, in a manner more shameful than had ever before been witnessed in a Christian country."—Southey, *History of the Peninsular War*, vol. i. p. 79.]

received this proclamation on the field of battle at Jena, and is said to have sworn vengeance against Spain.[1] The news of that great victory soon altered Godoy's military attitude, and the minister could find no better excuse for it, than to pretend that he had armed against an apprehended invasion of the Moors. Napoleon permitted the circumstance to remain unexplained. It had made him aware of Godoy's private sentiments in respect to himself and to France, if he had before doubted them; and though passed over without farther notice, this hasty armament of 1806 was assuredly not dismissed from his thoughts.

In the state of abasement under which they felt their government and royal family to have fallen, the hopes and affections of the Spaniards were naturally turned on the heir-apparent, whose succession to the crown they looked forward to as a signal for better things, and who was well understood to be at open variance with the all-powerful Godoy. The Prince of the Asturias, however, does not seem to have possessed any portion of that old heroic pride, and love of independence, which ought to have marked the future King of Spain. He was not revolted at the sway which Buonaparte held in Europe and in Spain, and far from desiring to get rid of the French influence, he endeavoured to secure Buonaparte's favour for his own partial views, by an offer to connect his own interest in an indissoluble manner with those

[1] [De Pradt, Mémoires sur la Révolution d'Espagne, p. 15.]

of Napoleon and his dynasty. Assisted by some of the grandees, who were most especially tired of Godoy and his administration, the Prince wrote Buonaparte a secret letter, [11th October,] expressing the highest esteem for his person; intimating the condition to which his father, whose too great goodness of disposition had been misguided by wicked counsellors, had reduced the flourishing kingdom of Spain; requesting the counsels and support of the Emperor Napoleon, to detect the schemes of those perfidious men; and entreating, that, as a pledge of the paternal protection which he solicited, the Emperor would grant him the honour of allying him with one of his relations.[1]

In this manner the heir-apparent of Spain threw himself into the arms, or, more properly, at the feet of Napoleon; but he did not meet the reception he had hoped for. Buonaparte was at this time engaged in negotiations with Charles IV., and with that very Godoy whom it was the object of the Prince to remove or ruin; and as they could second his views with all the remaining forces of Spain, while Prince Ferdinand was in possession of no actual power or authority, the former were for the time preferable allies. The Prince's offer, as what might be useful on some future occasion, was for the present neither accepted nor refused. Napoleon was altogether silent. The fate of the royal family was thus in the hands of the Stranger. Their fate was probably already determined. But before expelling the Bourbons from Spain, Napo-

[1] [Southey, vol. i. p. 87.]

leon judged it most politic to use their forces in subduing Portugal.

The flower of the Spanish army, consisting of sixteen thousand men, under the Marquis de la Romana, had been marched into the north of Europe, under the character of auxiliaries of France. Another detachment had been sent to Tuscany, commanded by O'Farrel. So far the kingdom was weakened by the absence of her own best troops; the conquest of Portugal was to be made a pretext for introducing the French army to dictate to the whole Peninsula.

Portugal was under a singularly weak government. Her army was ruined; the soul and spirit of her nobility was lost; her sole hope for continuing in existence, under the name of an independent kingdom, rested in her power of purchasing the clemency of France, and some belief that Spain would not permit her own territories to be violated for the sake of annihilating an unoffending neighbour and ally.

Shortly after the treaty of Tilsit, the Prince Regent of Portugal was required, by France and Spain jointly, to shut his ports against the English, to confiscate the property of Britain, and to arrest the persons of her subjects wherever they could be found within his dominions. The Prince reluctantly acceded to the first part of this proposal; the last he peremptorily refused, as calling upon him at once to violate the faith of treaties and the rights of hospitality. And the British merchants received intimation, that it would be wisdom to close their commercial concerns, and retire from a

country which had no longer the means of protecting them.

In the mean time, a singular treaty was signed at Fontainbleau, for the partition of the ancient kingdom of Portugal. By this agreement, a regular plan was laid for invading Portugal with French and Spanish armies, accomplishing the conquest of the country, and dividing it into three parts. The province of Entre Minho y Douro, with the town of Oporto, was to belong to the King of Etruria (who was to cede his Italian dominions to Napoleon), with the title of King of Northern Lusitania; another portion, consisting of Alenteyo and the Algarves, was to be given in sovereignty to Godoy, with the title of Prince of the Algarves; and a third was to remain in sequestration till the end of the war.[1] By the treaty of Fontainbleau, Napoleon obtained two important advantages; the first, that Portugal should be conquered; the second, that a great part of the Spanish troops should be employed on the expedition, and their native country thus deprived of their assistance. It is impossible to believe that he ever intended Godoy, or the King of Etruria, should gain any thing by the stipulations in their behalf.

Junot, one of the most grasping, extravagant, and profligate of the French generals, a man whom Buonaparte himself has stigmatized as a monster of rapacity,[2] was appointed to march upon Lisbon,

[1] [This treaty, together with a convention dependent on it, was signed the 27th, and ratified by Napoleon on the 29th of October.]

[2] [Las Cases, t. iv. p. 347.]

and intrusted with the charge of reconciling to the yoke of the invaders, a nation who had neither provoked war, nor attempted resistance.

Two additional armies, consisting partly of French and partly of Spaniards, supported the attack of Junot. A French army, amounting to 40,000 men, was formed at Bayonne, in terms of the treaty of Fontainbleau, destined, it was pretended, to act as an army of reserve, in case the English should land troops for the defence of Portugal, but which, it had been stipulated, was on no account to enter Spain, unless such a crisis should demand their presence. It will presently appear what was the true purpose of this army of reserve, and under what circumstances it was really intended to enter the Spanish territory.

Mean time Junot advanced upon Lisbon with such extraordinary forced marches, as very much dislocated and exhausted his army. But this was of the less consequence, because, aware that he could not make an effectual resistance, the Prince Regent had determined that he would not, by an ineffectual show of defence, give the invaders a pretext to treat Portugal like a conquered country. He resolved at this late hour to comply even with the last and harshest of the terms dictated by France and Spain, by putting the restraint of a register on British subjects and British property; but he had purposely delayed compliance, till little was left that could be affected by the measure. The British Factory, so long domiciliated at Lisbon, had left the Tagus on the 18th of October, amid the universal regret of the inhabitants. The British

resident minister, Lord Strangford, although feeling compassion for the force under which the Prince Regent acted, was, nevertheless, under the necessity of considering these unfriendly steps as a declaration against England. He took down the British arms, departed from Lisbon accordingly, and went on board Sir Sidney Smith's squadron, then lying off the Tagus. The Marquis of Marialva was then sent as an ambassador extraordinary, to state to the courts of France and Spain, that the Prince Regent had complied with the whole of their demands, and to request that the march of their forces upon Lisbon should be countermanded.

Junot and his army had by this time crossed the frontiers of Portugal, entering, he said, as the friends, allies, and protectors of the Portuguese, come to save Lisbon from the fate of Copenhagen, and relieve the inhabitants from the yoke of the maritime tyrants of Europe.[1] He promised the utmost good discipline on the part of his troops, while, at the same time, the constant plunder and exactions of the French were embittered by wanton scorn and acts of sacrilege, which, to a religious people, seemed peculiarly horrible.[2] Nothing, however, retarded the celerity of his march; for he was well aware that it was his master's most anxious wish to seize the persons of the Portuguese

[1] [Proclamation from Alcantara, Nov. 17.]

[2] ["As if they had been desirous of provoking the Portuguese to some act of violence which might serve as a pretext for carrying into effect the threats which Junot had denounced, they burnt or mutilated the images in the churches, and threw the wafer to be trodden under foot."—Neves, *Historia de la Guerra contra Nap.* t. i. p. 196.]

royal family, and especially that of the Prince Regent.

But the Prince, although his general disposition was gentle and compromising, had, on this occasion, impressions not unworthy of the heir of Braganza. He had determined that he would not kiss the dust at the feet of the invader, or be made captive to enhance his triumph. The kingdom of Portugal had spacious realms beyond the Atlantic, in which its royal family might seek refuge. The British ambassador offered every facility which her squadron could afford, and, as is now known, granted the guarantee of Great Britain, that she would acknowledge no government which the invaders might establish in Portugal, to the prejudice of the House of Braganza. The Prince Regent, with the whole royal family, embarked on board the Portuguese vessels of the line, hastily rigged out as they were, and indifferently prepared for sea; and thus afforded modern Europe, for the first time, an example of that species of emigration, frequent in ancient days, when kings and princes, expelled from their native seats by the strong arm of violence, went to seek new establishments in distant countries. The royal family embarked (27th Nov.) amid the tears, cries, and blessings of the people, from the very spot whence Vasco de Gama loosened his sails, to discover for Portugal new realms in the East. The weather was as gloomy as were the actors and spectators of this affecting scene; and the firmness of the Prince Regent was applauded by the nation which he was leaving, aware that his longer presence might have

exposed himself to insult, but could have had no effect in ameliorating their own fate.

Junot, within a day's march of Lisbon, was almost frantic with rage when he heard this news. He well knew how much the escape of the Prince, and the resolution he had formed, would diminish the lustre of his own success in the eyes of his master. Once possessed of the Prince Regent's person, Buonaparte had hoped to get him to cede possession of the Brazils; and transmarine acquisitions had for Napoleon all the merit of novelty. The empire of the House of Braganza in the new world, was now effectually beyond his reach; and his general, thus far unsuccessful, might have some reason to dread the excess of his master's disappointment.

Upon the first of December, exhausted with their forced marches, and sufficiently miserable in equipment and appearance,[1] the French vanguard approached the city, and their general might see the retreating sails of the vessels which deprived him of so fair a portion of his prize. Junot, however, was soon led to resume confidence in his own merits. He had been connected with Buonaparte ever since the commencement of his fortunes, which he had faithfully followed. Such qualifications, and his having married a lady named Comnene,[2] who affirmed herself to be descended from

[1] [Not a regiment, not a battalion, not even a company, arrived entire; many of them were beardless boys, and they came in so pitiable a condition, as literally to excite compassion; foot-sored, bemired and wet, ragged, and hungered, and diseased."—Neves, t. i. p. 213.]

[2] ["Her family was from Corsica, and resided in the neigh-

the blood of the Greek emperors, was sufficient, he thought, to entitle him to expect the vacant throne of Lisbon from the hand of his master. In the mean time, he acted as if already in possession of supreme power. He took possession of the house belonging to the richest merchant in the city, and although he received twelve hundred crusadoes a-month for his table, he compelled his landlord to be at the whole expense of his establishment, which was placed on the most extravagant scale of splendour. His inferior officers took the hint, nor were the soldiers slow in following the example. The extortions and rapacity practised in Lisbon seemed to leave all former excesses of the French army far behind. This led to quarrels betwixt the French and the natives; blood was shed; public executions took place, and the invaders, proceeding to reduce and disband the remnant of the Portuguese army, showed their positive intention to retain the kingdom under their own exclusive authority.

This purpose was at last intimated by an official document or proclamation, issued by Junot [1st Feb.] under Buonaparte's orders. It declared, that, by leaving his kingdom, the Prince of Brazil had, in fact, abdicated the sovereignty, and that Portugal, having become a part of the dominions of Napoleon, should, for the present, be governed by the French-

bourhood of mine; they were under great obligations to my mother, not merely for her benevolence towards them, but for services of a more positive nature."—NAPOLZON, *Las Cases*, t. iv. p. 349.]

general-in-chief, in name of the Emperor.[1] The French flag was accordingly displayed, the arms of Portugal every where removed. The property of the Prince Regent, and of all who had followed him, was sequestrated, with a reserve in favour of those who should return before the 15th day of February, the proclamation being published upon the first day of that month. The next demand upon the unhappy country, was for a contribution of forty millions of crusadoes, or four millions and a half sterling;[2] which, laid upon a population of something less than three millions, came to about thirty shillings a-head; while the share of the immense numbers who could pay nothing, fell upon the upper and middling ranks, who had still some property remaining. There was not specie enough in the country to answer the demand; but plate, valuables, British goods, and colonial produce, were received instead of money. Some of the French officers turned jobbers in these last articles, sending them off to Paris, where they were sold to advantage. Some became money-brokers, and bought up paper-money at a discount—so little does the profession of arms retain of its disinterested and gallant character, when its professors become habituated and accustomed depredators.[3]

The proclamation of 2d February, vesting the

[1] [" The House of Braganza has ceased to reign in Portugal, and the Emperor Napoleon wills that this fine country shall be governed entirely in his name, by the general-in-chief of his army."]

[2] [The edict imposing this contribution was dated from Milan, Dec. 23.]

[3] [Southey, vol. i. p. 155.]

government of Portugal in General Junot, as the representative of the French Empire, seemed entirely to abrogate the treaty of Fontainbleau, and in fact really did so, except as to such articles in favour of Napoleon, as he himself chose should remain in force. As for the imaginary princedom of Algarves, with which Godoy was to have been invested, no more was ever said or thought about it; nor was he in any condition to assert his claim to it, however formal the stipulation.[1]

While the French were taking possession of Portugal, one of those scandalous scenes took place in the royal family at Madrid, which are often found to precede the fall of a shaken throne.

We have already mentioned the discontent of the Prince of Asturias with his father, or rather his father's minister. We have mentioned that he had desired to ally himself with the family of Buonaparte, in order to secure his protection, but that the Emperor of France had given no direct encouragement to his suit. Still, a considerable party, headed by the Duke del Infantado, and the Canon Escoiquiz, who had been the Prince's tutor,[2] relying upon the general popularity of Ferdinand, seem to have undertaken some cabal, having for its object probably the deposition of the old King and the removal of Godoy. The plot was discovered; the person of the Prince was secured, and Charles made a clamorous appeal to the justice of Napo-

[1] ["Fallen from his dreams of royalty, and trembling for his life, he was ready to make any sacrifice which might procure him the protection of France."—Neves, t. i. p. 313.]

[2] [And author of an heroic poem on the Conquest of Mexico.]

leon, and to the opinion of the world. He stated that the purpose of the conspirators had been aimed at his life, and that of his faithful minister; and produced, in support of this unnatural charge, two letters from Ferdinand, addressed to his parents, in which he acknowledges (in general terms) having failed in duty to his father and sovereign, and says "that he has denounced his advisers, professes repentance, and craves pardon."[1] The reality of this affair is not easily penetrated. That there had been a conspiracy, is more than probable; the intended parricide was probably an aggravation, of which so weak a man as Charles IV. might be easily convinced by the arts of his wife and her paramour.

So standing matters in that distracted house, both father and son appealed to Buonaparte as the august friend and ally of Spain, and the natural umpire of the disputes in its royal family. But Napoleon nourished views which could not be served by giving either party an effectual victory over the other. He caused his ambassador, Beauharnois, to intercede in favour of the Prince of Asturias. Charles IV. and his minister were alarmed and troubled at finding his powerful ally take interest, even to this extent, in behalf of his disobedient son. They permitted themselves to allude to the private letter from the Prince of Asturias to Napoleon, and to express a hope that the Great Emperor would not permit a rebellious son to shelter himself by an alliance with his Impe-

[1] [Las Cases, t. iv. p. 198; Southey, vol. i. p. 188: Savary, t. ii. p. 144.]

rial family. The touching this chord was what Buonaparte desired. It gave him a pretext to assume a haughty, distant, and offended aspect towards the reigning King, who had dared to suspect him of bad faith, and had mertioned with less than due consideration the name of a lady of the Imperial house.

Godoy was terrified at the interpretation put upon the remonstrances made by himself and his master, by the awful arbiter of their destiny. Izquierdo, the Spanish ambassador, was directed to renew his applications to the Emperor, for the especial purpose of assuring him that a match with his family would be in the highest degree acceptable to the King of Spain. Charles wrote with his own hand to the same purpose. But it was Napoleon's policy to appear haughty, distant, indifferent, and offended; and to teach the contending father and son, who both looked to him as their judge, the painful feelings of mutual suspense. In the mean time, a new levy of the conscription put into his hands a fresh army; and forty thousand men were stationed at Bayonne, to add weight to his mediation in the affairs of Spain.

About this period, he did not hesitate to avow to the ablest of his counsellors, Talleyrand and Fouché, the resolution he had formed, that the Spanish race of the House of Bourbon should cease to reign. His plan was opposed by these sagacious statesmen, and the opposition on the part of Talleyrand is represented to have been obstinate.[1] At a

[1] ["So far from being opposed to it, M. de Talleyrand even advised it. It was he who dictated all the preliminary steps, and

later period, Napoleon found it more advantageous to load Talleyrand with the charge of being his adviser in the war with Spain, as well as in the tragedy of the Duc d'Enghien. In Fouché's Memoirs, there is an interesting account of his conversation with the Emperor on that occasion, of which we see room fully to credit the authenticity. It places before us, in a striking point of view, arguments for and against this extraordinary and decisive measure. "Let Portugal take her fate," said Fouché, "she is, in fact, little else than an English colony. But that King of Spain has given you no reason to complain of him; he has been the humblest of your prefects. Besides, take heed you are not deceived in the disposition of the Spaniards. You have a party amongst them now, because they look on you as a great and powerful potentate, a prince, and an ally. But you ought to be aware that the Spanish people possess no part of the German phlegm. They are attached to their laws; their government; their ancient customs. It would be an error to judge of the national character by that of the higher classes, which are there, as elsewhere, corrupted, and indifferent to their country. Once more, take heed you do not convert, by such an act of aggression, a submissive and useful tributary kingdom, into a second La Vendée."

Buonaparte answered these prophetic remarks,

it was with the view of promptly carrying the measure into effect that he so urgently pressed the conclusion of peace at Tilsit. He was the first who thought of the Spanish expedition; he laid the springs which it was necessary to bring into play to complete the

by observations on the contemptible character of the Spanish government, the imbecility of the King, and the worthless character of the minister; the common people, who might be influenced to oppose him by the monks, would be dispersed, he said, by one volley of cannon. "The stake I play for is immense—I will continue in my own dynasty the family system of the Bourbons, and unite Spain for ever to the destinies of France. Remember that the sun never sets on the immense Empire of Charles V."[1]

Fouché urged another doubt; whether, if the flames of opposition should grow violent in Spain, Russia might not be encouraged to resume her connexion with England, and thus place the empire of Napoleon betwixt two fires? This suspicion Buonaparte ridiculed as that of a minister of police, whose habits taught him to doubt the very existence of sincerity. The Emperor of Russia, he said, was completely won over, and sincerely attached to him.[2] Thus, warned in vain of the wrath and evil to-come, Napoleon persisted in his purpose.

But, ere yet he had pounced upon the tempting prey, in which form Spain presented herself to his eyes, Napoleon made a hurried expedition to Italy. This journey had several motives. One was, to interrupt his communications with the royal family of Spain, in order to avoid being pressed to explain

[1] [Mémoires de Fouché, t. i. p. 313.]

[2] ["I am sure of Alexander, who is very sincere. I now exercise over him a kind of charm, independently of the guarantee offered me by those about him, of whom I am equally certain." *Ibid.* t. i. p. 315.]

the precise nature of his pretensions, until he was prepared to support them by open force. Another was, to secure the utmost personal advantage which could be extracted from the treaty of Fontainbleau, before he threw that document aside like waste paper; it being his purpose that it should remain such, in so far as its stipulations were in behalf of any others than himself. Under pretext of this treaty, he expelled from Tuscany, or Etruria, as it was now called, the widowed Queen of that territory. She now, for the first time learned, that by an agreement to which she was no party, she was to be dispossessed of her own original dominions, as well as of those which Napoleon himself had guaranteed to her, and was informed that she was to receive a compensation in Portugal. This increased her affliction. "She did not desire," she said, "to share the spoils of any one, much more of a sister and a friend." Upon arriving in Spain, and having recourse to her parent, the King of Spain, for redress and explanation, she had the additional information, that the treaty of Fontainbleau was to be recognised as valid, in so far as it deprived her of her territories, but was not to be of any effect in as far as it provided her with indemnification.[1] At another time, or in another history, this would have been dwelt upon as an aggravated system of violence and tyranny over the unprotected. But the far more important affairs of Spain threw those of Etruria into the shade.

[1] [Memoir of the Queen of Etruria, p. 70; Southey, vol. i. p. 193.]

After so much preparation behind the scenes, Buonaparte now proposed to open the first grand act of the impending drama. He wrote from Italy to the King of Spain, that he consented to the proposal which he had made for the marriage betwixt the Prince of Asturias and one of his kinswomen; and having thus maintained to the last the appearances of friendship, he gave orders to the French army, lying at Bayonne, to enter Spain on different points, and to possess themselves of the strong fortresses by which the frontier of that kingdom is defended.

CHAPTER XLII.

Pampeluna, Barcelona, Montjouy, and St Sebastians, are fraudulently seized by the French.—King Charles proposes to sail for South America.— Insurrection at Aranjuez.— Charles resigns the Crown in favour of Ferdinand. —Murat enters Madrid.— Charles disavows his resignation.— General Savary arrives at Madrid.—Napoleon's Letter to Murat, touching the Invasion of Spain.— Ferdinand sets out to meet Napoleon.—Halts at Vittoria, and learns too late Napoleon's designs against him.— Joins Buonaparte at Bayonne.—Napoleon opens his designs to Escoiquiz and Cevallos, both of whom he finds intractable.— He sends for Charles, his Queen, and Godoy, to Bayonne.—Ferdinand is induced to abdicate the Crown in favour of his Father, who resigns it next day to Napoleon.— This transfer is reluctantly confirmed by Ferdinand, who, with his Brothers, is sent to splendid imprisonment at Vallençay.—Joseph Buonaparte is appointed to the throne of Spain, and joins Napoleon at Bayonne.—Assembly of Notables convoked.

Not a word was spoken, or a motion made, to oppose the entrance of this large French army into the free territories of a friendly power. Neither the King, Godoy, nor any other, dared to complain of the gross breach of the treaty of Fontainbleau, which in stipulating the formation of the army of

should not cross the frontiers, unless with consent of the Spanish government. Received into the cities as friends and allies, it was the first object of the invaders to possess themselves, by a mixture of force and fraud, of the fortresses and citadels, which were the keys of Spain on the French frontier. The details are curious.

At Pampeluna, [Feb. 9,] a body of French troops, who apparently were amusing themselves with casting snowballs at each other on the esplanade of the citadel, continued their sport till they had an opportunity of throwing themselves upon the drawbridge, possessing the gate, and admitting a body of their comrades, who had been kept in readiness; and the capture was thus effected.[1]

Dulhesne, who commanded the French troops detached upon Barcelona, had obtained permission from the Spanish governor to mount guards of French along with those maintained by the native soldiers. He then gave out that his troops were about to march; and, as if previous to their moving, had them drawn up in front of the citadel of the place. A French general rode up under pretence of reviewing these men, then passed forward to the gate, as if to speak to the French portion of the guard. A body of Italian light troops rushed in close after the French officer and his suite; and the citadel was surrendered. Another division summoned the fort of Montjouy, the key, as it may be termed, of Barcelona, which shared the same fate. St Sebastians was overpowered by a body

of French, who had been admitted as patients into the hospital.

Thus the first fruits of the French invasion were the unresisted possession of these four fortresses, each of which might have detained armies for years under its walls.[1]

Nothing could exceed the consternation of the Spanish nation when they saw their frontier invaded, and four of the most impregnable forts in the world thus easily lost and won. There was indignation as well as sorrow in every countenance; and even at this late hour, had Charles and his son attempted an appeal to the spirit of the people, it would have been vigorously answered. But Godoy, who was the object of national hatred, and was aware that he would instantly become the victim of any general patriotic movement, took care to recommend only such measures of safety as he himself might have a personal share in. He had at once comprehended Napoleon's intentions of seizing upon Spain; and could discern no better course for the royal family, than that they should follow the example to which their own invasion of Portugal had given rise, and transport themselves, like the House of Braganza, to their South American provinces. But what in the Prince of Brazil, surrounded by such superior forces, was a justifiable, nay, a magnanimous effort to avoid personal captivity, would have been in the King of Spain the pusillanimous desertion of a post, which he had yet many means of defending.

[1] [Southey, vol. i. p. 201.]

Nevertheless, upon Godoy's suggestion, the voyage for America was determined on, and troops were hastily collected at Madrid for the sake of securing the retreat of the royal family to Cadiz, where they were to embark. The terror and confusion of the King's mind was artfully increased by a letter from Napoleon, expressing deep resentment at the coldness which Charles, as he alleged, had exhibited on the subject of the proposed match with his house. The intimidated king returned for answer, that he desired nothing so ardently as the instant conclusion of the marriage, but at the same time redoubled his preparations for departure. This effect was probably exactly what Napoleon intended to produce. If the King went off to America, his name might be used to curb the party of the Prince of Asturias; and the chance of influencing the countries where the precious metals are produced, would be much increased, should they fall under the dominion of the weak Charles and the profligate Godoy.

Mean time, the resolution of the king to depart from the royal residence of Aranjuez to Cadiz, with the purpose of going from thence to New Spain, began to get abroad among the people of all ranks. The Council of Castile remonstrated against the intentions of the sovereign. The Prince of Asturias and his brother joined in a strong protest against the measure. The populace, partaking the sentiments of the heir-apparent and council, treated the departure of the king as arising out of some scheme of the detested Godoy, and threatened to prevent it by force. The unfortunate and

perplexed monarch changed his opinions, or his language at least, with every new counsellor and every new alarm.

On the 17th of March, the walls of the palace were covered with a royal proclamation, professing his Majesty's intentions to remain with and share the fate of his subjects. Great crowds assembled joyfully beneath the balcony, on which the royal family appeared and received the thanks of their people, for their determination to abide amongst them. But, in the course of that same evening, the movements among the guards, and the accumulation of carriages and baggage, seemed plainly to indicate immediate intentions to set forth. While the minds of the spectators were agitated by appearances so contradictory of the royal proclamation, an accidental quarrel took place betwixt one of the King's body-guard and a bystander, when the former fired a pistol. The literal flash of the weapon could not more effectually have ignited a powder-magazine, than its discharge gave animation at once to the general feelings of the crowd. The few household troops who remained steady, could not check the enraged multitude; a regiment was brought up, commanded by Godoy's brother, but the men made a prisoner of their commanding officer, and joined the multitude. A great scene of riot ensued, the cry was universal to destroy Godoy, and some, it is said, demanded the abdication or deposition of the King. Godoy's house was plundered in the course of the night, and outrages committed on all who were judged his friends and counsellors.

In the morning the tumult was appeased by the news that the King had dismissed his minister. But the crowd continued strictly to search for him, and at length discovered him. He was beaten, wounded, and it was with some difficulty that Ferdinand saved him from instant death, on a promise that he should be reserved for punishment by the course of justice. The people were delighted with their success thus far, when, to complete their satisfaction, the old, weak, and unpopular King, on the 19th March, resigned his crown to Ferdinand, the favourite of his subjects, professing an unconstrained wish to retire from the seat of government, and spend his life in peace and quiet in some remote province. This resolution was unquestionably hurried forward by the insurrection at Aranjuez; nor does the attitude of a son, who grasps at his father's falling diadem, appear good or graceful. Yet it is probable that Charles, in making his abdication, executed a resolution on which he had long meditated,[1] and from which he had chiefly been withheld by the intercession of the Queen and Godoy, who saw in the continuation of the old man's reign the only means to prolong their own power. The abdication was formally intimated to Napoleon, by a letter from the King himself.

While the members of the royal family were

[1] ["Maria Louisa," said Charles to the Queen, in the presence of Cevallos and of all the other ministers of state, "we will retire to one of the provinces, and Ferdinand, who is a young man, will take upon himself the burden of the Government."—SOUTHEY, vol. i. p. 206.]

distracted by these dissensions, the army of France was fast approaching Madrid, under the command of Joachim Murat, the brother-in-law of Buonaparte. He was at Aranda de Duero upon the day of the insurrection at Aranjuez, and his approach to Madrid required decisive measures on the part of the government. Ferdinand had formed an administration of those statesmen whom the public voice pointed out as the best patriots, and, what was thought synonymous, the keenest opponents of Godoy.[1] There was no time, had there been sufficient spirit in the councils of the new Prince, to request this military intruder to stay upon his road; he was a guest who would have known but too well how to make force supply the want of welcome. But this alarming visitor was, they next learned, to be followed hard upon the heel by one still more formidable. Napoleon, who had hurried back to Paris from Italy, was now setting out for Bayonne, with the purpose of proceeding to Madrid, and witnessing in person the settlement of the Spanish Peninsula.

To render the approach of the Emperor of France yet more appalling to the young King and his infant government, Beauharnois, the French ambassador, made no recognition of Ferdinand's authority, but observed a mysterious and ominous

[1] ["This wretched minion now felt that there are times when despotism itself proves even-handed as justice. He was sent prisoner to the castle of Villa Viciosa: with that measure wherewith he had dealt to others, it was now meted to him; a judicial enquiry

silence, when all the other representatives of foreign powers at Madrid, made their addresses of congratulation to the new sovereign. Murat next appeared, in all the pomp of war; brought ten thousand men within the walls of Madrid, [23d March,] where they were received with ancient hospitality, and quartered more than thrice that number in the vicinity. This commander also wore a doubtful and clouded brow, and while he expressed friendship for Ferdinand, and good-will to his cause, declined any definite acknowledgment of his title as king. He was lodged in the palace of Godoy, supported in the most splendid style, and his every wish watched that it might be attended to. But nothing more could be extracted from him than a reference to Napoleon's determination, which he advised Ferdinand to wait for and be guided by. In the idle hope (suggested by French councils) that a compliment might soothe either the Sultan or the satrap, the sword of Francis I., long preserved in memory of his captivity after the battle of Pavia, was presented to Murat with great ceremony, in a rich casket, to be by his honoured hands transmitted to those of the Emperor of France.[1] The hope to mitigate Buonaparte's severe resolves by such an act of adulation, was like that of him who should hope to cool red-hot iron by a drop of liquid perfume.

[1] ["The Grand Duke of Berg demanded the sword of Francis I. from the arsenal of Madrid. This mode of recovering it was not calculated to soothe the mortification of seeing it transferred

But though Murat and Beauharnois were very chary of saying any thing which could commit their principal, they were liberal of their private advice to Ferdinand as his professed friends, and joined in recommending that he should send his second brother, the Infant Don Carlos, to greet Napoleon upon his entrance into Spain, as at once a mark of respect and as a means of propitiating his favour. Ferdinand consented to this, as what he dared not well decline. But when it was proposed that he himself should leave his capital, and go to meet Buonaparte in the north of Spain, already completely occupied by French troops, he demurred, and by the advice of Cevallos, one of the wisest of his counsellors, declined the measure proposed, until, at least, he should receive express information of Napoleon's having crossed the frontier. To meet the French Emperor in Spain might be courtesy, but to advance into France would be meanness, as well as imprudence.[1]

Mean time, Murat, under pretence of hearing all parties in the family quarrel, opened, unknown to Ferdinand, a correspondence with his father and mother. The Queen, equally attached to her paramour, and filled with unnatural hatred to her son, as Godoy's enemy, breathed nothing but vengeance against Ferdinand and his advisers;[2] and the King

[1] [Southey, vol. i., p. 235.]

[2] ["Every letter was filled with anxious solicitations; of the throne there seemed to be neither thought nor care; with the mob at Aranjuez before her eyes, and the recollection of Marie Antoinette in her heart, this wretched woman was sick of royalty; she asked only an allowance for the King, herself, and Godoy, upon which they might live all three together — — a

at once avowed that his resignation was not the act of his voluntary will, but extorted by compulsion, in consequence of the insurrection of Aranjuez, and its consequences. Thus, the agents of Buonaparte obtained and transmitted to him documents, which, if Ferdinand should prove intractable, might afford ground for setting his right aside, and transacting with his father as still the legitimate possessor of the throne of Spain.

A new actor soon appeared on this busy stage. This was Savary, who was often intrusted with Buonaparte's most delicate negotiations.[1] He came, it was stated, to enquire particularly into the character of the insurrection at Aranjuez, and of the old King's abdication. He affected to believe that the explanations which Ferdinand afforded on these subjects, would be as satisfactory to his sovereign as to himself; and having thus opened the young King's heart, by perfectly approving of his cause and conduct, he assumed the language of a friendly adviser, and urged and entreated, by every species of argument, that Ferdinand should meet Buonaparte on the road to Madrid; and the young sovereign, beset with difficulties, saw no resource but in compliance.[2] The capital was surrounded by an army of forty thousand foreigners. The communications of Murat with France were kept open by

corner in which they might quietly finish their days."—SOUTHEY, vol. i. p. 233.] See the Letters in Savary, t. ii. p. 175, and Annual Register, vol. L. p. 240.]

[1] [For the instructions given by Napoleon to Savary, see his Mémoires, t. ii. p. 164.]

[2] [Mémoires de Savary, t. ii. p. 182; Southey, vol. i. p. 244.]

thirty thousand more; while, exclusive of the Spanish troops, whom the French had withdrawn to distant realms in the character of auxiliaries, the rest of the native forces, dispersed over the whole realm, and in many cases observed and mastered by the French, did not perhaps exceed thirty thousand men. If Ferdinand remained in Madrid, therefore, he was as much under the mastery of the French as he would have been when advancing northward on the journey to meet Buonaparte; while to leave his capital, and raise his standard against France in a distant province, seemed an idea which desperation only could have prompted.

Murat, whose views of personal ambition were interested in the complete accomplishment of the subjugation of Spain, seems to have seen no objection remaining when military resistance was placed out of the question. But the penetration of Napoleon went far deeper; and judging from a letter written to Murat on the 29th March,[1] it seems to have induced him to pause, while he surveyed all the probable chances which might attend the prosecution of his plan. The resignation of Charles IV. had, he observed, greatly complicated the affairs of Spain, and thrown him into much perplexity. "Do not," he continued, "conceive that you are

[1] ["The Emperor constantly recommended the Grand Duke of Berg to act with the utmost caution. He was no doubt apprehensive of his fits of zeal and ambition; for my departure had been preceded by several couriers, and I had scarcely set out when fresh instructions were despatched. This letter abundantly shows the doubts which existed in Napoleon's mind, and the point of view in which the question presented itself to him."—SAVARY, t. ii. p. 169.]

attacking a disarmed nation, and have only to make a demonstration of your troops to subject Spain. The Revolution of the 20th March, when Charles resigned the throne, serves to show there is energy among the Spanish people. You have to do with a *new* people, who will display all the enthusiasm proper to men whose political feelings have not been worn out by frequent exercise. The grandees and clergy are masters of Spain. If they once entertain fear for their privileges and political existence, they may raise levies against us, *en masse*, which will render the war eternal. I have at present partisans; but if I show myself in the character of a conqueror, I cannot retain one of them. The Prince of the Peace is detested, because they accuse him of having betrayed Spain to France. The Prince of the Asturias has none of the qualities requisite for a monarch, but that will not prevent their making him out a hero, providing he stands forth in opposition to us. I will have no violence offered to the persons of that family—it is needless to render ourselves unnecessarily odious."

Napoleon, in this remarkable document, touches again on the hazard of a popular war in Spain, and on the dangers arising from the interference of the English; and then proceeds to consider what course his own politics demand. "Shall I go to Madrid, and there exercise the power of a grand protector of the realm of Spain, by deciding between the father and son?—Were I to replace Charles and his minister, they are so unpopular, that they could not sustain themselves three months. On the other hand, Ferdinand is the enemy of France; and to

set him on the throne would be to gratify those parties in the state who have long desired the destruction of her authority. A matrimonial alliance would be but a feeble tie of union betwixt us.

"I do not approve of your Highness having so hastily possessed yourself of the capital. You ought to have kept the army at ten leagues distant from Madrid. You could not be sure whether the people and the magistracy would have recognised the young King. Your arrival has powerfully served him, by giving the alarm to the Spaniards. I have commanded Savary to open a communication with the old King, and he will inform you of what passes. In the mean time, I prescribe to you the following line of conduct:—

"You will take care not to engage me to hold any interview with Ferdinand *within Spain*, unless you judge the situation of things such, that I have no alternative save acknowledging him as King. You will use all manner of civility towards the old King, the Queen, and Godoy, and will require that the same honours be rendered to them as heretofore. You will so manage, that the Spaniards may not suspect the course I intend to pursue. This will not be difficult, for I have not fixed upon it myself." He then recommends, that such insinuations be made to all classes, as may best induce them to expect advantages from a more close union with France; exhorts Murat to trust his interests exclusively to his care; hints that Portugal will remain at his disposal; and enjoins the strictest discipline on the part of the French soldiery. Lastly, he enjoins Murat to avoid all explanation

with the Spanish generals, and all interference with their order of march. "There must not," he says in one place, "be a single match burnt;" and in another, he uses the almost prophetic expression,—"*If war once break out, all is lost.*"[1]

This letter has a high degree of interest, as it tends to show, that not one of the circumstances which attended the Spanish insurrection escaped the prescient eye of Napoleon, although the headlong course of his ambition drove him upon the very perils which his political wisdom had foreseen and delineated. The immense object of adding Spain to his empire, seemed worthy of being pursued, even at the risk of stirring to arms her hardy population, and exciting a national war, which he himself foretold might prove perpetual.

Mean time, to assist the intrigues of Murat, there was carried on a sort of under plot, the object of which was to disguise Napoleon's real intentions, and induce the counsellors of Ferdinand to conclude, that he did not mean to use his power over Spain, save for the attainment of some limited advantages, far short of engrossing the supreme authority, and destroying the independence of the kingdom. With this view, some illusory terms held out had been communicated by Duroc to the Spanish ambassador, Izquierdo, and of which Ferdinand's council had received information. These seemed to intimate, that Napoleon's exactions from Spain might be gratified by the cession of Navarre, and some part of her frontier on the north, in

[1] [Las Cases, t. iv. p. 203; Savary, t. ii. p. 169.]

exchange for the whole of Portugal, which, according to Izquierdo's information, Napoleon was not unwilling to cede to Spain. Such an exchange, however objectionable on the ground of policy and morality, would have been regarded as a comparatively easy ransom, considering the disastrous state of Spain, and the character of him who had coiled around the defenceless kingdom the folds of his power.[1]

Under all the influences of hope and fear, conscious helplessness, and supreme dread of Napoleon, Ferdinand took his determination, and announced to his Council of State, [8th April,] his purpose of going as far as Burgos, to meet his faithful friend and mighty ally the Emperor. His absence, he said, would amount to a few days, and he created his uncle, Don Antonio, President, during that time, of the High Council of Government. An effort was made by Ferdinand, previous to his departure, to open a more friendly communication with his father; but the answer only bore that the King was retiring to rest, and could not be troubled.

On the 11th April, in an evil day, and an hour of woe, to use the language of the Spanish romancers, Ferdinand set out on his journey, accompanied by Savary, who eagerly solicited that honour, assuring him that they should meet Buonaparte at Burgos.[2] But at Burgos there were no

[1] [Southey, vol. i. p. 240.]

[2] ["I asked leave to accompany the King, solely for this reason—I had come from Bayonne to Madrid on horseback, which was then the usual mode of travelling in Spain. I had not been

tidings of the French Emperor, and it was only when he had proceeded as far as Vittoria, that Ferdinand learned Napoleon had but then reached Bourdeaux, and was on his way to Bayonne. He halted, therefore, at Vittoria, where Savary left him, and went on to France, to render an account to his master to what extent his mission had succeeded.

Afraid to advance or to retire, yet feeling ridiculous in the situation where he was, Ferdinand's unpleasant moments spent at Vittoria were not much cheered by private intelligence brought him by Don Mariano Urquijo. This was a Spanish nobleman of considerable talent, who had penetrated the scheme of Napoleon, and came to inform the young King and his counsellors, that the intention of Napoleon was to possess himself of the royal person, depose the dynasty of the Bourbons, and name a member of his own family to reign in their stead.

Another Spaniard, Don Joseph Hervas, the brother-in-law of General Duroc, and the intimate friend of Savary, had acquired such strong suspicions of the plot, that his information corroborated that of Urquijo. The astounded sovereign, and his perplexed advisers, could but allege the unlikelihood, that a hero like Napoleon could meditate such treachery. "Men of extraordinary talents,"

long arrived, and it was now necessary to go back, that I might be with the Emperor as soon as Ferdinand; but I did not wish to travel over again the same road in the same manner. I therefore requested the King's grand equery to include in the relays harness and draught-horses for me. He consented; and this is the way in which my carriage happened to be in the suite of the King."—SAVARY, t. ii p. 187.]

replied Urquijo, "commit great crimes to attain great objects, and are not the less entitled heroes." He offered to go to Bayonne as Ferdinand's ambassador; and advised him even yet to make his escape and retire to some part of his dominions, where, free at least, if not powerful, he might treat with Napoleon on more equal terms.[1]

Ferdinand thought it too late to follow this wise counsel; and, instead of attempting an escape, he wrote a letter to Napoleon [14th April], appealing to all that he had done to show himself the devoted friend and ally of France, and endeavouring to propitiate his favour. An answer was instantly returned [dated Bayonne, 16th April], containing much that was alarming and ominous. In this the Emperor treated Ferdinand as Prince of Asturias, not King of Spain—censured his earliest measure of writing to himself without his father's knowledge, and, with what seemed a jealous apprehension for the rights of sovereigns, blamed him for availing himself of the arm of the people to shake his father's throne. He intimated, that he had taken the Prince of the Peace under his own protection; hinted that the Prince ought not to rip up the follies of his mother—nay, did not forbear the highly offensive insinuation, that, by exposing her faults, Ferdinand might occasion his own legitimacy to be called in question. Still he assured the Prince of his continued friendship, declared himself anxious to have some personal communication with him on the subject of the revolution of Aranjuez, and intimated, that if the

[1] [Savary, t. ii. p. 203; Southey, vol. i. p. 249.]

resignation of Charles should appear to have been voluntary, he would no longer scruple to acknowledge King Ferdinand.[1]

Cevallos, before-mentioned as one of Ferdinand's wisest counsellors, would fain have prevailed on him to turn back from Vittoria on receiving a letter of such doubtful tenor.[2] Even the people of the town opposed themselves to the prosecution of his rash journey, and went so far as to cut the traces of his mules.[3] Ferdinand, however, proceeded, entered France, and reached Bayonne; placing himself thus in that state of absolute dependence upon the pleasure of the French autocrat, which, as Napoleon had foretold to Murat, could not have had an existence at any spot within the Spanish territory. Ferdinand was now a hostage at least, perhaps a prisoner.

[1] [Savary, t. ii. p. 243; Southey, vol. i. p. 254.]

[2] ["Ferdinand's counsellors, who were present when I delivered the letter, did not appear satisfied with the manner in which the Emperor expressed himself, because he used the title of royal highness. I felt myself obliged to observe, that the Emperor could not, with propriety, make use of any other address, because, on his part, the recognition was yet a thing to be done; that there were questions still more important than that to be settled between them; and these once adjusted, the rest would follow naturally."—Savary, t. ii. p. 216.]

[3] ["I was convinced that all would proceed quietly, when a fierce-looking man, armed, dressed in a way corresponding with his appearance, approached the King's carriage, and with one hand seizing the traces of the eight mules which were harnessed to it, with the other, in which he held a hedgebill, like a sickle, cut, with one stroke, the traces of all the mules. The King himself appeared at the window smiling to the multitude, who greeted him with cries of '*Viva Fernando!*' At this moment it struck me, that the scene I witnessed was merely a preconcerted trick."—Savary, t. ii. p. 248.]

Buonaparte received the anxious Prince with flattering distinction,[1] invited him to dinner, and treated him with the usual deference exchanged between sovereigns when they meet. But that very evening he sent Savary, by whose encouragement Ferdinand had been deluded to undertake this journey, to acquaint him that the Bourbon dynasty was to cease to reign in Spain, and that the Prince must prepare to relinquish to Napoleon all right over the territories of his ancestors.[2]

Buonaparte explained himself at length to the Canon Escoiquiz, as the person most likely to reconcile Ferdinand to the lot, which he was determined should be inevitable. The Bourbons, he said, were the mortal enemies of him and of his house; his policy could not permit them to reign in Spain. They were incapable of wise government; and he was determined that Spain should be wisely governed in future, her grievances redressed, and the alliance betwixt her and France placed on an unalterable footing. "King Charles," he said, "is ready to cooperate in such a revolution, by transferring to me his own rights. Let Ferdinand follow his father's wise example, and he shall have the crown of Etruria, and my niece in marriage. Otherwise, I will treat with King Charles exclu-

[1] ["The Prince was received with a salute of artillery from the ramparts, and all the civil and military authorities paid him their respects. The Emperor himself was the first to go and visit him; and his carriage not being ready as soon as he wanted it, he went on horseback. I was present at the interview, during which every thing was as it should be."—SAVARY, t. ii. p. 219.]

[2] [Southey, vol. i. p. 262.]

sively, and all Ferdinand can expect is permission to return to Spain, when hostilities must ensue between us." Escoiquiz justified the insurrection at Aranjuez, and pleaded hard the cause of his former pupil. By protecting Ferdinand, he said, Napoleon might merit and gain the esteem and the affection of Spain; but by an attempt to subject the nation to a foreign yoke, he would lose their affections for ever. Buonaparte set these arguments at defiance. The nobles and higher classes would, he said, submit for security of their property; a few severe chastisements would keep the populace in order. But he declared he was determined on the execution of his plan, should it involve the lives of two hundred thousand men. "The new dynasty," replied Escoiquiz, "will in that case be placed on a volcano—an army of two hundred thousand men will be indispensable to command a country of discontented slaves." The canon was interrupted by Buonaparte, who observed that they could not agree upon their principles, and said he would on the morrow make known his irrevocable determination.

To do Napoleon justice, he at no time through this extraordinary discussion made the least attempt even to colour his selfish policy. "I am desirous," he said, "that the Bourbons should cease to reign, and that my own family should succeed them on the throne of Spain." He declared, that this was best both for Spain and France—above all, that he had the power as well as the will to accomplish his purpose. There was never a more unpalliated case of violent and arbitrary spo-

liation. He argued also with Escoiquiz with the most perfect good-humour, and pulled him familiarly by the ear as he disputed with him. "So then, canon," he said, "you will not enter into my views?"—"On the contrary," said Escoiquiz,[1] "I wish I could induce your Majesty to adopt mine, though it were at the expense of my ears," which Napoleon was at the moment handling somewhat rudely.[2]

With Cevallos the Emperor entered into a more violent discussion, for Buonaparte was as choleric by temperament, as he was upon reflection and by policy calm and moderate. Upon hearing Cevallos, in a discussion with his minister Champagny, insist in a high tone upon the character of the Spaniards, and the feelings they were likely to entertain on the manner in which Ferdinand had been received, he gave loose to his native violence of disposition, accused Cevallos of being a traitor, because having served the old King, he was now a counsellor of his son, and at length concluded with the characteristic declaration,—"I have a system of policy of my own—You ought to adopt more liberal ideas—to be less susceptible on

[1] ["This canon, who had besides a very high opinion of his own talents, did not despair of making an impression on my decisions, by his arguments, and of inducing me to acknowledge Ferdinand, making me a tender, on his own account, of his services to govern, altogether under my control, as effectually as the Prince of the Peace could, under the name of Charles IV.; and it must be owned, that, had I listened to several of his reasons, and adopted some of his ideas, I should have been much better off."—NAPOLEON, *Las Cases*, t. iv. p. 199]

[2] [Southey, vol. i. p. 262.]

the point of honour, and to beware how you sacrifice the interests of Spain to a fantastic loyalty for the Bourbons."[1]

Cevallos being found as intractable as Escoiquiz, the conduct of the negotiation, if it could be called so on the part of Ferdinand, was intrusted to Don Pedro de Labrador. Labrador, however, insisted on knowing, as an indispensable preliminary, whether King Ferdinand were at liberty; and if so, why he was not restored to his own country? Champagny[2] replied, that such return could scarce be permitted, till the Emperor and he came to an understanding. Cevallos, in his turn, presented a note, expressing on what terms Ferdinand had put himself in the power of Buona-

[1] [Southey, vol. i. p. 269.]

[2] ["I believe this was one of the occasions on which the Emperor was most anxious to have M. de Talleyrand near him, and that he would have sent for him, had he not been afraid of offending M. de Champagny. Cases of this kind often happened to the Emperor. He sometimes offended by mere trifles men who were of an irritable disposition, and, at other times, he sacrificed his own interests through the fear of offending the self-love of a good servant. If M. de Talleyrand had come to Bayonne while there was yet time to bring about an adjustment, the affairs of Spain would have taken a different turn. He would not have been so hasty; for he would have taken care to have many conferences before he committed any thing to writing. M. de Talleyrand had the excellent quality of being quite impassive; when he found that the disposition of the Emperor's mind was not what he thought best suited to the consideration of the subject to which he wished to call his attention, he never said a word about it until he had led him back to that tranquil state which benefited the business. If an order was given in a moment of irritation, he found means to make its execution be evaded; and it seldom happened that he was not thanked for a delay which was almost always attended with good effects."—SAVARY, t. ii. p. 221.]

parte, and declaring his master's intention of immediate departure. As a practical answer to this intimation, the guards on the King and his brother were doubled, and began to exercise some restraint over their persons. One of the Infants was even forcibly stopped by a gendarme. The man was punished; but the resentment and despair, shown by the Spaniards of the King's retinue, might have convinced Napoleon, how intimately they connected the honour of their country with the respect due to their royal family.

Buonaparte found, by all these experiments, that Ferdinand and his counsellors were likely to be less tractable than he had expected; and that it would be necessary, however unpopular King Charles and still more his wife and minister were in Spain, to bring them once more forward on this singular stage. He therefore sent to Murat to cause the old King, with the Queen and Godoy, to be transported to Bayonne without delay. The arrival of Charles excited much interest in the French assembled at Bayonne, who flocked to see him, and to trace in his person and manners the descendant of Louis XIV. In external qualities, indeed, there was nothing wanting. He possessed the regal port and dignified manners of his ancestors; and, though speaking French with difficulty, the expatriated monarch, on meeting with Napoleon, showed the easy manners and noble mien of one long accustomed to command all around him.[1] But in

[1] ["I was present when Charles alighted from his carriage. He spoke to every body, even to those he did not know; and on seeing his two sons at the foot of the staircase, where they were

spirit and intellect there was a woful deficiency. Napoleon found Charles,[1] his wife, and minister, the willing tools of his policy; for Godoy accounted Ferdinand his personal enemy; the mother hated him as wicked women have been known to hate their children when they are conscious of having forfeited their esteem; and the King, whose own feelings resented the insurrection of Aranjuez, was readily exasperated to an uncontrollable fit of rage against his son.

Upon his first arrival at Bayonne, Charles loudly protested that his abdication of the 19th March was the operation of force alone; and demanded that his son should repossess him in the crown, of which he had violently deprived him.

The reply of Ferdinand alleged that the resignation of his father had been unquestionably voluntary at the time, and he quoted the old King's repeated declarations to that effect. But he declared, that if they were both permitted to return to

waiting for him, he pretended not to observe them. He, however, said. as he advanced to the Infantado Don Carlos—'Good morning, Carlos,' and the Queen embraced him. When Ferdinand advanced to embrace him, the King stopped, with an expression of indignation, and then passed on to his apartment."—SAVARY, t. ii. p. 223.]

[1] ["Charles IV. dined with Napoleon on the very day of his arrival. He had some difficulty in ascending the steps leading to the saloon, and he said to the Emperor, who offered him his arm, 'It is because I am so frail that they want to drive me away.' The Emperor replied, 'Oh! oh! we shall see that: let me support you: I have strength enough for us both.' On hearing this, the King stopped, and said, looking at the Emperor, 'I believe and hope so!'"—SAVARY, t. ii. p. 224.]

Madrid, and summon the Cortes, or body of National Representatives, he was ready to execute, in their presence, a renunciation of the rights vested in him by his father's abdication.

In his answer, Charles declared that he had sought the camp of his powerful ally, not as a king in regal splendour, but as an unhappy old man, whose royal office had been taken from him, and even his life endangered by the criminal ambition of his own son. He treated the convocation of the Cortes with contempt. "Every thing," he said, "ought to be done by sovereigns for the people; but the people ought not to be suffered to carve for themselves." Finally, he assured his son that the Emperor of France could alone be the saviour of Spain, and that Napoleon was determined that Ferdinand should never enjoy the crown of that kingdom. In different parts of this paternal admonition, Charles accused his son of the crime which existing circumstances rendered most dangerous —of being indisposed towards the interests of France.

Ferdinand replied [3d May] to this manifesto in firm and respectful terms, and appealed, too justly, to the situation he at present stood in, as a proof how unbounded had been his confidence in France. He concluded, that since the conditions he had annexed to his offer of resigning back the crown to his father had given displeasure, he was content to abdicate unconditionally; only stipulating that they should both be permitted to return to their own country, and leave a place where no deed which

either could perform would be received by the world as flowing from free will.[1]

The day after this letter was written, the unfortunate Ferdinand was summoned to the presence of his parents, where he also found Napoleon himself. The conclave received him sitting; and while the King overwhelmed him with the most outrageous reproaches,[2] the Queen, (the statement appears scarce credible,) in the height of her fury, lost sight of shame and womanhood so far as to tell Ferdinand, in her husband's presence, that he was the son of another man.[3] Buonaparte expressed himself greatly shocked at this scene, in which he compared the Queen's language and deportment to that of a fury on the Grecian stage. The Prince's situation, he owned, moved him to pity; but the emotion was not strong enough to produce any interposition in his favour. This occurred on the 5th of May, 1808. Confused with a scene so dreadful, and at the same time so disgusting, Ferdinand the next day executed the renunciation which had been demanded in such intemperate terms. But the master of the drama had not waited till this time to commence his operations.

[1] [Southey, vol. i. p. 281–292.—Annual Register, vol. L. pp. 233–236.]

[2] ["Charles IV. carried constantly in his hand a long cane. He was so enraged, that it sometimes seemed to us he was going to forget himself so far as to use the cane against his son, who maintained all the time a sullen look. We heard the Queen say, 'Why don't you speak? This is always the way with you; for every new folly you have nothing to say.' She approached him, lifting up her hand, as if she meant to give him a slap on the face."—Savary, t. ii. p. 228.]

[3] [Southey, vol. i. p. 292.]

Two days before Ferdinand's abdication, that is upon the 4th, his father Charles, acting in the character of King, which he had laid aside at Aranjuez, had named Joachim Murat Lieutenant-General of his kingdom, and President of the Government. A proclamation was at the same time published, in which the Spaniards were particularly and anxiously cautioned against listening to treacherous men, agents of England, who might stir them up against France, and assuring them that Spain had no well-founded hope of safety, excepting in the friendship of the Great Emperor.[1]

On the same day, and without waiting for such additional right as he might have derived from his son's renunciation, Charles resigned all claims on Spain, with its kingdoms and territories, in favour of his friend and faithful ally, the Emperor of the French. To preserve some appearance of attention to external forms, it was stipulated that the cession only took place under the express conditions that the integrity and independence of the kingdoms should be preserved, and that the Catholic religion should be the only one practised in Spain. Finally, all decrees of confiscation or of penal consequences, which had been issued since the revolution of Aranjuez, were declared null and void. Charles having thus secured, as it was termed, the prosperity, integrity, and independence of his kingdom

[1] ["Trust to my experience, and obey that authority which I hold from God and my fathers! Follow my example, and think that, in your present situation, there is no prosperity or safety for the Spaniards, but in the friendship of the Great Emperor, our ally."]

by these articles, stipulates, by seven which follow, for the suitable maintenance of himself and his Queen, his minister the Prince of the Peace, and of others their followers. Rank, income, appanages, were heaped on them accordingly, with no niggard hand; for the prodigality of the King's gift called—for some adequate requital.

Still the resignation of Ferdinand in Napoleon's favour was necessary to give him some more colourable right, than could be derived from the alienation, by the father, of a crown which he had previously abdicated. Much urgency was used with Ferdinand on the occasion, and for some time firmly resisted. But he found himself completely in Napoleon's power; and the tragedy of the Duke d'Enghien might have taught him, that the Emperor stood on little ceremony with those who were interruptions in his path. His counsellors also assured him, that no resignation which he could execute in his present state of captivity could be binding upon himself or upon the Spanish nation. Yielding, then, to the circumstances in which he was placed, Ferdinand also entered into a treaty of resignation; but he no longer obtained the kingdom of Etruria, or the marriage with Buonaparte's niece, or any of the other advantages held out in the beginning of the negotiation. These were forfeited by his temporary hesitation to oblige the Emperor. A safe and pleasant place of residence, which was not to be absolutely a prison, and an honourable pension, were all that was allowed to Ferdinand, in exchange for his natural birthright, the mighty kingdom of Spain. The Infants,

his brothers, who adhered to the same accession which stripped Ferdinand of his heritage, were in like manner recompensed by similar provisions for their holding in future the kind of life which that resignation condemned them to. The palace of Navarre and its dependencies had been assigned to Ferdinand as his residence; but he and his brothers, the Infants, were afterwards conducted to that of Valançay, a superb mansion belonging to the celebrated Talleyrand, who was punished, it was said, by this allocation, for having differed in opinion from his master, on the mode in which he should conduct himself towards Spain. The royal captives observed such rules of conduct as were recommended to them, without dreaming apparently either of escape or of resistance to the will of the victor; nor did their deportment, during the tremendous conflict which was continued in the name of Ferdinand for four years and upwards, ever give Napoleon any excuse for close restraint, or food for ulterior suspicions.

The Spanish royal family thus consigned to an unresisted fate, it only followed to supply the vacant throne by a new dynasty, as Napoleon called it; but, in fact, by some individual closely connected with himself, and absolutely dependent upon him;—much in the manner in which the inferior partners of a commercial establishment are connected with, and subject to, the management of the head of the house. For this purpose, he had cast his eyes on Lucien, who was, after Napoleon, the ablest of the Buonaparte family, and whose presence of mind had so critically assisted his brother

at the expulsion of the Council of Five Hundred from Saint Cloud, in a moment when, in the eyes of the bystanders, that of Napoleon seemed rather to waver.

It has been mentioned before, that Lucien had offended Napoleon by forming a marriage of personal attachment; and it is supposed, that on his part, he saw with displeasure the whole institutions and liberties of his native country sacrificed to the grandeur of one man, though that man was his brother. He had been heard to say of Napoleon, "that every word and action of his were dictated by his political system;" and "that the character of his politics rested entirely on egotism." Even the proffer of the kingdom of Spain, therefore, did not tempt Lucien from the enjoyments of a private station, where he employed a large income in collecting pictures and objects of art, and amused his own leisure with literary composition. Receiving this repulse from Lucien, Buonaparte resolved to transfer his eldest brother Joseph from the throne of Naples, where, as an Italian, acquainted with the language and manners of the country, he enjoyed some degree of popularity, and bestow on him a kingdom far more difficult to master and to govern. Joachim Murat, Grand Duke, as he was called, of Berg, at present in command of the army which occupied Madrid, was destined to succeed Joseph in the throne which he was about to vacate. It was said, that the subordinate parties were alike disappointed with the parts assigned them in this masque of sovereigns. Murat thought his military talents deserved the throne of Spain, and the less

ambitious Joseph, preferring quiet to extent of territory, would have willingly remained contented with the less important royalty of Naples. But Napoleon did not permit the will of others to interfere with what he had previously determined, and Joseph was summoned to meet him at Bayonne, and prepared, by instructions communicated to him on the road, to perform without remonstrance his part in the pageant. The purposes of Napoleon were now fully announced to the world. An assembly of Notables from all parts of Spain were convoked, to recognise the new monarch, and adjust the constitution under which Spain should be in future administered.

The place of meeting was at Bayonne; the date of convocation was the 15th of June; and the object announced for consideration of the Notables was the regeneration of Spain, to be effected under the auspices of Napoleon.

But events had already occurred in that kingdom, tending to show that the prize, of which Buonaparte disposed so freely, was not, and might perhaps never be, within his possession. He had indeed obtained, by a course of the most audacious treachery, all those advantages which, after the more honourable success obtained in great battles, had prostrated powerful nations at his feet. He had secured the capital with an army of forty thousand men. The frontier fortresses were in his possession, and enabled him to maintain his communications with Madrid; the troops of the Spanish monarchy were either following his own banner in remote climates, or broken up and scat-

tered in small bodies through Spain itself. These advantages he had possessed over Austria after Austerlitz, and over Prussia after Jena; and in both cases these monarchies were placed at the victor's discretion. But in neither case had he, as now at Bayonne, the persons of the royal family at his own disposal,[1] or had he reduced them to the necessity of becoming his mouth-piece, or organ, in announcing to the people the will of the conqueror. So that, in this very important particular, the advantages which he possessed over Spain were greater than those which Napoleon had obtained over any other country. But then Spain contained within herself principles of opposition, which were nowhere else found to exist in the same extent.

[1] ["When I had them all assembled at Bayonne, I felt a confidence in my political system, to which I never before had the presumption to aspire. I had not made my combinations, but I took advantage of the moment. I here found the Gordian knot before me, and I cut it. I proposed to Charles IV. and the Queen, to resign the crown of Spain to me, and to live quietly in France. They agreed, I could say, almost with joy, to the proposal. The Prince of Asturias made no extraordinary resistance to the plan; but neither violence nor threats were employed against him. There you have, in very few words, the complete historical sketch of the affair of Spain; whatever may be said, or written on it, must amount to that; and you see, that there could be no occasion for me to have had recourse to paltry tricks, to falsehoods, to breaches of faith, or violation of engagements."—NAPOLEON, *Las Cases*, t. iv. p. 200.]

CHAPTER XLIII.

State of morals and manners in Spain.—The Nobility—the Middle Classes—the Lower Ranks—the indignation of the People strongly excited against the French.—Insurrection at Madrid on the 2d May.—Murat proclaims an amnesty, notwithstanding which, many Spanish prisoners are put to death.—King Charles appoints Murat Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, and Ferdinand's resignation of the throne is announced.—Murat unfolds the plan of government to the Council of Castile, and addresses of submission are sent to Buonaparte from various quarters.—Notables appointed to meet at Bayonne on 15th June.—The flame of resistance becomes universal throughout Spain.

THE government of Spain, a worn-out despotism lodged in the hands of a family of the lowest degree of intellect, was one of the worst in Europe; and the state of the nobility, speaking in general, (for there were noble exceptions,) seemed scarce less degraded. The incestuous practice of marrying within the near degrees of propinquity, had long existed, with its usual consequences, the dwarfing of the body, and degeneracy of the understanding. The education of the nobility was committed to the priests, who took care to give them no lights beyond Catholic bigotry. The custom of the country introduced them to premature indulgences, and

they ceased to be children, without arriving either at the strength or the intellect of youth.

The middling classes, inhabitants of towns, and those who followed the learned professions, had not been so generally subjected to the same withering influence of superstition and luxury. In many instances, they had acquired good education, and were superior to the bigotry which the ecclesiastics endeavoured to inspire them with; but, mistaking the reverse of wrong for the right, many of these classes had been hurried into absolute scepticism, having renounced altogether the ideas of religion, which better instruction would have taught them to separate from superstition, and having adopted in their extravagance many of the doctrines which were so popular in France at the commencement of the Revolution.

The lower classes of Spain, and especially those who resided in the country, possessed nearly the same character which their ancestors exhibited under the reign of the Emperor Charles V. They were little interested by the imperfections of the government, for the system, though execrable, did not immediately affect their comforts. They lay too low for personal oppression, and as the expenses of the state were supplied from the produce of the American provinces, the Spanish peasants were strangers, in a great measure, to the exactions of the tax-gatherer. Born in a delicious climate, where the soil, on the slightest labour, returned far more than was necessary for the support of the labourer, extreme poverty was as rare as hard toil. The sobriety and moderation of the Spaniard continued

to be one of his striking characteristics; he preferred his personal ease to increasing the sphere of his enjoyments, and would rather enjoy his leisure upon dry bread and onions, than toil more severely to gain better fare. His indolence, was, however, often exchanged for the most active excitation, and though slow in the labours of the field, the Spaniard was inexhaustible in his powers of travelling through his plains and sierras, and at the end of a toilsome day's journey, seemed more often desirous of driving away his fatigue by the dance, than of recruiting himself by repose. There were many classes of peasantry,—shepherds, muleteers, traders between distant provinces,—who led a wandering life by profession, and, from the insecure state or the roads, were in the habit of carrying arms. But even the general habits of the cultivators of the soil led them to part with the advantages of civilized society upon more easy terms than the peasantry of a less primitive country. The few and simple rights of the Spaniard were under the protection of the alcalde, or judge of his village, in whose nomination he had usually a vote, and whose judgment was usually satisfactory. If, however, an individual experienced oppression, he took his cloak, sword, and musket, and after or without avenging the real or supposed injury, plunged into the deserts in which the peninsula abounds, joined one of the numerous bands of contraband traders and outlaws by which they were haunted, and did all this without experiencing any violent change, either of sentiment or manner of life.

As the habits of the Spaniard rendered him a

ready soldier, his disposition and feelings made him a willing one. He retained, with other traits of his ancestry, much of that Castilian pride, which mixed both with the virtues and defects of his nation. The hours of his indolence were often bestowed on studying the glories of his fathers. He was well acquainted with their struggles against the Moors, their splendid conquests in the New World, their long wars with France; and when the modern Castilian contrasted his own times with those which had passed away, he felt assurances in his bosom, that, if Spain had descended from the high pre-eminence she formerly enjoyed in Europe, it was not the fault of the Spanish people. The present crisis gave an additional stimulus to their natural courage and their patriotism, because the yoke with which they were threatened was that of France, a people to whom their own national character stands in such opposition, as to excite mutual hatred and contempt. Nothing, indeed, can be so opposite as the stately, grave, romantic Spaniard, with his dislike of labour, and his rigid rectitude of thinking, to the lively, bustling, sarcastic Frenchman, indefatigable in prosecution of whatever he undertakes, and calculating frequently his means of accomplishing his purpose, with much more ingenuity than integrity. The bigotry of the Spaniards was no less strikingly contrasted with the scoffing, and, at the same time, proselytizing scepticism, which had been long a distinction of modern France.

To conclude, the Spaniards, easily awakened to anger by national aggression, and peculiarly sensi-

ble to such on the part of a rival nation, were yet more irresistibly excited to resistance and to revenge, by the insidious and fraudulent manner in which they had seen their country stript of her defenders, deprived of her frontier fortresses, her capital seized, and her royal family kidnapped, by an ally who had not alleged even a shadow of pretext for such enormous violence.

Such being the character of the Spaniards, and such the provocation they had received, it was impossible that much time should elapse ere their indignation became manifest. The citizens of Madrid had looked on with gloomy suspicion at the course of public events which followed Ferdinand's imprudent journey to Bayonne. By degrees almost all the rest of the royal family were withdrawn thither, and Godoy, upon whose head, as a great public criminal, the people ardently desired to see vengeance inflicted, was also transferred to the same place.[1] The interest excited in the fate of the poor relics of the royal family remaining at Madrid, which consisted only of the Queen of Etruria and her children, the Infant Don Antonio, brother of the old King, and Don Francisco, youngest brother of Ferdinand, grew deeper and deeper among the populace.

On the last day of April, Murat produced an

[1] [" The Marquis de Cartellar, to whose custody Godoy had been committed, was instructed to deliver him up, and he was removed by night. Had the people been aware that this minister was thus to be conveyed away from their vengeance, that indignation which soon afterwards burst out would probably have manifested itself now, and Godoy would have perished by their hands."—SOUTHEY, vol. i. p. 279.]

order to Don Antonio,[1] who still held a nominal power of regency, demanding that the Queen of Etruria and her children should be sent to Bayonne. This occasioned some discussion, and the news getting abroad, the public seemed generally determined that they would not permit the last remains of their royal family to travel that road, on which, as on that which led to the lion's den in the fable, they could discern the trace of no returning footsteps. The tidings from thence had become gradually more and more unfavourable to the partisans of Ferdinand, and the courier, who used to arrive every night from Bayonne, was anxiously expected on the evening of April the 30th, as likely to bring decisive news of Napoleon's intentions towards his royal visitor. No courier arrived, and the populace retired for the evening, in the highest degree gloomy and discontented. On the next day (1st of May) the Gate of the Sun, and the vicinity of the Post-office, were crowded with men, whose looks menaced violence, and whose capas, or long cloaks, were said to conceal arms. The French garrison got under arms, but this day also passed off without bloodshed.

On the 2d of May, the streets presented the same gloomy and menacing appearance. The crowds which filled them were agitated by reports that the whole remaining members of the royal family were to be removed, and they saw the Queen of Etruria and her children put into their

[1] [From his brother King Charles]

carriages, together with Don Francisco, the youngest brother of Ferdinand, a youth of fourteen, who appeared to feel his fate, for he wept bitterly. The general fury broke out at this spectacle, and at once and on all sides, the populace of Madrid assailed the French troops with the most bitter animosity. The number of French who fell was very considerable, the weapons of the assailants being chiefly their long knives, which the Spaniards use with such fatal dexterity.[1]

Murat poured troops into the city to suppress the consequences of an explosion, which had been long expected. The streets were cleared with volleys of grape-shot and with charges of cavalry, but it required near three or four hours' hard fighting to convince the citizens of Madrid, that they were engaged in an attempt entirely hopeless. About the middle of the day, some members of the Spanish Government, joining themselves to the more humane part of the French generals, and particularly General Harispe, interfered to separate the combatants, when there at length ensued a cessation

[1] ["It is certain that, including the peasants shot, the whole number of Spaniards slain did not amount to one hundred and twenty persons, while more than seven hundred French fell. Of the imperial guards seventy men were wounded, and this fact alone would suffice to prove that there was no premeditation on the part of Murat; for if he was base enough to sacrifice his own men with such unconcern, he would not have exposed the select soldiers of the French empire in preference to the conscripts who abounded in his army. The affair itself was certainly accidental, and not very bloody for the patriots, but policy induced both sides to attribute secret motives, and to exaggerate the slaughter."—NAPIER, vol. i. p. 26.]

of these strange hostilities, maintained so long with such fury by men almost totally unarmed, against the flower of the French army.

A general amnesty was proclaimed, in defiance of which Murat caused seize upon and execute several large bands of Spaniards, made prisoners in the scuffle. They were shot in parties of forty or fifty at a time; and as the inhabitants were compelled to illuminate their houses during that dreadful night, the dead and dying might be seen lying on the pavement as clearly as at noon-day. These military executions were renewed on the two or three following days, probably with more attention to the selection of victims, for the insurgents were now condemned by French military courts. The number of citizens thus murdered is said to have amounted to two or three hundred at least.[1] On the 5th May, Murat published a proclamation, relaxing in his severity.

This crisis had been extremely violent, much more so, perhaps, than the French had ever experienced in a similar situation; but it had been encountered with such celerity, and put down with such rigour, that Murat may well have thought that the severity was sufficient to prevent the recurrence of similar scenes. The citizens of Madrid

[1] ["In the first moment of irritation, Murat ordered all the prisoners to be tried by a military commission, which condemned them to death; but the municipality representing to him the extreme cruelty of visiting this angry ebullition of the people with such severity, he forbade any executions on the sentence; but forty were shot in the Prado, by direction of General Grouchy, before Murat could cause his orders to be effectually obeyed."—NAPIER, vol. i. p. 25.]

did not again, indeed, undertake the task of fruitless opposition; but, like a bull stupified by the first blow of the axe, suffered their conquerors to follow forth their fatal purpose, without resistance, but also without submission.

News came now with sufficient speed, and their tenor was such as to impress obedience on those ranks, who had rank and title to lose. Don Antonio set off for Bayonne; and on the 7th of May arrived, and was promulgated at Madrid, a declaration by the old King Charles, nominating Murat Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. The abdication of the son, less expected and more mortifying, was next made public, and a proclamation in his name and those of the Infants, Don Carlos and Don Antonio, recommended the laying aside all spirit of resistance, and an implicit obedience to the irresistible power of France.[1]

The destined plan of government was then unfolded by Murat to the Council of Castile, who, first by an adulatory address,[2] and then by a deputation of their body despatched personally to Bayonne, hailed the expected resuscitation of the Spanish monarchy as a certain and infallible consequence of the throne being possessed by a relation of the great Napoleon. Other bodies of consequence were prevailed upon to send similar ad-

[1] [Southey, vol. i. p. 324.]

[2] ["Your Imperial Majesty," said they, "who foresees all things, and executes them still more swiftly, has chosen for the provisional government of Spain, a prince educated for the art of government in your own great school. He has succeeded in stilling the boldest storms, by the moderation and wisdom of his measures."]

dresses; and one in the name of the city of Madrid, its streets still slippery with the blood of its citizens, was despatched to express the congratulations of the capital.[1] The summons of Murat, as Lieutenant-General of King Charles, and afterwards one from Buonaparte, as possessed of the sovereign power by the cession of that feeble monarch, convoked the proposed meeting of the Notables at Bayonne on 15th June; and the members so summoned began to depart from such places as were under the immediate influence of the French armies, in order to give their attendance upon the proposed convocation.

The news of the insurrection of Madrid, on the 2d May, had in the mean time communicated itself with the speed of electricity to the most remote provinces of the kingdom; and every where, like an alarm-signal, had inspired the most impassioned spirit of opposition to the invaders. The kingdom, from all its provinces, cried out with one voice for war and vengeance; and the movement was so universal and simultaneous, that the general will seemed in a great measure to overcome or despise every disadvantage, which could arise from the suddenness of the event, and the unprepared state of the country.[2]

[1] [A letter was also transmitted to Napoleon from the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, the last of the Bourbons who remained in Spain: "May your Imperial and Royal Majesty," he said, "be graciously pleased to look upon me as one of your most dutiful subjects, and instruct me concerning your high purposes."]

[2] ["The firing on the end of May was heard at Mostoles, a little town about ten miles south of Madrid; and the alcalde, who knew the situation of the capital, despatched a bulletin to

The occupation of Madrid might have been of more importance to check and derange the movements of the Spanish nation at large, if that capital had borne exactly the same relation to the kingdom which other metropolises of Europe usually occupy to theirs, and which Paris, in particular, bears towards France. But Spain consists of several separate provinces, formerly distinct sovereignties, which having been united under the same sovereign by the various modes of inheritance, treaty, or conquest, still retain their separate laws; and though agreeing in the general features of the national character, have shades of distinction which distinguish them from each other. Biscay, Galicia, Catalonia, Andalusia, Valencia, and other lesser dominions of Spain, each had their capitals, their internal government, and the means of providing themselves for resistance, though Madrid was lost. The patriotic spirit broke out in all parts of Spain at once, excepting where the French actually possessed large garrisons, and even there the spirit of the people was sufficiently manifest. The call for resistance usually began among the lower class of the inhabitants. But in such instances as their natural leaders and superiors declared themselves frankly for the same cause, the insurgents arranged themselves quietly in the ranks of subordination natural to them, and the measures which the time rendered necessary were adopted with vigour and

the south, in these words: 'The country is in danger; Madrid is perishing through the perfidy of the French; all Spaniards, come to deliver it!' No other summons was sent abroad than this!"—SOUTHEY, vol. i. p. 336.]

unanimity. In other instances, when the persons in possession of the authority opposed themselves to the wishes of the people, or gave them reason, by tergiversation and affectation of delay, to believe they were not sincere in the cause of the country, the fury of the people broke out, and they indulged their vindictive temper by the most bloody excesses. At Valencia, in particular, before the insurrection could be organized, a wretched priest, called Calvo, had headed the rabble in the massacre of upwards of two hundred French residing within the city, who were guiltless of any offence, except their being of that country. The governor of Cadiz, Solano,[1] falling under popular suspicion, was, in like manner, put to death; and similar bloody scenes signalized the breaking out of the insurrection in different parts of the Peninsula.

Yet, among these bursts of popular fury, there were mixed great signs of calmness and national sagacity. The arrangements made for organizing their defence, were wisely adopted. The supreme

[1] [The mob brought cannon against his house, shattered the doors, and rushed in. Seeing that they were bent upon his death, Solano escaped by the roof, and took shelter in the house of an English merchant, whose lady concealed him in a secret closet. The mistress of the house, Mrs Strange, in vain endeavoured to save him, by the most earnest entreaties, and by interposing between him and his merciless assailants. She was wounded in the arm; and Solano, as he was dragged away, bade her farewell till eternity! They hauled him towards the gallows, that his death might be ignominious; others were too ferocious to wait for this,—they cut and stabbed him, while he resigned himself with composure and dignity to his fate.—See Nellerto, *Mem.* t. iii., and Carr's *Travels*, p. 47.]

power of each district was vested in a Junta, or Select Committee, who were chosen by the people, and in general the selection was judiciously made. These bodies were necessarily independent in their respective governments, but a friendly communication was actively maintained among them, and by common consent a deference was paid to the Junta of Seville, the largest and richest town in Spain, after Madrid, and whose temporary governors chanced, generally speaking, to be men of integrity and talents.

These provisional Juntas proceeded to act with much vigour. The rich were called upon for patriotic contributions. The clergy were requested to send the church plate to the mint. The poor were enjoined to enter the ranks of the defenders of the country, or to labour on the fortifications which the defences rendered necessary. All these calls were willingly obeyed. The Spanish soldiery, wherever situated, turned invariably to the side of the country, and the insurrection had not broken out many days, when the whole nation assumed a formidable aspect of general and permanent resistance. Let us, in the mean time, advert to the conduct of Napoleon.

That crisis, of which Buonaparte had expressed so much apprehension in his prophetic letter to Murat—the commencement of that war, which was to be so long in arriving at a close—had taken place in the streets of Madrid on the second of May; and the slaughter of the inhabitants, with the subsequent executions by the orders of Murat,

had given the signal for the popular fermentation throughout Spain, which soon attained the extent we have just described.

The news[1] arrived at Bayonne on the very day on which the terrible scene took place between the Queen and her son; and the knowledge that blood had been spilled, became an additional reason for urging Ferdinand to authenticate the cession which Napoleon had previously received from the hand of the weak old king. To force forward the transaction without a moment's delay; to acquire a right such as he could instantly make use of as a pretext to employ his superior force and disciplined army, became now a matter of the last importance; and Cevallos avers, that, in order to overcome Ferdinand's repugnance, Napoleon used language of the most violent kind, commanding his captive to choose betwixt death and acquiescence in his pleasure. The French Emperor succeeded in this point, as we have already shown, and he now proceeded to the execution of his ultimate purpose, without condescending to notice that the people of Spain were a party concerned in this

[1] ["The Emperor could not restrain his passion on reading these details. Instead of returning home, he went straight to Charles IV. I accompanied him. On entering, he said to the King, 'See what I have received from Madrid. I cannot understand this.' The King read the Grand Duke of Berg's despatch; and no sooner finished it, than with a firm voice, he said to the Prince of the Peace, 'Emanuel, send for Carlos and Ferdinand.' They were in no haste to obey the call; and, in the mean time, Charles IV. observed to the Emperor—'I am much deceived if these youths have not had something to do with this business. I am very vexed, but not surprised at it.'"—Savary, t. ii. p. 227.]

change of rulers, and that they were in arms in all her provinces for the purpose of opposing it.

To the French public, the insurrection of Madrid was described as a mere popular explosion, although, perhaps for the purpose of striking terror, the numbers of the Spanish who fell were exaggerated from a few hundreds to "some thousands of the worst disposed wretches of the capital,"[1] whose destruction was stated to be matter of joy and congratulation to all good citizens. On the yet more formidable insurrections through Spain in general, the *Moniteur* observed an absolute silence. It appeared as if the French troops had been every where received by the Spanish people as liberators; and as if the proud nation, which possessed so many ages of fame, was waiting her doom from the pleasure of the French Emperor, with the same passive spirit exhibited by the humble republics of Venice or Genoa.

Buonaparte proceeded on the same plan of disguise, and seemed himself not to notice those signs of general resistance which he took care to conceal from the public. We have already mentioned the proceedings of the Assembly of Notables, whom he affected to consider as the representatives of the Spanish nation, though summoned by a foreign prince, meeting within a foreign land, and possessing no powers of delegation enabling them, under any legal form, to dispose of the rights of the meanest hamlet in Spain. Joseph, who arrived at Bayonne on the fifth of June, was recognised by these

[1] ["Plusieurs milliers des plus mauvais sujets du pays."—*Moniteur.*]

obsequious personages; received their homage; agreed to guarantee their new constitution, and promised happiness to Spain, while he only alluded to the existence of discontents in that kingdom, by expressing his intention to remain ignorant of the particulars of such ephemeral disturbances.[1]

At length Napoleon, who had convoked this compliant body, thought proper to give them audience before their return to their own country. It is said he was tired of a farce to which few were disposed to give any weight or consequence. At least he was so much embarrassed by a consciousness of the wide distinction between the real condition in which he was placed, and that which he was desirous of being thought to hold, that he lost, on this occasion, his usual presence of mind; was embarrassed in his manner; repeated from time to time phrases which had neither meaning nor propriety; and took a brief adieu of his astonished audience, who were surprised to see how much the consciousness of the evil part he was acting had confused his usual audacity of assertion, and checked the fluency of his general style of elocution.[2]

The brothers then parted, and Joseph prepared to accomplish the destinies shaped out for him by his brother, while Napoleon returned to the capital of his augmented empire. The former did not travel fast or far, although the *Moniteurs* announced nothing save the general joy testified by the Spaniards at his reception, and the serenades performed

[1] [Southey, vol. i. p. 403.] [2] [Ibid, vol. i. p. 438.]

by the natives on their guitars from night till morning under the windows of their new sovereign. The sounds by which he was in reality surrounded, were of a sterner and more warlike character. The tidings of insurrection, imperfectly heard and reluctantly listened to, on the northern side of the Pyrenees, were renewed with astounding and overpowering reiteration, as the intrusive King approached the scene of his proposed usurpation. He was in the condition of the huntsman, who, expecting that the tiger is at his mercy, and secured in the toils, has the unpleasing surprise of finding him free, and irritated to frenzy. It was judged proper, as Joseph possessed no talents of a military order, that he should remain at Vittoria until the measures adopted by his brother's generals might secure him a free and safe road to the capital. It is singular, that the frontier town which thus saw his early hesitation at entering upon his undertaking, was also witness to its disgraceful conclusion, by the final defeat which he received there in 1813.[1]

No doubts or forebodings attended the return

[1] ["From Vittoria, Joseph sent abroad a proclamation: 'I come among you,' he said, 'with the utmost confidence, surrounded by estimable men, who have not concealed from you any thing which they believed to be useful for your interests. Blind passions, deceitful voices, and the intrigues of the common enemy of the continent, whose only view is to separate the Indies from Spain, have precipitated some among you into the most dreadful anarchy. My heart is rent at the thought. Yet this great evil may in a moment cease. Spaniards, unite yourselves! come around my throne! and do not suffer intestine divisions to rob me of the time, and consume the means which I would fain employ solely for your happiness.'"]

of Napoleon to Paris. The eyes of the French were too much dazzled by the splendid acquisition to the Great Empire, which was supposed to have been secured by the measures taken at Bayonne, to permit them to examine the basis of violence and injustice on which it was to be founded. The union of France and Spain under kindred monarchs, had been long accounted the masterpiece of Louis XIV.'s policy; and the French now saw it, to outward appearance, on the point of accomplishment, at the simple wish of the wonderful man, who had erected France into the Mistress of the World, and whose vigour in forming plans for her yet augmenting grandeur, was only equalled by the celerity with which they were carried into execution.

Buonaparte had indeed availed himself to the utmost of that art of seducing and acting upon the imagination of the French people, in which he accused the Directory of being deficient. He had strung the popular feeling in such a manner, that it was sure to respond to almost every note which he chose to strike upon it. The love of national glory, in itself a praiseworthy attribute, becomes a vice when it rests on success accomplished by means inconsistent with honour and integrity. These unfavourable parts of the picture he kept in shade, while, as an artful picture-dealer, he threw the full lights on those which announced the augmented grandeur and happiness of France. The nation, always willing listeners to their own praises, were contented to see with the eyes of their

ruler; and at no period in his life did Buonaparte appear to be in such a genuine degree the pride and admiration of France, as when returning from Bayonne, after having, in his attempt to seize upon the crown of Spain, perpetrated a very great crime, and at the same time committed an egregious folly.

The appearance of brilliant success, however, had its usual effect upon the multitude. In his return through Pau, Thoulouse, Montauban, and the other towns in that district, the Emperor was received with the honours due to a demi-god. Their antique and gloomy streets were arched over with laurels, and strewed with flowers; the external walls of their houses were covered with tapestry, rich hangings, and splendid paintings; the population crowded to meet the Emperor, and the mayors, or prefects, could scarce find language enough to exaggerate what was the actual prevailing tone of admiration towards Napoleon's person. Bourdeaux alone exhibited a melancholy and silent appearance. But Nantes and La Vendée, so distinguished as faithful to the Bourbon cause, seemed to join in the general feeling of the period; and the population of these countries rushed to congratulate him, who had with a strong hand plucked from the throne the last reigning branch of that illustrious house. The gods, says a heathen poet, frequently punish the folly of mortals by granting their own ill-chosen wishes. In the present case, they who rejoiced in the seeming acquisition of Spain to the French empire, could not foresee that it was to

cost the lives of a million of Frenchmen; and he who received their congratulations was totally unaware, that he had been digging under his own feet the mine by which he was finally to be destroyed.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Plans of Defence of the Spanish Juntas—defeated by the ardour of the Insurrectionary Armies.—Cruelty of the French Troops, and inveteracy of the Spaniards.—Successes of the Invaders.—Defeat of Rio Secco.—Exultation of Napoleon.—Joseph enters Madrid—His reception.—Duhesme compelled to retreat to Barcelona, and Moncey from before Valencia.—Defeat of Dupont by Castanas at Baylen.—His Army surrenders Prisoners of War.—Effects of this Victory and Capitulation.—Unreasonable expectations of the British Public.—Joseph leaves Madrid, and retires to Vittoria.—Defence of Zaragossa.

SURROUNDED by insurrection, as we have stated them to be, the French generals who had entered Spain entertained no fear but that the experience of their superiority in military skill and discipline, would soon teach the Spaniards the folly of their unavailing resistance. The invading armies were no longer commanded by Murat,[1] who had returned to France, to proceed from thence to take possession of the throne of Naples, vacant by the promotion of Joseph, as in earlier life he might have

[1] [Before Murat had well recovered from a severe attack of the Madrid cholic an intermittent fever supervened, and when that was removed, he was ordered by his physicians to the warm baths of Barèges.]

attained a higher step of military rank, in consequence of regimental succession. Savary, who had, as we have seen, a principal share in directing Ferdinand's mind towards the fatal journey to Bayonne, remained in command at Madrid,[1] and endeavoured, by a general system of vigorous effort in various directions, to put an end to the insurrection, which had now become general wherever the French did not possess such preponderating armed force, as rendered opposition impossible. We can but hint at the character which the war assumed even at the outset, and touch generally upon its more important incidents.

The Spanish Juntas had wisely recommended to their countrymen to avoid general engagements,—to avail themselves of the difficulties of various kinds which their country presents to an army of invaders,—to operate upon the flanks, the rear, and the communications of the French,—and to engage the enemy in a war of posts, in which courage and natural instinct bring the native sharpshooter more upon a level with the trained and practised soldier,

[1] ["As some person was immediately wanted to supply the place of the Grand Duke of Berg, he directed me to proceed to Madrid, where I found myself in a more extraordinary situation than any general officer had ever been placed in. My mission was for the purpose of perusing all the reports addressed to the Grand Duke of Berg, to return answers, and issue orders in every case of emergency; but I was not to affix my signature to any paper; every thing was to be done in the name of General Belliard, in his capacity of chief of the staff of the army. The Emperor adopted this course, because he intended to send the new King forward in a very short time; and felt it to be unnecessary to make any alterations until the King's arrival at Madrid, when I was to be recalled."—Savary, t. ii. p. 250.]

than the professors of military tactics are at all times willing to admit. But although this plan was excellently laid down, and in part adhered to, in which case it seldom failed to prove successful, yet on many occasions it became impossible for the Spanish leaders to avoid more general actions, in which defeat and loss were usually inevitable. The character of the insurrectionary armies, or rather of the masses of armed citizens so called, led to many fatal errors of this kind. They were confident in their own numbers and courage, in proportion to their ignorance of the superiority which discipline, the possession of cavalry and artillery, and the power of executing combined and united movements, must always bestow upon regular forces. They were also impatient of the miseries necessarily brought upon the country by a protracted and systematic war of mere defence, and not less unwilling to bear the continued privations to which they themselves were exposed. On some occasions, opposition on the part of their officers to their demand of being led against the enemy, to put an end, as they hoped, to the war, by one brave blow, was construed into cowardice or treachery; and falling under the suspicion of either, was a virtual sentence of death to the suspected person. Sometimes, also, these insurrectionary bodies were forced to a general action, which they would willingly have avoided, either by want of provisions, with which they were indifferently supplied at all times, or by the superior manœuvres of a skilful enemy. In most of the actions which took place from these various causes, the French discipline effectually

prevailed over the undisciplined courage of the insurgents, and the patriots were defeated with severe loss.

On these occasions, the cruelty of the conquerors too frequently sullied their victory, and materially injured the cause in which it was gained. Affecting to consider the Spaniards, who appeared in arms to oppose a foreign yoke and an intrusive king, as rebels taken in the fact, the prisoners who fell into the hands of the French were subjected to military execution; and the villages where they had met with opposition were delivered up to the licentious fury of the soldier, who spared neither sex nor age. The French perhaps remembered, that some such instances of sanguinary severity, in the commencement of the Italian campaigns, had compelled the insurgents of Lombardy to lay down their arms, and secured the advantages which Napoleon had gained by the defeat of the Austrian forces. But in Spain the result was extremely different. Every atrocity of this kind was a new injury to be avenged, and was resented as such by a nation at no time remarkable for forgiveness of wrongs. The sick, the wounded, the numerous stragglers of the French army, were, when they fell into the hands of the Spaniards, which frequently happened, treated with the utmost barbarity; and this retaliation hardening the heart, and inflaming the passions of either party as they suffered by it in turn, the war assumed a savage, bloody, and atrocious character, which seemed to have for its object not the subjection, but the extermination of the vanquished.

The character of the country, very unfavourable

to the French mode of supporting their troops at the expense of the districts through which they marched, added to the inveteracy of the struggle. Some parts of Spain are no doubt extremely fertile, but there are also immense tracts of barren plains, or unproductive mountains, which afford but a scanty support to the inhabitants themselves, and are totally inadequate to supply the additional wants of an invading army. In such districts the *Marauders*, to be successful in their task of collecting provisions, had to sweep a large tract of country on each side of the line of march,—an operation the more difficult and dangerous, that though the principal high-roads through Spain are remarkably good, yet the lateral communications connecting them with the countries which they traverse are of the worst possible description, and equally susceptible of being defended by posts, protected by ambuscades, or altogether broken up, and rendered impervious to an invader. Hence it was long since said by Henry IV., that if a general invaded Spain with a small army, he must be defeated—if with a large one, he must be starved; and the gigantic undertaking of Buonaparte appeared by no means unlikely to fail, either from the one or the other reason.

At the first movement of the French columns into the provinces which were in insurrection, victory seemed every where to follow the invaders. Lefebvre Desnouettes defeated the Spaniards in Arragon on the 9th of June; General Bessières beat the insurgents in many partial actions in the same month, kept Navarre and Biscay in subjec-

tion, and overawed the insurgents in Old Castile. These, however, were but petty advantages, compared to that which he obtained, in a pitched battle, over two united armies of the Spaniards, consisting of the forces of Castile and Leon, joined to those of Galicia.

The first of these armies was commanded by Cuesta, described, by Southey,[1] as a brave old man, energetic, hasty, and headstrong, in whose resolute, untractable, and decided temper, the elements of the Spanish character were strongly marked. His army was full of zeal, but in other respects in such a state of insubordination, that they had recently murdered one of the general officers against whom they harboured some rashly adopted suspicions of treachery. The Galician army was in the same disorderly condition; and they also had publicly torn to pieces their general, Filangieri,[2] upon no further apparent cause of suspicion than that he had turned his thoughts rather to defensive than offensive operations. Blake, a good soldier, who enjoyed the confidence of the army, but whose military

[1] [History of the Peninsular War, vol. i. p. 453.]

[2] [Filangieri, the Governor of Corunna, being called on by a tumultuous crowd to exercise the rights of sovereignty, and to declare war in form against the French, was unwilling to commence such an important revolution upon such uncertain grounds; the impatient crowd instantly attempted his life, which was then saved by the courage of an officer of his staff; but his horrible fate was only deferred. A part of the regiment of Navarre seized him at Villa Franca del Bierzo, planted the ground with their bayonets, and then tossing him in a blanket, let him fall on the points thus disposed, and there leaving him to struggle, they dispersed and retired to their own homes."—Napier, vol. i. p. 37.]

talents were not of the first order, succeeded Filangieri in his dangerous command, and having led his Galician levies to form a junction with Cuesta, they now proceeded together towards Burgos. The two generals differed materially in opinion. Cuesta, though he had previously suffered a defeat from the French near Cabezon, was for hazarding the event of a battle, moved probably by the difficulty of keeping together and maintaining their disorderly forces; while Blake, dreading the superiority of the French discipline, deprecated the risk of a general action. Bessières left them no choice on the subject. He came upon them, when posted near Medina del Rio Seco, where, on the 14th July, the combined armies of Galicia and Castile received the most calamitous defeat which the Spaniards had yet sustained. The patriots fought most bravely, and it was said more than twenty thousand slain were buried on the field of battle.

Napoleon received the news of this victory with exultation. "It is," he said, "the battle of Villa Viciosa. Bessières has put the crown on Joseph's head. The Spaniards," he added, "have now perhaps fifteen thousand men left, with some old blockhead at their head;—the resistance of the Peninsula is ended."[1] In fact, the victory of Medina del Rio Seco made the way open for Joseph to advance from Vittoria to Madrid, where he arrived without molestation. He entered the capital in state, but without receiving any

July 20.

[1] [Southey, vol. i. p. 481; Napier, vol. i. p. 110.]

popular greetings, save what the municipal authorities found themselves compelled to offer. The money which was scattered amongst the populace was picked up by the French alone, and by the French alone were the theatres filled, which had been thrown open to the public in honour of their new prince.[1]

In the mean time, however, the advantages obtained by Bessières in Castile seemed fast in the course of being outbalanced by the losses which the French sustained in the other provinces. Duhesme, with those troops which had so treacherously possessed themselves of Barcelona and Figueras, seems, at the outset, to have entertained little doubt of being able, not only to maintain himself in Catalonia, but even to send troops to assist in the subjugation of Valencia and Arragon. But the Catalonians are, and have always been, a warlike people, addicted to the use of the gun, and naturally disposed, like the Tyrolese, to act as sharpshooters. Undismayed by several partial losses, they made good the strong mountain-pass of Bruch and other defiles, and, after various actions, compelled the French general to retreat towards Barcelona, with a loss both of men and character.[2]

[1] ["King Joseph made his entry into Madrid at four in the afternoon, with no other escort than the Emperor's guard. Although his suite was numerous, he was accompanied by no other Spaniard than the Captain-general of Navarre; the ministers and deputies who had left Bayonne in his train had already deserted him. The inhabitants manifested some degree of curiosity, and even gave some signs of approbation; public decorum, however, was not in the least interrupted."—SAVARY, t. ii. p. 276.]

[2] [Napier, vol. i. p. 75.]

An expedition undertaken by Marshal Moncey against Valencia, was marked with deeper disaster. He obtained successes, indeed, over the insurgents as he advanced towards the city; but when he ventured an attack on the place itself, in hopes of carrying it by a sudden effort, he was opposed by all the energy of a general popular defence. The citizens rushed to man the walls,—the monks, with a sword in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, encouraged them to fight, in the name of God and their King,—the very women mingled in the combat, bringing ammunition and refreshments to the combatants.[1] Every attempt to penetrate into the city was found unavailing; and Moncey, disappointed of meeting with the reinforcements which Duhesme was to have despatched him from Barcelona, was obliged to abandon his enterprise, and to retreat, not without being severely harassed, towards the main French army, which occupied Old and New Castile.[2]

It was not common in Napoleon's wars for his troops and generals to be thus disconcerted, foiled, and obliged to abandon a purpose which they had adopted. But a worse and more decisive fate was to attend the division of Dupont, than the disappointments and losses which Duhesme had experienced in Catalonia, and Moncey before Valencia.

[1] [Southey, vol. i. p. 470; Napier, vol. i. p. 94.]

[2] [Moncey could hardly have expected to succeed against the town of Valencia; for, to use Napoleon's words, "a city, with eighty thousand inhabitants, barricadoed streets, and artillery placed at the gates, cannot be *taken by the collar*."—Napier, vol. i. p. 99.]

So early as Murat's first occupation of Madrid, he had despatched Dupont, an officer of high reputation, towards Cadiz, of which he named him governor. This attempt to secure that important city, and protect the French fleet which lay in its harbours, seems to have been judged by Napoleon premature, probably because he was desirous to leave the passage open for Charles IV. to have made his escape from Cadiz to South America, in case he should so determine. Dupont's march, therefore, was countermanded, and he remained stationary at Toledo, until the disposition of the Andalusians, and of the inhabitants of Cadiz, showing itself utterly inimical to the French, he once more received orders to advance at all risks, and secure that important seaport, with the French squadron which was lying there. The French general moved forward accordingly, traversed the chain of wild mountains called Sierra Morena, which the tale of Cervantes has rendered classical, forced the passage of the river Guadalquiver at the bridge of Alcolea, advanced to, and subdued, the ancient town of Cordoba.[1]

Dupont had thus reached the frontiers of Andalusia; but the fate of Cadiz was already decided. That rich commercial city had embraced the patriotic cause, and the French squadron was in the hands of the Spaniards; Seville was in complete insurrection, and its Junta, the most active in the kingdom of Spain, were organizing large forces, and adding them daily to a regular body of ten thousand men,

[1] [Savary, t. ii. p. 255; Napier, vol. i. p. 116.]

under General Castanos, which had occupied the camp of St Rocque, near Gibraltar.

If Dupont had ventured onward in the state in which matters were, he would have rushed on too unequal odds. On the other hand, his situation at Cordoba, and in the neighbourhood, was precarious. He was divided from the main French army by the Sierra Morena, the passes of which were infested, and might almost be said to be occupied, by the insurgent mountaineers; and he was exposed to be attacked by the Andalusian army, so soon as their general might think them adequate to the task. Dupont solicited reinforcements, therefore, as well from Portugal as from the French army in the Castiles; such reinforcements being absolutely necessary, not merely to his advancing into Andalusia, but to his keeping his ground, or even effecting a safe retreat. Junot, who commanded in Portugal, occupied at once by the insurrection of the natives of that country, and by the threatened descent of the English, was, as we shall hereafter see, in no situation to spare Dupont the succours he desired. But two brigades, under Generals Vedel and Gobert, joined Dupont from Castile, after experiencing some loss of rather an ominous character, for it could neither be returned nor avenged, from the armed peasantry of the Sierra.

These reinforcements augmented Dupont's division to twenty thousand men, a force which was thought adequate to strike a decisive blow in Andalusia, providing Castanos could be brought to hazard a general action. Dupont accordingly put

himself in motion, occupied Baylen and La Carolina in Andalusia, and took by storm the old Moorish town of Jaen. The sagacious old Spanish general had in the mean time been bringing his new levies into order, and the French, after they had possessed themselves of Jaen, were surprised to find themselves attacked there with great vigour and by superior forces, which compelled them, after a terrible resistance, to evacuate the place and retire to Baylen. From thence, Dupont wrote despatches to Savary at Madrid, stating the difficulties of his situation. His men, he said, had no supplies of bread, save from the corn which they reaped, grinded, and baked with their own hands —the peasants, who were wont to perform the country labour, had left their harvest-work to take up arms—the insurgents were becoming daily more audacious—they were assuming the offensive, and strong reinforcements were necessary to enable him either to maintain his ground, or do any thing considerable to annoy the enemy. These despatches fell into the hands of Castanos, who acted upon the information they afforded.

On the 16th July, two large divisions of the Spaniards attacked the French on different points, and, dislodging them from Baylen, drove them back on Menjibar; while Castanos, at the head of a large force, overawed Dupont, and prevented his moving to the assistance of his generals of brigade, one of whom, Gobert, was killed in the action. On the night of the 18th, another battle commenced, by an attempt on the part of the French to recover Baylen. The troops on both sides fought desperately, but

the Spaniards, conscious that succours were at no great distance, made good their defence of the village. The action continued the greater part of the day, when, after an honourable attempt to redeem the victory, by a desperate charge at the head of all his forces, Dupont found himself defeated on all points, and so enclosed by the superior force of the Spaniards, as rendered his retreat impossible. He had no resource except capitulation. He was compelled to surrender himself, and the troops under his immediate command, prisoners of war. But, for the division of Vedel, which had not been engaged, and was less hard pressed than the other, it was stipulated, that they should be sent back to France in Spanish vessels. This part of the convention ot Baylen was afterwards broken by the Spaniards, and the whole of the French army were detained close prisoners. They were led to this act of bad faith, partly by an opinion that the French generals had been too cunning for Castanos in the conditions they obtained,—partly from the false idea, that the perfidy with which they had acted towards Spain, dispensed with the obligations of keeping terms with them, — and partly at the instigation of Morla, the successor of the unhappy Solano, who scrupled not to recommend to his countrymen that sacrifice of honour to interest, which he himself afterwards practised, in abandoning the cause of his country for that of the intrusive King.[1]

The battle and subsequent capitulation of Baylen, was in itself a very great disaster, the most import-

[1] [Southey, vol. i. p. 497; Napier, vol. i. p. 125.]

ant which had befallen the French arms since the star of Buonaparte arose,—the *furcæ Caudinæ*, as he himself called it, of his military history. More than three thousand Frenchmen had been lost in the action,—seventeen thousand had surrendered themselves,[1]—Andalusia, the richest part of Spain, was freed from the French armies,—and the wealthy cities of Seville and Cadiz had leisure to employ a numerous force of trained population, and their treasures in support of the national cause. Accordingly, the tidings which Napoleon received while at Bourdeaux, filled him with an agitation similar to that of the Roman Emperor, when he demanded from Varus his lost legions. But the grief and anxiety of Buonaparte was better founded than that of Augustus. The latter lost only soldiers, whose loss might be supplied; but the battle of Baylen dissolved that idea of invincibility attached to Napoleon and his fortunes, which, like a talisman, had so often palsied the councils and disabled the exertions of his enemies, who felt, in opposing him, as if they were predestined victims, struggling against the dark current of Destiny itself. The whole mystery, too, and obscurity, in which Buonaparte had involved the affairs of Spain, concealing the nature of the interest which he held in that kingdom, and his gigantic plan of annexing it to his empire, were at once dispelled. The tidings of Dupont's surrender operated like a whirlwind on the folds of a torpid mist, and showed to all Europe,

[1] ["Dupont surrendered an effective force of 21,000 infantry, forty pieces of cannon, and 2400 cavalry; in short, a full third of the French forces in Spain."—SAVARY, t. ii. p. 273.]

what Napoleon most desired to conceal,—that he was engaged in a national conflict of a kind so doubtful, that it had commenced by a very great loss on the side of France; and that he was thus engaged purely by his own unprincipled ambition. That his armies could be defeated, and brought to the necessity of surrendering, was now evident to Spain and to Europe. The former gathered courage to persist in an undertaking so hopefully begun, while nations, now under the French domination, caught hope for themselves while they watched the struggle; and the spell being broken which had rendered them submissive to their fate, they cherished the prospect of speedily emulating the contest, which they at present only witnessed.

Yet were these inspiriting consequences of the victory of Castanos attended with some counterbalancing inconveniences, both as the event affected the Spaniards themselves, and the other nations of Europe. It fostered in the ranks of Spain their national vice, and excess of presumption and confidence in their own valour; useful, perhaps, so far as it gives animation in the moment of battle, but most hazardous when it occasions inattention to the previous precautions which are always necessary to secure victory, and which are so often neglected in the Spanish armies.[1] In

[1] [" The moral effect of the battle of Baylen was surprising; it was one of those minor events which, insignificant in themselves, are the cause of great changes in the affairs of nations. Opening as it were a new crater for the Spanish fire, the glory of past ages seemed to be renewed, every man conceived himself

short, while the success at Baylen induced the Spaniards to reject the advice of experience and skill, when to follow it might have seemed to entertain a doubt of the fortunes of Spain, it encouraged also the most unreasonable expectations in the other countries of Europe, and especially in Great Britain, where men's wishes in a favourite cause are so easily converted into hopes. Without observing the various concurrences of circumstances which had contributed to the victory of Baylen, they considered it as a scene which might easily be repeated elsewhere, whenever the Spaniards should display the same energy; and thus, because the patriots had achieved one great and difficult task, they expected from them on all occasions, not miracles only, but sometimes even impossibilities. When these unreasonable expectations were found groundless, the politicians who had entertained them were so much chagrined and disappointed, that, hurrying into the opposite extreme, they became doubtful either of the zeal of the Spanish nation in the cause for which they were fighting, or their power of maintaining an effectual resistance. And thus, to use the scriptural phrase, the love of many waxed cold, and men of a des-

a second Cid, and perceived in the surrender of Dupont, not the deliverance of Spain, but the immediate conquest of France. 'We are much obliged to our good friends the English,' was a common phrase among them, when conversing with the officers of Sir John Moore's army; 'we thank them for their good-will, and we shall have the pleasure of escorting them through France to Calais.' This absurd confidence might have led to great things, if it had been supported by wisdom, activity, or valour; but it was a 'voice, and nothing more.'"—NAPIER, vol. i. p. 131.]

ponding spirit were inclined to wish the aid of Britain withdrawn from a contest which they regarded as hopeless, and that those supplies should be discontinued, on which its maintenance in a great measure depended.

The event of Baylen was not known at Madrid till eight or ten days after it had taken place; but when it arrived, Joseph Buonaparte, the intrusive King, plainly saw that the capital was no longer a safe residence for him, and prepared for his retreat. He generously gave leave to the individuals composing his administration, either to follow his fortunes, or take the national side, if they preferred it;[1] and leaving Madrid, (3d July,) again retired to Vittoria, where, secured by a French garrison, and at no great distance from the frontier, he might in safety abide the events of the war.

Another memorable achievement of the Spanish conflict, which served perhaps better than even the victory of Baylen, to evince the character of the resistance offered to the French, was the immortal defence of Zaragossa, the capital of Arragon. This ancient city was defenceless, excepting for the old Gothic, or Roman or Moorish wall, of ten feet high, by which it is surrounded, and which is in most places a mere curtain, without flankers or returning angles of any kind.[2] Its garrison consisted chiefly of the citizens of the place; and its governor, a young nobleman, called Don Joseph Palafox, who was chosen Captain-general because he happened to be in the vicinity, had hitherto been

[1] [De Pradt, Mémoire Hist. sur la Rév. de l'Espagne, p. 192.]
[2] [Napier, vol. i. p. 65.]

only distinguished by the share he had taken in the frivolous gaieties of the court.[1] The city thus possessing no important advantages of defence, and the French general in Arragon, Lefebvre Desnouettes, having defeated such of the insurgents as had shown themselves in the field, he conceived he had only to advance, in security of occupying the capital of the province. But there never was on earth a defence in which the patriotic courage of the defenders sustained so long, and baffled so effectually, the assaults of an enemy provided with all those military advantages, of which they themselves were totally destitute.

On the 15th of June, the French attempted to carry the place by a *coup-de-main*, in which they failed with great loss. On the 27th, reinforced and supplied with a train of mortars, they made a more regular effort, and succeeded in getting possession of a suburb, called the Terrero. They then began to invest the place more closely, showered bombs on its devoted edifices, and amid the conflagration occasioned by these missiles of destruction, attempted to force the gates of the city at different points. All the Zaragossians rushed to man their defences—condition, age, even sex, made no difference; the monks fought abreast with the laity, and several women showed more than masculine courage.[2]

Lefebvre was incensed by a defence of a place,

[1] [Southey, vol. i. p. 371.]

[2] ["Augustina Zaragoza, a handsome woman of the lower class, about twenty-two years of age, arrived at one of the batteries with refreshments at the time when not a man who defended it was left alive, so tremendous was the fire which the French

which, according to all common rules, was untenable. He forgot the rules of war in his turn, and exposed his troops to immense loss by repeatedly attempting to carry the place at the bayonet's point. Mean while ammunition ran scarce—but the citizens contrived to manufacture gunpowder in considerable quantities. Famine came—its pressure was submitted to. Sickness thinned the ranks of the defenders—those who survived willingly performed the duty of the absent. It was in vain that the large convent of Santa Engracia, falling into the hands of the besiegers, enabled them to push their posts into the town itself. The French general announced this success in a celebrated summons :—"*Sancta Engracia—Capitulation!*" "*Zaragossa—war to the knife's blade,*"[1] was the equally laconic answer. The threat was made good—the citizens fought from street to street, from house to

kept up against it. For a moment the citizens hesitated to re-man the guns. Augustina sprung forward over the dead and dying, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a six-and-twenty pounder; then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege."—SOUTHEY, vol. ii. p. 14.—Lord Byron states, that when he was at Seville, in 1809, the Maid of Zaragoza was seen walking daily on the Prado, decorated with medals, and orders, by command of the Junta. She has further had the honour of being painted by Wilkie.]

[1] ["Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!
They fight for freedom who were never free;
A kingless people for a nerveless state,
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
True to the veriest slaves of treachery:
Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
Pride points the path that leads to liberty;
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
War, war is still the cry, '*War even to the knife!*'"
Childe Harold, c. i. st. 86.]

house, from chamber to chamber—the contending parties often occupied different apartments of the same house—the passages which connected them were choked with dead. After this horrid contest had continued for several weeks, the gallant defence of Zaragossa excited at once the courage and sympathy of those who shared the sentiments of its heroic garrison and citizens, and a considerable reinforcement was thrown into the place in the beginning of August.[1] After this the citizens began to gain ground in all their skirmishes with the invaders; the news of Dupont's surrender became publicly known, and Lefebvre, on the 13th of August, judged it most prudent to evacuate the quarter of the city which he possessed. He blew up the church of Santa Engracia, and set fire to several of the houses which he had gained, and finally retreated from the city which had so valiantly resisted his arms.[2]

The spirit of indomitable courage which the Spaniards manifested on this occasion, has perhaps no equal in history, excepting the defence of Numantium by their ancestors. It served, even more than the victory of Baylen, to extend hope and

[1] ["Just before the day closed, Don Francisco Palafox, the general's brother, entered the city with a convoy of arms and ammunition, and reinforcement of three thousand men."—SOUTHEY, vol. ii. p. 26.]

[2] ["A hideous and revolting spectacle was exhibited during the action; the public hospital being taken and fired, the madmen confined there issued forth among the combatants, muttering, shouting, singing, and moping, according to the character of their disorder, while drivelling idiots mixed their unmeaning cries with the shouts of contending soldiers."—NAPIER, vol. i. p. 70.]

confidence in the patriotic cause; and the country which had produced such men as Palafox and his followers, was, with much show of probability, declared unconquerable.

It is now necessary to trace the effects which this important revolution produced, as well in England, as in the Portuguese part of the Peninsula.

CHAPTER XLV.

Zeal of Britain with regard to the Spanish struggle.—It is resolved to send an Expedition to Portugal.—Retrospect of what had passed in that Country.—Portuguese Assembly of Notables summoned to Bayonne—Their Singular Audience of Buonaparte.—Effects of the Spanish Success on Portugal.—Sir Arthur Wellesley—His Character as a General—Despatched at the head of the Expedition to Portugal—Attacks and defeats the French at Roriga.—Battle and Victory of Vimeiro.—Sir Harry Burrard Neale assumes the command, and frustrates the results proposed by Sir Arthur Wellesley from the Battle.—Sir Harry Burrard is superseded by Sir Hew Dalrymple.— Convention of Cintra—Its Unpopularity in England—A Court of Enquiry is held.

THERE is nothing more praiseworthy in the British, or rather in the English character,—for it is they who in this respect give tone to the general feelings of the other two British nations,—than the noble candour with which, laying aside all petty and factious considerations, they have at all times united in the same springtide of sentiment, when the object in question was in itself heart-stirring and generous. At no time was this unison of sentiment more universally felt and expressed, than when the news became general through Britain that the Spanish nation, the victim of an unparal-

leled process of treachery, had resolved to break through the toils by which they were enclosed, and vindicate their national independence at the hazard of their lives. "The war," says the elegant historian,[1] to whose labours we are so much indebted in this part of our subject, "assumed a higher and holier character, and men looked to the issue with faith as well as hope." Both these were the brighter that they seemed to have arisen out of the midnight of scepticism, concerning the existence of public spirit in Spain.

It became the universal wish of Britain, to afford the Spaniards every possible assistance in their honourable struggle. Sheridan declared, that the period had arrived for striking a decisive blow for the liberation of Europe; and another distinguished member of Opposition,[2] having expressed himself with more reserve on the subject, found it necessary to explain, that in doing so he disclaimed the thoughts of abandoning the heroic Spaniards to their fate. But it was with particular interest, that all lovers of their country listened to the manly declaration of Mr Canning,[3] in which, disclaiming the false and petty policy which made an especial object of what were called peculiarly British inte-

[1] [Southey's History of the Peninsular War, vol. i. p. 444.]

[2] [Mr Whitbread. See Parliamentary Debates, vol. xi. pp. 886, 891. As a farther avowal of these sentiments, Mr Whitbread addressed a letter, on the situation of Spain, to Lord Holland; "the subject," he said, "being peculiarly interesting to that distinguished nobleman, from the attachment he had formed to a people, the grandeur of whose character he had had the opportunity to estimate."]

[3] [At that time Secretary of State for foreign affairs.]

rests, he pledged himself, and the Administration to which he belonged, for pursuing such measures as might ensure Spanish success, because it was that which, considering the cause in which she was embarked, comprehended the essential interest not of England only, but of the world. The resolution to support Spain through the struggle, founded as it was on this broad and generous basis, met the universal approbation of the country.

It remained only to enquire in what shape the succours of Britain should be invested, in order to render them most advantageous to the cause of Spanish independence. Most Spaniards seemed to concur with the deputies, who had been hastily despatched to England by the Junta of the Asturias, in declining the assistance of an auxiliary army; "of men," they said, "Spain had more than enough." Arms, ammunition, and clothing, were sent, therefore, with a liberal and unsparing profusion, and military officers of skill and experience were despatched, to assist where their services could be useful to the insurgents. The war with Spain was declared at an end, and the Spanish prisoners, freed from confinement, clothed, and regaled at the expense of the English, were returned to their country in a sort of triumph.[1]

The conduct of the Spaniards in declining the aid of British troops, partly perhaps arose out of that overweening confidence which has been elsewhere noted as their great national foible, and

[1] [Southey, vol. i., p. 451.]

might be partly justified by the difficulty of combining the operations of a body of native insurgents with regular forces, consisting of foreigners, professing a different religion, and speaking another language. These objections, however, did not apply with the same force to Portugal, where the subjected state of the country did not permit their national pride, though not inferior to that of the Spaniards, to assume so high a tone; and where, from long alliance, the English, in despite of their being foreigners and heretics, were ever regarded with favour. It was, therefore, resolved to send an expedition, consisting of a considerable body of troops, to assist in the emancipation of Portugal, an operation for which the progress of the Spanish insurrection rendered the time favourable.

We left Portugal under the provisional command of General Junot, described by Napoleon himself as one whose vanity was only equalled by his rapacity, and who conducted himself like a tyrant over the unresisting natives, from whom he levied the most intolerable exactions.

There is no access to know in what manner Napoleon intended to dispose of this ancient kingdom. The partition treaty executed at Fountainbleau, which had been made the pretext of occupying Portugal, had never been in reality designed to regulate its destinies, and was neglected on all sides, as much as if it never had existed. Buonaparte subsequently seems to have entertained some ideas of new-modelling the kingdom, which caused him to summon together at Bayonne a Diet, or

Assembly of Portuguese Notables, in order to give an ostensible authority to the change which he was about to introduce.

They met him there, according to the summons; and, although their proceedings had no material consequences, yet, as narrated by the Abbé de Pradt, who was present on the occasion, they form too curious an illustration of Buonaparte's mind and manner to be omitted in this place. Having heard with indifference an address pronounced by the Count de Lima, an ancient Portuguese noble, who was President of the deputation, Napoleon opened the business in this light and desultory way: —"I hardly know what to make of you, gentlemen—it must depend on the events in Spain. And then, are you of consequence sufficient to constitute a separate people?—have you enough of size to do so? Your Prince has let himself be carried off to the Brazils by the English—he has committed a great piece of folly, and he will not be long in repenting of it. A prince," he added, turning gaily to the Abbé de Pradt, "is like a bishop—he ought to reside within his charge."—Then again speaking to the Count de Lima, he asked what was the population of Portugal, answering, at the same time, his own question, "Two millions is it?" —"More than three, Sire," replied the Count.— "Ah—I did not know that—And Lisbon—are there one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants?" —"More than double that number, Sire."—"Ah —I was not aware of that."

Proceeding through several questions regarding matters in which his information did not seem more

accurate, he at length approached the prime subject of the conference. "What do you wish to be, you Portuguese?" he said. "Do you desire to become Spaniards?" This question, even from Napoleon, roused the whole pride of the Portuguese; for it is well known with what ill-will and jealousy they regard the sister-country of the Peninsula, against whom they have so long preserved their independence. The Count de Lima drew up his person to its full height, laid his hand on his sword, and answered the insulting demand by a loud No, which resounded through the whole apartment. Buonaparte was not offended, but rather amused by this trait of national character. He broke up the meeting without entering farther on the business for which it was summoned together, and afterwards told those about his person, that the Count of Lima had treated him with a superb No. He even showed some personal favour to that high-spirited nobleman, but proceeded no farther in his correspondence with the Portuguese deputies. The whole scene is curious, as serving to show how familiar the transference of allegiance, and alienation of sovereignty, was become to his mind, since in the case of a kingdom like Portugal, of some importance were even its ancient renown alone regarded, he could advance to the consideration of its future state with such imperfect knowledge of its circumstances, and so much levity both of manner and of purpose. Kingdoms had become the cards, which he shuffled and dealt at his pleasure, with all the indifference of a practised gamester. The occasion he had for the services of the Portuguese as-

sembly of Notables passed away, and the deputies of whom it had consisted were sent to Bourdeaux, where they resided in neglect and poverty until the general peace permitted them to return to Portugal.

Some hints in Buonaparte's letter to Murat, formerly quoted, might induce one to believe that the crown of the House of Braganza was meant to be transferred to his brows;[1] but he obtained that of Naples, and the fate of Portugal continued undetermined, when the consequences of the Spanish Revolution seemed about to put it beyond the influence of Napoleon.

A movement so general as the revolution effected in Spain through all her provinces, could not fail to have a sympathetic effect on the sister kingdom of Portugal, on whom the French yoke pressed so much more severely; not merely wounding the pride, and destroying the independence of the country, but leading to the plunder of its resources, and the maltreatment of the inhabitants. The spirit which animated the Spaniards soon showed itself among the Portuguese. Oporto, the second city in the kingdom, after a first attempt at insurrection, which the French, by aid of the timid local authorities, found themselves able to suppress, made a second effort with better success, expelled the French from the city and the adjacent country, and

[1] ["I will look after your private interests; give yourself no concern about them. Portugal will remain at my disposal. Let no personal project occupy you, or influence your conduct; that would be injurious to my interests, and would injure you still more than me."]

placed themselves under the command of a provisional junta, at the head of whom was the Bishop of Oporto. The kindling fire flew right and left in every direction; and at length, wherever the French did not possess a strong and predominating armed force, the country was in insurrection against them. This did not pass without much bloodshed. The French, under command of Loison, marched from the frontier fortress of Almeida, to suppress the insurrection at Oporto; but General Silviera, a Portuguese nobleman, who had put himself at the head of the armed population, managed so to harass the enemy's march, that he was compelled to abandon his intention, and return to Almeida, though his force amounted to four thousand men. At Beja, Leiria, Evora,[1] and other places, the discipline of the French overcame the opposition of the citizens and peasantry; and, in order to strike terror, the bloody hand of military execution was extended against the unfortunate towns and districts. But the inhumanity of the victors only

[1] [Loison's conduct at Evora was marked by deliberate and sportive cruelty, of the most flagitious kind. The convents and churches afforded no asylum. He promised the archbishop that his property should not be touched, but, after this promise, he, with some of his officers, entered the Episcopal library, took down the books in the hope of discovering valuables behind them, broke off the gold and silver clasps, and, in their wrath at finding so little plunder, tore in pieces a whole pile of manuscripts. They took every gold and silver coin from his cabinet of medals, and every jewel and bit of the precious metals with which the relics were adorned. Loison was even seen in noon-day, to take the archbishop's ring from the table and pocket it. These circumstances are stated by Mr Southey, on the authority of the archbishop himself.]

served to increase the numbers and ferocity of their enemies. Men who had seen their houses burned, their vineyards torn up, their females violated, had no further use of life save for revenge; and when either numbers, position, or other advantages, gave the Portuguese an opportunity, it was exercised with premeditated and relentless cruelty.[1]

Had Junot been able to employ his full force against the insurgents, it is likely that in so narrow a country this miserable war might have been ended by the despotic efforts of irresistible military force. But the French general had apprehensions from another quarter, which obliged him to concentrate a considerable part of his army, that might otherwise have been disposable for the total subjugation of Portugal. Britain, long excluded from the continent, had assumed, with regard to it, the attitude of the Grecian hero, who, with his lance pointed towards his enemy, surveys his armour of proof from head to foot, in hopes of discovering some rent or flaw, through which to deal a wound. Junot justly argued, that the condition of the peninsula, more especially of Portugal, was such as to invite a descent on the part of the English. In fact, an expedition of ten thousand men had already sailed from Cork, and, what was of more importance than if the force had been trebled, it was placed under the command of Sir Arthur Wel-

[1] ["In such detestation was Loison held by the Portuguese, that he was scarcely safe from their vengeance when surrounded by his troops. The execrations poured forth at the mere mention of 'the bloody Maneta,' as, from the loss of his hand, he was called, proves that he must have committed many heinous acts."—Napier, vol. i. p. 167.]

LESLEY, a younger son of the Earl of Mornington, one of those gifted individuals upon whom the fate of the world seems to turn like a gate upon its hinges, or as a vessel is managed by its rudder.

In India, Sir Arthur Wellesley had seen and conducted war upon a large and extended scale, of which no general officer in the European army of England had much comprehension, at least much experience. He was well acquainted with the best mode of supplying armies while in the field. His thoughts had been familiarly exercised in the task of combining grand general movements over extended regions, and his natural genius, deducing the principles of war from the service which he had seen in the East, qualified him to apply them to other countries, and to an enemy of a different description. Formidable in his preparations for battle, and successful in the action itself, he was even more distinguished by the alertness and sagacity which never rested satisfied with a useless victory, but improved to the uttermost the advantages which he had attained, by his own masterly dispositions, and the valour of his troops. His mind was never entirely engrossed by the passing event, how absorbing soever its importance; the past and the future were alike before him; and the deductions derived from a consideration of the whole, were combined, in all their bearings, with a truth and simplicity, which seemed the work of intuition, rather than the exercise of judgment. In fact, the mind of this singular and distinguished man seemed inaccessible to those false and delusive views which mislead ordinary thinkers; his strength of judg-

ment rejected them, as some soils will not produce noxious weeds; and it might be said of him, that on subjects to which he gave his attention, the opinions which he formed, approached, perhaps, as near the perfection of human reason as the fallibility of our nature will permit.

To this prescience of intellect, in itself so rare a quality, was added a decision, which, when his resolution was once formed, enabled Sir Arthur Wellesley to look to the event with a firmness, inaccessible to all the doubts and vacillations to which minds of the highest resolution have been found accessible in arduous circumstances, but which are sure to impair the energy, and exhaust the spirits of others. A frame fitted to endure every species of fatigue and privation, and capable of supplying the want of regular repose by hasty and brief slumbers, snatched as occasion permitted, together with a power of vision uncommonly acute, may be mentioned as tending to complete the qualities of Sir Arthur Wellesley for the extraordinary part to which Providence had destined him. It may be added, that in precision of thought, sagacity of judgment, promptness of decision, and firmness of resolution, there was a considerable resemblance betwixt Napoleon and the English General, destined to be his great rival; and that the characters of both serve to show that the greatest actions are performed, and the greatest objects attained, not by men who are gifted with any rare and singular peculiarities of talent, but by those in whom the properties of judgment, firmness, power of calculation, and rapidity in execution, which

ordinary men possess in an ordinary degree, are carried to the highest and most uncommon degree of perfection.

Sir Arthur Wellesley's qualities were well known in India, where, in the brilliant campaign of Assaye, he defeated the whole force of the Mahrattas, and ended triumphantly a long and doubtful war. The following expressions, on his leaving India, occur in the familiar letter of an excellent judge of human character, and who, it is to be hoped, lives to take a natural and just pride in the event of his own prophecy:—"You seem," he wrote to his European correspondent, "to be at a loss for generals in England. There is one now returning from India, who, if you can overcome the objections of precedence and length of service, and place him at once at the head of the British army, is capable of saving England at least, if not Europe, from the dangers which seem thickening around you."—Most fortunately for England, and for Europe, the objections which might have obstructed the rise of another officer in like circumstances, did not operate against Sir Arthur Wellesley in the same degree. His brother, the Marquis Wellesley, distinguished by the talents which had governed and extended our empire in India, had already much interest in our domestic councils, in which, some months afterwards, he held an eminent place.

He was selected at this important crisis to go as ambassador plenipotentiary to Spain, as one on whose wisdom and experience the utmost reliance could be reposed. The marquis was of course well acquainted with Sir Arthur's talents; and,

conscious that in urging his brother's pretensions to high employment in his profession, he was preparing for the arms of Great Britain every chance of the most distinguished success, he requested his assistance as the hand to execute the counsels, which were, in a great measure, to emanate from himself as the head.

The army and the public had become acquainted with Sir Arthur's merits during the brief campaign of Copenhagen,—his name already inspired hope and confidence into the country,—and when the brother of the Marquis Wellesley received the command of the expedition destined for the peninsula, none hinted that the selection had been made from undue partiality; and subsequent events soon taught the nation, not only that the confidence, so far as reposed in Sir Arthur Wellesley, was perfectly just, but that it ought, in wisdom, to have been much more absolute.

Under these auspices the expedition set sail for the peninsula, and, touching at Corunna, received such news as determined Sir Arthur Wellesley to select Portugal as the scene of his operations, being the point upon which success seemed most likely to influence the general cause. He opened a communication with Oporto, and soon learned the important news of the defeat of Dupont, and the flight of the intrusive King from Madrid. These tidings were of particular importance, because the consequences were likely to find full occupation in Spain for the victorious army of Bessières, which, if left disengaged, might have entered Portugal, and co-operated with Junot. At the same time, a body of

British troops, which had been destined to support Castanos, was left disposable by the surrender of Baylen, and, having embarked for Portugal, now joined Sir Arthur Wellesley. Lastly, came the important intelligence, that Sir Arthur's army was to be reinforced immediately with fifteen thousand men, and that Sir Hew Dalrymple was to command in chief. This officer was governor of Gibraltar, and, during the Spanish insurrection, had acted both with wisdom and energy in assisting, advising, and encouraging the patriots; but it is doing him no injury to say, that he does not appear to have had the uncommon combination of talents, both military and political, which, in the present crisis, the situation of commander-in-chief in Portugal peremptorily demanded.

Assured of these succours, Sir Arthur Wellesley disembarked his army in Mondego bay, and advanced towards Leiria by the sea-coast, for the sake of communicating with the fleet, from which they received their provisions. The French generals Laborde and Thomieres were detached from Lisbon to check the progress of the invaders, and Loison, moving from the Alentejo, was in readiness to form a junction with his countrymen. In the mean time, a tumultuary Portuguese army of insurgents, commanded by General Freire, an unreasonable and capricious man, (who afterwards lost his life under strong suspicions of treachery to the patriot cause,) first incommoded the British general by extravagant pretensions, and finally altogether declined to co-operate with him. A general of an ordinary character might not unrea-

sonably have been so far disgusted with the conduct of those whom he had come to assist, as to feel diminished zeal in a cause which seemed to be indifferent to its natural defenders. But Sir Arthur Wellesley, distinguished as much by his knowledge of mankind as his military talents, knew how to make allowance for the caprice of an individual called suddenly to a command, for which perhaps his former life had not fitted him, and for the ebb and flow of national spirit in the ranks of an insurgent population. He knew that victory over the French was necessary to obtain the confidence of the Portuguese; and, with an alertness and activity which had prevented the junction of Loison with Laborde, he pushed on to attack (17th August) the latter French general, where he waited the approach of his colleague in a strong position near the town of Roriça. Attacking at once in front and upon the flank, he drove them from their ground, and his victory formed the first permanent and available success obtained by the British army in the eventful Peninsular struggle. Laborde retreated upon Torres Vedras, on which Loison had also directed his course.[1]

The Portuguese insurrection became wide and general on flank and rear, and Junot saw little chance of extinguishing the conflagration, unless he should be able to defeat the English general in a pitched battle. For this purpose he withdrew

[1] [Southey, vol. ii. p. 188; Napier, vol. i. p. 204. The loss of the French was 600 killed and wounded; among the latter was Laborde himself. The British also suffered considerably; two lieutenants and nearly 500 men being killed, taken, or wounded.]

all the French garrisons except from Lisbon itself. Elvas, Almeida, and Peniche; and, collecting his whole forces at Vimeiro, near Torres Vedras, determined there to abide the shock of war.

In the mean while, Sir Arthur Wellesley had been joined by a part of the promised succours; who, disembarking with difficulty on the dangerous coast, formed a junction with the main body as they marched towards the enemy. It was not an equally fortunate circumstance, that Sir Harry Burrard Neale, an officer of superior rank, also appeared on the coast, and communicated with Sir Arthur Wellesley. The latter explained his plan of engaging the French army, and throwing it back on Lisbon, where an insurrection would instantly have taken place in their rear, and thus Portugal might have been delivered by a single blow. But Sir Harry Burrard, though a brave officer, does not appear to have had that confidence in the British soldiery, which they so well deserve at the hands of their leaders. He recommended a defensive system until the arrival of the rest of the succours from England; neither seeing how much, in war, depends upon a sudden and powerful effort, nor considering that the French of all men can best employ to their own advantage, whatever leisure may be allowed them by the timidity or indecision of their enemy.

At this time, however, the difficulties of Junot's situation had determined him on the hazard of a general action; and the armies being already very near each other, the only change occasioned in the course of events by the interposition of the lately

arrived British general, was, that Sir Arthur Wellesley, instead of being the assailant, as he had proposed, was, on the memorable 21st August, himself attacked by Junot near the town of Vimeiro. The British amounted to about 16,000 men, but of these not above one half were engaged; the French consisted of about 14,000, all of whom were brought into action.[1] The French attacked in two divisions; that on the left, commanded by Laborde, about five thousand men, and that on the right, under Loison, considerably stronger. The centre, or reserve, was commanded by Kellerman, occupied the space between the attacking divisions, and served to connect them with each other. The battle was interesting to military men, as forming a remarkable example of that peculiar mode of tactics by which the French troops had so often broken through and disconcerted the finest troops of the continent, and also of the manner in which their impetuous valour might be foiled and rendered unavailing, by a steady, active, and resolute enemy.

The favourite mode of attack by the French was, we have often noticed, by formation into massive columns, the centre and rear of which give the head no opportunity to pause, but thrust the leading files headlong forward on the thin line of enemies opposed to them, which are necessarily broken through, as unequal to sustain the weight of the charging body. In this manner, and in full confidence of success, General Laborde in person,

[1] [A French order of battle found upon the field gave a total of 14,000 men present under arms.]

heading a column of better than two thousand men, rushed on the British advanced guard, consisting of the 50th regiment, with some field-pieces, and a single company of sharpshooters. The regiment, about four hundred men in number, drawn up in line on the brow of a hill, presented an obstacle so little formidable to the heavy column which came against them, that it seemed the very noise of their approach should have driven them from the ground. But Colonel Walker suddenly altering the formation of his regiment, so as to place its line obliquely on the flank of the advancing column, instead of remaining parallel to it, opened a terrible, well-sustained, and irresistible fire, where every ball passing through the dense array of the enemy, made more than one victim, and where the close discharge of grape-shot was still more fatal. This heavy and destructive fire was immediately seconded by a charge with the bayonet, by which the column, unable to form or to deploy, received on their defenceless flank, and among their shattered ranks, the attack of the handful of men whom they had expected at once to sweep from their course. The effect was instantaneous and irresistible; and the French, who had hitherto behaved with the utmost steadiness, broke their ranks and ran, leaving near three-fourths of their number in killed, wounded, and prisoners.[1] The

[1] After the capitulation of Cintra, General Loison desired to be introduced to Colonel Walker, and congratulated that officer on the steadiness and talent with which he had rendered the defence in line so decidedly superior to Napoleon's favourite measure,—the attack in column.

same sort of close combat was general over the field. The brigade of General Fergusson, on the right, was attacked by General Loison with an impetuosity and vigour not inferior to that of Laborde. A mutual charge of bayonets took place; and here, as at Maida, the French advanced, indeed, bravely to the shock, but lost heart at the moment of the fatal encounter. To what else can we ascribe the undeniable fact, that their whole front rank, amounting to three hundred grenadiers, lay stretched on the ground almost in a single instant?[1]

The French were now in full retreat on all sides. They had abandoned their artillery,—they were flying in confusion,—the battle was won,—the victor had only to stretch forth his hand to grasp the full fruits of conquest. Sir Arthur Wellesley had determined to move one part of his army on Torres Vedras, so as to get between the French and the nearest road to Lisbon, while with another division he followed the chase of the beaten army, to whom thus no retreat on Lisbon would remain, but by a circuitous route through a country in a state of insurrection. Unhappily, Sir Arthur Wellesley's period of command was for the present ended. Sir Harry Burrard had landed during the action, and had with due liberality declined taking any command until the battle seemed to be over; when it unhappily occurred to him, in opposition to the remonstrances of Sir Arthur Wellesley, General Fergusson, and other general offi-

[1] [Thiebault, Relation de l'Expédition du Portugal, p. 194; Napier, vol. i. p. 212; Southey, vol. ii. p. 205.]

cers, to interpose his authority for the purpose of prohibiting farther pursuit.[1] He accounted such a measure incautious where the enemy was superior in cavalry, and perhaps entertained too sensitive a feeling of the superiority of French tactics. Thus Vimeiro, in its direct consequences, seemed to be only another example of a victory gained by the English without any corresponding results; one of those numerous instances, in which the soldiers gain the battle from confidence in their own hearts and arms, and the general fails to improve it, perhaps from an equally just diffidence of his own skill and talents.

Mean while, Sir Hew Dalrymple, arriving from Gibraltar in a frigate, superseded Sir Harry Burrard, as Sir Harry had superseded Sir Arthur; and thus, within twenty-four hours, the English army had successively three commanders-in-chief.[2] The time of prosecuting the victory was passed away before Sir Hew Dalrymple came ashore—for the French had been able to gain the position of Torres Vedras, from which it had been Sir Arthur Wellesley's chief object to exclude them. That general then knew well, as he afterwards showed to the world, what advantage might be taken of that position for the defence of Lisbon.

[1] [Proceedings of the Board of Inquiry; and Napier, vol. i. p. 217.]

[2] ["Thus, in the short space of twenty-four hours, during which a battle was fought, the army fell successively into the hands of three men, who, coming from different quarters, with different views, habits, and information, had not any previous opportunity of communing even by letter, so as to arrange a common plan of operations."—Napier, vol. i. p 219.]

But Junot had suffered too severely in the battle of Vimeiro, and had too many difficulties to contend with, to admit of his meditating an obstinate defence. The victorious British army was in his front,—the insurgents, encouraged by the event of the battle, were on his flanks,—the English fleet might operate in his rear,—and the populous town of Lisbon itself was not to be kept down without a great military force. Then if the successes in Andalusia were to be followed by similar events, the Spanish armies might invade Portugal, and cooperate with the English. Moved by these circumstances, the French general was induced to propose that evacuation of Portugal, its cities, and fortresses, which was afterwards concluded by the treaty of Cintra.[1] The French, by the articles of that convention, were to be transported to their own country, with their arms, artillery, and property,—under which last article they carried off much of the plunder of which they had stripped the Portuguese. A Russian fleet in the Tagus, commanded by Admiral Siniavin, was delivered up to the English, in deposit, as it was termed; so unwilling were we to use towards Russia the language or practice of war, although the countries were in a state of avowed hostilities. In a military point of view, all the British generals concurred in approving of the convention. Sir Arthur Wellesley, who saw better, it may be supposed, than the others, how long the war might be protracted, after the favourable moment of victory had been permitted to pass

[1] [For a copy of the Convention of Cintra, see Annual Register, vol. L. p. 265.]

without being improved, considered the liberation of Portugal, with its sea-coast, its ports, and its fortresses, besides the eastern line of frontier, which offered an easy communication with Spain, as an advantage of the highest importance, and cheaply purchased by the articles granted to Junot.

But the light in which the people of England saw the Convention of Cintra,[1] was extremely different. It is their nature to nurse extravagant hopes, and they are proportionally incensed when such are disappointed. The public were never more generally united in the reprobation of any measure; and although much of their resentment was founded in ignorance and prejudice, yet there were circumstances in the transaction which justified in some measure the general indignation. The succession of the three generals was compared to the playing of trump-cards at a game of whist; and, whether it was designed or fortuitous, had an air of indecision that was almost ludicrous. Then it was obvious, that the younger and inferior officer of the three had been prevented from following up the victory he had gained, and that this interference had rendered necessary the convention which England seemed determined to consider as injurious to

[1] ["The armistice, the negotiations, the convention itself, and the execution of its provisions, were all commenced, conducted, and concluded, at the distance of thirty miles from Cintra, with which place they had not the slightest connexion, political, military, or local; yet Lord Byron has gravely asserted, in prose and verse, that the convention was signed at the Marquis of Marialva's house at Cintra; and the author of 'The Diary of an Invalid,' improving upon the poet's discovery, detected the stains of the ink spilt by Junot upon the occasion."—Napier.]

Portugal, and dishonourable to herself. A Court of Inquiry[1] put the proceedings in a more just point of view for the two superior officers, whose error appeared in no degree to have exceeded a mistake in judgment, the fruit of too much caution. But the fierce and loudly expressed resentment on the part of the public[2] produced very important consequences; and though there occurred exceptions, it became comparatively difficult or dangerous, from that period, to propose any one as commander of an expedition whose talents had not pretensions to merit the confidence of the people.

[1] [See Report of the Board of Inquiry, Annual Register, vol. L. p. 272.]

[2] [See especially Parliamentary Debates, (Feb. 21, 1809,) vol. xii. p. 897.]

CHAPTER XLVI.

Duplicity of Buonaparte on his return to Paris.—Official Statements in the Moniteur—Reports issued by Champagny, Minister of the Foreign Department.—French Relations with the different Powers of Europe.—Spirit of Resistance throughout Germany.—Russia.—Napoleon and Alexander meet at Erfurt on 27th September, and separate in apparent Friendship on 17th October—Actual feelings of the Autocrats—Their joint Letter to the King of Great Britain proposing a general Peace on the principle of uti possidetis*—Why rejected.—Procedure in Spain.—Catalonia.—Return of Romana to Spain.—Armies of Blake, Castanos, and Palafox.—Expedition of General Moore—His desponding Views of the Spanish Cause—His Plans.—Defeat of Blake—and Castanos.—Treachery of Morla.—Sir John Moore retreats to Corunna—Disasters on the March.—Battle of Corunna, and Death of Sir John Moore.*

DURING no part of his history did Buonaparte appear before the public in a meaner and more contemptible light, than immediately after the commencement of the Spanish revolution. In the deeper disasters of his life, the courage with which he struggled against misfortune, gave to his failing efforts the dignity of sinking greatness; but, on the present occasion, he appeared before France and before Europe in the humiliating condition of

one, who had been tempted by selfish greed to commit a great crime, from which he had derived the full harvest of ignominy, without an iota of the expected profit. On the contrary, blinded by the unconscientious desire of acquisition, he had shown himself as shortsighted concerning results, as he was indifferent respecting means.[1] In this, as in other memorable instances, iniquity had brought with it all the consequences of folly.

For some time after his triumphal return to Paris, Buonaparte preserved a total silence on the affairs of the peninsula, excepting general assurances that all was well ; [2] and that the few partial commotions which had been excited by the agents of England, had been every where suppressed by the wisdom of the Grand Council, and the ready concurrence of the good citizens, who saw no safety for Spain save in the renewal of the family compact of the Bourbons, in the more fortunate dynasty of Napoleon. To accredit this state of things, many pieces of news were circulated in the provinces which lay nearest to Spain, tending to depress the spirit and hopes of the insurgents. Thus, M. de Champagny was made to write to the

[1] [Gouvion St Cyr, Journal des Opérations de l'Armée de Catalogne en 1808 et 1809, p. 18.]

[2] [" The 15th of August was passed in gaiety and amusements, because the affairs of Andalusia had not been made public; and no suspicion was entertained that our customary run of prosperity had received a check. It was only divulged some time afterwards; and it is truly curious to watch how the courtiers, whose trade is any thing else but to fight, criticised those military men who had, on that occasion, clouded with cares that brow, before which the courtiers were all so ready to bend the knee."—SAVARY, t. ii. p. 296.]

prefect of the department of La Gironde, [8th June,] that George III. of England was dead; that George IV., on succeeding, had made an instant and total change of ministry; and that a general pacification might be instantly expected. The same article, with similar legends, was inserted officially in the Madrid Gazette.[1]

But a system of fiction and imposition resembles an untempered sword-blade, which is not only subject to break at the utmost need of him who wields it, but apt to wound him with the fragments as they spring asunder. The truth began to become too glaring to be concealed. It could not be disguised that the kingdom of Portugal had been restored to independence—that Junot and his army had been driven from Lisbon—that Dupont had surrendered in the south of France—that King Joseph had been expelled from Madrid—and that in almost all the harbours of the Peninsula, which, in the month of March, had been as it were hermetically sealed against the British shipping and commerce, the English were now received as friends and allies. Nor was it possible to conceal, that these blots on the French arms had all taken place in consequence of the unprincipled ambition, which, not satisfied with disposing of the produce and power of Spain, by using the name of her native princes, had prompted Napoleon to exasperate the feelings of the people by openly usurping the supreme power, and had thus converted a submissive and complaisant ally into a furious and

[1] [Of June 14th—the very number which contained Napoleon's proclamation of Joseph as King of Spain and the Indies.]

inexorable enemy. It was no easy matter, even for the talents and audacity of Napoleon, to venture before the French nation with an official account of these errors and their consequences, however palliated and modified. Accordingly, we must needs say, that not the confession of a felon, when, compelled to avow his general guilt, he seeks to disguise some of its more atrocious circumstances, and apologize for others, sounds to us more poor and humiliating, than the uncandid, inconsistent, and unmanly exposition which Napoleon was at length compelled to mumble forth in his official document, when the truth could no longer be concealed, and was likely indeed to be circulated even with exaggerations.

Suddenly, on the 4th of September, there appeared in the *Moniteur*, which previously had been chiefly occupied by scientific details, lyrical poetry, or theatrical criticism, a minute and garbled account of the insurrection in Spain. The sanguinary conduct of the insurgents was dwelt upon; the successes obtained by the French armies were magnified; the losses which they had sustained were extenuated or glossed over. Dupont was represented as having behaved like a fool or a traitor. The sufferings of Zaragossa, during the siege, were dwelt upon with emphasis; but on its result the official account remained silent. The most was made of the victory of Medina del Rio Seco, and the retreat of King Joseph from Madrid was ascribed to his health's disagreeing with the air of that capital. There were two reports on the subject of Spanish affairs, both from Cham-

pagny, minister of the foreign department, and both addressed to the Emperor. The first was designed to justify the attempt of Napoleon on Spain. It was dated at Bayonne, as far back as the 24th of April, a period when Buonaparte was very little inclined to enter into any reasoning on his right, since, believing he had the power to accomplish his purpose, he did not doubt that the advantage and honour which France would derive from the subjugation of Spain, would sufficiently plead his cause with the Great Nation. But when his first efforts had failed, and further exertions were found inevitably necessary, it became of consequence to render the enterprise popular, by showing that the measures which led to it were founded on policy at least, if not upon moral justice.

To say the truth, the document is contented with arguing the first point. Something is hinted of the Spanish administration having been supposed to nourish hostile purposes towards France, and Godoy's manifesto at the time of the Prussian war is alluded to; but the principle mainly rested upon, and avowed by M. Champagny, is, in plain language, a gross and indecent sophism. "That which policy renders necessary," says the statesman, "justice must of course authorize;" thus openly placing interest in diametrical opposition to that which is honourable or honest; or, in other words, making the excess of the temptation a justification for the immorality of the action. This is the same principle[1] which sends the robber on the high-road,

[1] ["A principle which the very thief, on his career to the gallows, dares not avow to himself."—SOUTHEY, vol. ii. p.363.]

and upon which almost every species of villany is committed, excepting those rare enormities which are practised without any visible motive on the part of the perpetrators. To apply his reasoning to the case, Champagny sets forth the various advantages which France must derive from the more intimate union with Spain—the facilities which such a union afforded for enforcing the continental system against Great Britain—the necessity that Spain should be governed by a prince, on whose faithful attachment France could repose unlimited confidence—and the propriety of recommencing the work which had been the leading object of the policy of Louis the Fourteenth. Having thus shown that the seizing upon the crown and liberties of Spain would be highly advantageous to France, the reporter holds his task accomplished, and resumes his proposition in these remarkable words :—"Policy demands a grand measure from your Majesty—Justice authorizes it—the troubles of Spain render it indispensably necessary."

The second report of M. de Champagny held a different and more ominous tone. It was dated Paris, 1st September, and darkly indicated that the gold and machinations of the English had fomented popular intrigues in Spain, which had frustrated the attempt of his Imperial Majesty to render that country happy. The reporter then, in the tone with which a priest addresses the object of his worship, reverentially expostulates with Napoleon, for permitting anarchy to spread over great part of Spain, and for leaving Britain at liberty to say, that her flag, driven from the coasts

of the Baltic and of the Levant, floats triumphantly, nevertheless, on the coasts of the kingdom which is the nearest neighbour to France. Having thus indirectly communicated the general fact, that Spain was in insurrection, and that the English fleet rode triumphant on her coasts, the reporter resumes a noble confidence in the power and authority which he was invoking. "No, never, Sire, shall it be thus. Two millions of brave men are ready, if necessary, to cross the Pyrenees, and chase the English from the Peninsula; if the French would combat for the liberty of the seas, they must begin by rescuing Spain from the influence of England."

Much more there is to the same purpose, serving to inform the French people by implication, if not in direct terms, that the Emperor's plans upon Spain had been disconcerted; that he had found unanimous resistance where he had expected unconditional submission; and that the utmost sacrifices would be necessary on the part of France, to enable her ruler to perfect the measures which he had so rashly undertaken. But besides the pressure of Spanish affairs, those of Austria were also hinted at, as requiring France to increase her armies, and stand upon her guard, as that power had been of late sedulously employed in increasing her military strength. The ultimate conclusion founded on these reasonings, was the necessity of anticipating another conscription of eighty thousand men.

The Senate, to whom these reports were sent down, together with a message from the Emperor,

failed not to authorize this new draught on the French population; or, it may be said, on her very flesh and life-blood. Like the judge in the drama, but without regret or expostulation, they enforced the demand of the unrelenting creditor. "The court allowed it, and the law did give it."—"The will of France," said these subservient senators, "is the same with the will of her Emperor. The war with Spain is politic, just, and necessary."

Thus armed with all the powers which his mighty empire could give, Napoleon girded himself personally to the task of putting down by force the Spanish insurrection, and driving from the Peninsula the British auxiliaries. But while preparations were making on an immense scale for an enterprise of which experience had now taught him the difficulty, it was necessary for him, in the first place, to ascertain how his relations with the few powers in Europe who had some claim to independence, had been affected by the miscarriage of his Spanish scheme.

Since the treaty of Presburg, by which she lost such a proportion of her power, Austria had lain like a prostrated combatant, whom want, not of will, but of strength, prevents from resuming the contest. In 1806, her friendship became of consequence to Napoleon, then engaged in his contest with Prussia and Russia. The cession of Branau, and some territories about the mouth of the Cattaro, were granted to Austria by France, as in guerdon of her neutrality. But in 1807 and 1808, the government of that country, more vexed and humi-

liated by the territory and influence which she had lost, than thankful for the importance she had been permitted to retain, began to show the utmost activity in the war department. Abuses were reformed; more perfect discipline was introduced; old soldiers were called to muster; new levies were made on a large scale; armies of reserve were formed, through the Austrian dominions, of the *landwehr* and national guards, and they were subjected to service by conscription, like the militia of England. The Austrian armies of the line were increased to great magnitude. The Hungarian Diet had voted twelve thousand recruits for 1807, and eighty thousand for 1808; while eighty thousand organized soldiers, of whom thirty thousand were cavalry, constituted the formidable reserve of this warlike nation. Every thing seemed to announce war, although the answers of the Court to the remonstrances of France were of the most pacific tendency.

Yet it was not alone the hostile preparations of Austria which seemed to trouble the aspect of Germany. Napoleon had defeated her efforts and defied her armies, when her force was still more imposing. But there was gradually awakening and extending through Germany, and especially its northern provinces, a strain of opinion incompatible with the domination of France, or of any other foreign power, within the ancient empire.

The disappearance of various petty states, which had been abolished in the convulsion of the French usurpation, together with the general system of op-

pression under which the whole country suffered, though in different degrees, had broken down the divisions which separated the nations of Germany from each other, and, like relations who renew an interrupted intimacy under the pressure of a common calamity, the mass of the people forgot that they were Hanoverians, Hessians, Saxons, or Prussians, to remember that they were all Germans, and had one common cause in which to struggle, one general injury to revenge. Less fiery than the Spaniards, but not less accessible to deep and impassioned feeling, the youth of Germany, especially such as were engaged in the liberal studies, cherished in secret, and with caution, a deep hatred to the French invaders, and a stern resolution to avail themselves of the first opportunity to achieve the national liberty.

The thousand presses of Germany could not be altogether silenced, though the police of Napoleon was unceasingly active in suppressing political publications, wherever they could exercise influence. But the kind of feeling which now prevailed among the German youth, did not require the support of exhortations or reasoning, directly and in express terms adapted to the subject. While a book existed, from the Holy Scriptures down to the most idle romance; while a line of poetry could be recited from the works of Schiller or Goëthe, down to the most ordinary stall ballad,—innuendoes, at once secret and stimulating, might be drawn from them, to serve as watch-words, or as war-cries. The prevailing opinions, as they spread wider and

wider, began to give rise to mysterious associations, the object of which was the liberation of Germany. That most generally known was called the Bund, or Alliance for Virtue and Justice. The young academicians entered with great zeal into these fraternities, the rather that they had been previously prepared for them by the Burschenschafts, or associations of students, and that the idea of secret councils, tribunals, or machinations, is familiar to the reader of German history, and deeply interesting to a people whose temper is easily impressed by the mysterious and the terrible. The professors of the Universities, in most cases, gave way to or guided these patriotic impressions, and in teaching their students the sciences or liberal arts, failed not to impress on them the duty of devoting themselves to the liberation of Germany, or, as it was now called, Teutonia.[1]

The French, whose genius is in direct opposition to that of the Germans, saw all this with contempt and ridicule. They laughed at the mummery of boys affecting a new sort of national freemasonry, and they gave the principle of patriotic devotion to the independence of Germany the name of Ideology; by which nickname the French ruler used to distinguish every species of theory,

[1] ["A Baron de Nostiz, Stein, the Prussian counsellor of state, Generals Sharnhost and Gneizenau, and Colonel Schill, appear to have been the principal contrivers and patrons of these societies, so characteristic of Germans, who, regular and plodding, even to a proverb, in their actions, possess the most extravagant imaginations of any people on the face of the earth."—Napier, vol. i. p. 316.]

which, resting in no respect upon the practical basis of self-interest, could, he thought, prevail with none save hot-brained boys and crazed enthusiasts.

Napoleon, however, saw and estimated the increasing influence of these popular opinions, more justly than might have been inferred from his language. He knew that a government might be crushed, an army defeated, an inimical administration changed, by violence; but that the rooted principle of resistance to oppression diffuses itself the wider the more martyrs are made on its behalf. The Heir of the Revolution spoke on such subjects the language of the most legitimate of monarchs, and exclaimed against the system of the Tugendbund, as containing principles capable of disorganizing the whole system of social society.

The menacing appearance of Austria, and the extension of Antigallican principles and feelings through Germany, made it more especially necessary for Buonaparte to secure his hold upon the Emperor of Russia. Trusting little in so important a case to his ministers, Napoleon desired personally to assure himself by a direct communication with the Emperor Alexander, which was willingly acceded to. We have elsewhere assigned some reasons, why such direct conference, or correspondence betwixt sovereigns, tends to degrade their character, without adding any additional security to the faith of their treaties. It is unbecoming their rank to take upon themselves the task of advancing, receding, renouncing, resuming, insisting, and evading, which must occur more or less in

all political negotiations. At the same time, they are flattering to princes, as if inferring that they are able to act personally, and free of ministerial control; and in so far have their charms.

Buonaparte and Alexander met at Erfurt on 27th September, with the same appearance of cordiality with which they had parted—their friendship seemed uninjured by a shadow of suspicion. The most splendid festivities celebrated their meeting, and the theatres of Paris sent their choicest performers to enliven the evenings.[1]

Amid all these gaieties politics were not neglected, and Buonaparte found his great ally as tractable as at Tilsit. Alexander not only ratified the transactions of Spain, but also the subsequent act, by which Napoleon appropriated to himself the kingdom of Etruria, which, according to the first draught of the Spanish scheme exhibited at Tilsit,

[1] ["The two Emperors passed some days together in the enjoyment of the charms of perfect intimacy, and of the most familiar communications of private life. 'We were,' said Napoleon, 'two young men of quality, who, in their common pleasures, had no secret from each other.' Napoleon had sent for the most distinguished performers of the French theatre. A celebrated actress, Mademoiselle B——, attracted the attention of his guest, who had a momentary fancy to get acquainted with her. He asked his companion whether any inconvenience was likely to be the result. 'None,' answered the latter; 'only,' added he, intentionally, 'it is a certain and rapid mode of making yourself known to all Paris. After to-morrow, post-day, the most minute details will be despatched, and in a short time not a statuary at Paris but will be qualified to give a model of your person from head to foot.' The danger of such a kind of publicity appeased the monarch's rising passion; 'for,' observed Napoleon, 'he was very circumspect with regard to that point, and he recollected, no doubt, the old adage, when the mask falls, the hero disappears.'"—Las Cases, t. ii. p. 219.]

was to have been assigned to the disinherited Ferdinand. The Czar stipulated, however, on his own part, that Buonaparte should not in any shape interfere to prevent Russia from aggrandizing herself at the expense of Turkey. He promised, also, to take an ally's share with Buonaparte, if the quarrel with Austria should come to arms. To this indeed he was bound by treaties; nor was there any way of ridding himself from their obligation. The conferences of Erfurt ended on the 17th of October, and, as they had begun, amid the most splendid festivities. Among these was an entertainment given to the Emperor on the battle-ground of Jena, where Prussia, the hapless ally of Alexander, received such a dreadful blow.

It is probable, however, notwithstanding all the show of cordiality betwixt the Emperors, that Alexander did not require the recollections which this battle-field was sure to inspire, to infuse into his mind some tacit jealousy of his powerful ally. He even already saw the possibility of a quarrel merging between them, and was deeply desirous that Austria should not waste her national strength, by rushing into a contest, in which he would be under the reluctant necessity of acting against her. Neither did Napoleon return from Erfurt with the same undoubting confidence in his imperial ally. The subject of a match between the Emperor of France and one of the Russian Archduchesses had been resumed, and had been evaded, on account, as it was alleged, of the difference in their religions. The objections of the Empress Mother, as well as of the reigning Empress, were said to be the real

reasons,—objections founded on the character of Napoleon, and the nature of his right to the greatness which he enjoyed.[1] Such a proposal could not be brought forward and rejected or evaded, with how much delicacy soever, without injury to the personal feelings of Napoleon; and as he must have been conscious, that more than the alleged reason of religion entered into the cause of declining his proposal, he must have felt in proportion offended, if not affronted. Still, however, if their cordiality was in any degree diminished, the ties of mutual interest, which bound together these two great autocrats, were as yet sufficient to assure Napoleon of the present assistance of Russia. To confirm this union still farther, and to make their present friendship manifest to the world, the two Emperors joined in a letter to the King of Great Britain, proposing a general peace; and it was intimated that they would admit the basis of *uti possidetis*, which would leave all the contracting powers in possession of what they had gained during the war. The proposal, as must have been foreseen, went off, on Britain demanding that the Spanish government and the King of Sweden should be admitted as parties to the treaty.[2]

But the letter of the Emperors had served its turn, when it showed that the ties between France and Russia were of the most intimate nature; and, confident in this, Napoleon felt himself at liberty

[1] [Las Cases, t. ii. p. 220.]

[2] [For the correspondence with the Russian and French governments, relative to the overtures from Erfurt, see Parliamentary Debates, vol. xii. p. 93.]

to employ the gigantic force which he had already put in preparation, to the subjugation of Spain, and to chasing away the "hideous leopards,"[1] as he was pleased to term the English banners, from the Peninsula.

In the mean time, the Spaniards had not been unfaithful to the cause they had undertaken. They had vested the supreme management of the affairs of their distracted kingdom in a Central or Supreme Junta, which, composed of delegates from all the principal Juntas, fixed their residence at the recovered capital of Madrid, and endeavoured, to the best of their power, to provide for resistance against the invaders. But their efforts, though neither in themselves unwise nor mistimed, were seriously impeded by two great causes, arising both from the same source.

The division of Spain, as already observed, into several disunited and almost unconnected provinces and kingdoms, though it had contributed much to the original success of the insurrection, while each province, regardless of the fate of others, or of the capital itself, provided the means of individual resistance, rendered them, when the war assumed a more general character, unapt to obey the dictates

[1] It was one of the minute and childish particulars in which Buonaparte showed a spleen against the British nation, that he would not bear the heraldic achievement, which the English flag had displayed for five hundred years to be termed Lions, but always called them Leopards. The spirit which this ebullition of spite manifested, could only be compared to that exhibited by the poor citizen, when he revenged himself, as he thought, upon the cognizance of the Earl of Oxford, by calling the nobleman's Swan a Goose.

which emanated from the Supreme Junta. General Cuesta, whose devoted and sincere patriotism was frustrated by the haughtiness, self-importance, and insubordination of his character, was the first to set an unhappy example of disobedience to what had been chosen as the residence of the supreme authority. He imprisoned two members of the Supreme Junta, because he thought the choice which had been made of them was derogatory to his own authority, as Captain-General of Castile and Leon, and thus set a perilous example of disunion among the patriots, for which his real energy and love of his country were scarce afterwards sufficient to atone.[1]

But besides this and other instances of personal disregard to the injunctions of the Junta, there was another deep and widely-operating error which flowed from the same source. Each province, according to the high sense which the inhabitants entertained of their individual importance, deemed itself adequate to the protection of its own peculiar territory, and did not or would not, see the necessity of contributing an adequate proportion of the provincial force to the defence of the nation in general. Those who had shown themselves manfully eager, and often successful, in the defence of their own houses and altars, were more deaf than prudence warranted to the summons which called them to the frontier, to act in defence of the kingdom as a whole. They had accustomed themselves, unhappily, too much to undervalue the immense

[1] [Napier, vol. i. p 303; Southey, vol. ii. p. 300.]

power by which they were about to be invaded, and did not sufficiently see, that to secure the more distant districts, it was necessary that the war should be maintained by the united force of the realm. What added to this miscalculation, was a point in the national character of which William III. of England, when commanding an allied army to which Spain furnished a contingent, had a century before bitterly complained. "The Spanish generals were so proud of the reputation of their troops and their country," said that experienced warrior, "that they would never allow that they were in want of men, ammunition, guns, or the other necessaries of war, until the moment of emergency came, when they were too apt to be found unprovided in all with which they had represented themselves as being well supplied."

The same unhappy spirit of over-confidence and miscalculation now greatly injured the patriotic cause. Levies and supplies, which it had been determined to raise, were too often considered as completed, when the vote which granted them had been passed, and it was deemed unworthy and unpatriotic to doubt the existence of what the national or provincial council had represented as indispensable. In this manner the Spaniards misled both themselves, and their allies the British, upon the actual state of their resources; and it followed of course, that British officers, once deceived by their representations in such instances, were disposed to doubt of the reality of their zeal, and to hesitate trusting such representations in future.

Notwithstanding these unhappy errors, the Spa-

nish force, assembled for the defence of the kingdom, was perhaps not inadequate to the task, had they been commanded by a general whose superior energies could have gained him undisputed authority, and who could have conducted the campaign with due attention to the species of warfare which the time and the character of the invading army demanded. But unhappily, no Robert Bruce, no Washington, arose in Spain at this period; and the national defence was committed to men whose military knowledge was of a bounded character, though their courage and zeal admitted of no dispute. Yet favourable incidents occurred to balance these great inconveniences, and for a time the want of unity amongst themselves, and of military talent in the generals, seemed to a certain extent compensated by the courage of the Spanish leaders, and the energy of their followers.

The warlike population of Catalonia are, like the Tyrolese, natural marksmen, who take the field in irregular bodies, called Somatenes, or Miquelets.[1] The inhabitants of this country arose in arms almost universally; and, supported by a small body of four thousand men from Andalusia, contrived, without magazines, military chest, or any of the usual materials necessary to military manœuvres, to raise the siege of Gerona,[2] which had been formed by General Duhesme, and to gain so many advantages over the enemy, that probably, an auxiliary force of English, under such a general as the Earl

[1] [Gouvion St Cyr says of them that they are the best light troops in Europe.—*Journal*, p. 54.]

[2] [Southey, vol. ii. p. 323.]

of Peterborough, adventurous at once and skilful, might, like that gallant leader, have wrested Barcelona, with Monjouy, from the hands of the French, and left the invaders no footing in that important district. The troops might have been supplied from Sicily, where a great British force was stationed, and there was no want of good and experienced officers, competent to the ordinary duties of a general. But that genius, which, freeing itself from the pedantry of professional education, can judge exactly how far insurrectionary allies are to be trusted; that inventive talent, which finds resources where the ordinary aids and appliances are scarce, or altogether wanting, is a gift of very rare occurrence; and unfortunately, there are no means of distinguishing the officers by whom it is possessed, unless chance puts them into a situation to display their qualifications.

Another circumstance favourable for the Spanish cause, was the return of General Romana to Spain, to co-operate in the defence of his country. This nobleman, one of the best soldiers whom Spain had at the time, and a man, besides, of patriotic virtue and excellent talents, commanded that auxiliary body of ten thousand Spanish troops which Buonaparte had prevailed on Godoy to unite with the French army in the north of Europe, in order to secure their absence when he should put his schemes of invasion into execution against their country. These forces, or a large proportion of them, were secluded in the isle of Funen, in the Baltic, with a view to conceal from them all that it did not suit Buonaparte should be known of the

events which were agitating Spain. Nevertheless, a dexterous and daring agent, a Catholic priest of Scotch extraction, named Robertson, going ashore in disguise, succeeded in opening a communication[1] between the Spanish general and the British admiral Keates, in consequence of which, and by using bold and skilful combinations, Romana was able to extricate the greater part of his troops from the precarious situation in which they were placed, and finally in embarking them for Spain. It was the intention of this judicious officer to have made this little force of nine or ten thousand men the foundation of a regular army, by forming every regiment into a triple battalion. This he was unable to accomplish, but still his body of veterans inspired the Spaniards with hope and trust.

Three armies had been formed in Spain, designed to co-operate with each other; the sum of their numbers was calculated at 130,000 men, but they certainly did not exceed 100,000 at the very utmost. Their commissariat was in a wretched state,

[1] [" Robertson was qualified for this dangerous service by his skill as a linguist. One Spanish verse was given him; to have taken any other credentials might have proved fatal, and there was an anecdote connected with this which would sufficiently authenticate his mission. During Mr Frere's residence as ambassador in Spain, Romana, who was an accomplished scholar, had recommended to his perusal the Gests of the Cid, as one of the most ancient and curious poems in the language. One day he happened to call when Mr Frere was reading it, and had just made a conjectural emendation in one of the lines: Romana instantly perceived the propriety of the proposed reading, and this line, therefore, when he was reminded of it, would prove that Mr Robertson had communicated with his friend the British ambassador."—SOUTHEY, vol. ii. p. 337.]

and even before the war commenced, the hardships of scarcity were felt in their camps. Three generals, each with independent authority, (an evil of the country and time,) commanded the Spanish armies. Blake, on the western frontier, extended his line from Burgos to Bilboa, disputing the possession of, and finally maintaining himself in, that capital of Biscay. The headquarters of the central army, under Castanos, were as far back as Soria; while the eastern army, under Palafox, extended between Zaragossa and Sanguesa. So that the wings of the army were advanced towards the frontier; and the centre being drawn back, the whole position had the form of a crescent, with the concave side opposed to the enemy. Strongly posted within the position of Northern Spain, which they retained, the French armies, about sixty thousand men strong, lay protected by the fortresses which they occupied, and awaited the approach of Napoleon, with such a predominating force as should enable them to resume the offensive. The co-operation of a British auxiliary force became now an object of the first consequence; and the conduct of Britain had given every reason to expect that she would make in the Spanish cause, exertions to which she had been yet a stranger.

When the two Emperors of France and Russia met at Erfurt, it had been resolved, as we have said, to offer peace to Great Britain, either in some hope that it might have been made upon terms consistent with Buonaparte's pretensions to universal dominion, and Alexander's views upon Turkey, or in order to assume to themselves the credit of a dis-

position to pacific measures. A letter was accordingly despatched to the King of England, signed by both Emperors, expressive of their wish for a general peace. The official note in which the British administration replied to this overture, declared that the King of England was willing to treat for peace in conjunction with his allies, the King of Sweden, and those now possessing the supreme power in Spain, and exercising it in the name of Ferdinand VII.[1] The admission of any claim in favour of either of these powers, would have interfered with the plans both of France and Russia. The latter had for her object the possession of Finland, and the former judged that peace with England was chiefly desirable for gaining time to overcome all resistance in Spain; but must become useless if the independence of that country was to be stipulated in the treaty. The negotiation, therefore, broke off on these terms, while Britain, by her share in it, showed a manful resolution to identify her cause with that of the Spanish patriots.

The actions of England bore a part with her professions. It was determined, as we have already seen, to reinforce the Portuguese army with an additional force of ten thousand men, and the whole was placed under the command of General Moore, a darling name in the British army, and the only one (excepting the victor of Vimeiro, had his rank in the service permitted the choice) to whom the public would have looked with confidence for the

[1] [Parliamentary Debates, vol. xii. p. 97.]

discharge of a trust so unusually weighty. But although the requisite degree of vigour was shown by the English government, yet they were not yet sufficiently accustomed to the necessity of acting with rapidity in executing their resolutions.

The arrival of General Moore's army had been expected so early as the 21st August, by those having best access to know the purposes of government; yet Sir John Moore and his army were not in motion, to take part in the Spanish cause, till the beginning of October; and every day which was thus lost in unreadiness and indecision was of the most precious import to the cause of Spain. This procrastination could not be imputed to the general, nor even to the Administration. It was the consequence of want of alertness in the different departments, which had been little accustomed to hurry and exertion, and also of the hesitation apt to influence those who venture for the first time on a great and decisive measure. Even when the expedition arrived, there was uncertainty and delay.

Sir John Moore also, in all other respects one of the most eminent military characters, had embraced an unfavourable idea of the event of the Spanish struggle. He saw the faults and imperfections of their system, and they were of a kind which appeared most peculiarly perilous. Independent generals,—an unpaid and ill-fed soldiery,—a Supreme Junta which could not obtain obedience,—were features which argued a speedy and disastrous conclusion to the contest, when opposed to the

disciplined army of France, with which General Moore was so well acquainted, and to whose merits he could give the testimony of experience.

His fears, therefore, predominating over his hopes, yet his wishes alike, and his duty, prompting him to do something for the support of the Spanish cause, he was anxious so to direct his efforts, that he might retreat, in case of need, without suffering any considerable loss. For this purpose, it would have been his desire to have carried round the British army to Cadiz, to assist in the defence of Andalusia, where the sea, in case of disaster, would always be open for their retreat. But the English ministers had formed a bolder and more decisive plan of the campaign ;—a plan which might have been decisive of the fate even of Buonaparte himself, at least of his Spanish projects of ambition, if either the Spaniards had acted with the skill which distinguished the victors of Baylen, or the enthusiasm which animated the defenders of Zaragossa, or if the British troops had been able to enter into communication with their armies before they were broken and overwhelmed by the Emperor of the French. This plan directed, that the British forces should proceed at once to the north of Spain, where the principal scene of action was necessarily laid, and thus co-operate with Blake, and the other Spanish armies, which were destined to cover the capital, and withstand the first effort of the invaders. It was left to the judgment of the commander, either to advance into Spain by land from the frontiers of Portugal, or to transport his troops by sea to Corunna, with the purpose of

marching through the province of Galicia, and entering in that manner upon the scene of action.

To accomplish the purpose of government, Sir John Moore deemed it most convenient to divide his forces. He sent ten thousand men, under Sir David Baird, by sea to Corunna, and determined to march himself at the head of the rest of the army, about sixteen thousand, to the north of Spain, from the frontiers of Portugal. The general science of war, upon the most extended scale, seems to have been so little understood or practised by the English generals at this time, that, instead of the country being carefully reconnoitred by officers of skill, the march of the army was arranged by such hasty and inaccurate information as could be collected from the peasants. By their report, General Moore was induced to divide his army into five divisions,[1] which were directed to move upon Salamanca, where, or at Valladolid, they were to form a junction with the forces of Sir David Baird, expected from Corunna. The advance commenced about the 7th of November; but unhappily ere these auxiliaries appeared on the field, the armies of the Spaniards, whom they were destined to support, were defeated, dispersed, and almost annihilated.

There was no hesitation, no mark of indecision, no loss of precious time, on the part of Napoleon.

[1] ["What 'the general science of war upon an extended scale' may mean, I cannot pretend to say; but that Sir David Baird was sent by the Government from England direct to Corunna, and that Sir John Moore was not induced, by the reports of the peasants, to divide his army, may be ascertained by a reference to Sir John Moore's correspondence."—NAPIER, vol. i. p. 333.]

He traversed the earth, as a comet does the sky, working changes wherever he came.[1] The convention at Erfurt broke up on the 14th October; on the 25th of the same month he opened, in person, the session of the Legislative Body; and on the second following day, he set off for the frontiers of Spain.[2] Here he had prepared, in ample extent, all the means of conquest; for, though trusting, or affecting to trust, a great deal to the influence of his fortune and his star, it was his wise and uniform policy to leave nothing to chance, but always to provide means, adequate to the purpose which he meditated.

Nearly a hundred thousand men had been gradually pouring into the position which the French occupied upon the Ebro.[3] The headquarters at Vittoria, honoured with the residence of the intrusive King, was soon more illustrious by the arrival of Buonaparte himself, a week before the British army had commenced its march from Portugal or Corunna.

To destroy the army of Blake, which lay opposed to the right flank of the French, before the Spanish general could be supported by Sir John Moore's forces, became for Buonaparte a matter of instant

[1] ["In a few days I go," he said, "to put myself at the head of my armies, and, with the aid of God, to crown the King of Spain in Madrid, and to plant my eagles on the towers of Lisbon."]

[2] ["He reached Bayonne, and afterwards Vittoria, with the rapidity of an arrow. He performed the latter journey on horseback in two days, reaching Tolosa on the first, and on the second Vittoria."—SAVARY, t. ii. p. 11.]

[3] [Napier, vol. i. p. 317; Southey, vol. ii. p. 387.]

and peremptory importance. After some previous fighting, a French division, under Marshal Victor, brought the Spanish general to action at the position of Espinosa. The battle continued for three hours in the evening, and was renewed the next day, when the French turned the Spanish position, and Blake, totally defeated, withdrew from the field, with the purpose of making a stand at Reynosa, where he had his supplies and magazines.[1]

Mean time the activity of Buonaparte had struck another fatal blow on a different part of the Spanish defensive line. An army designed to cover Burgos, and support the right flank of Blake's army, had been formed under the command of the Count de Belvidere, a young nobleman of courage, but without experience. He had under his command some remnants of the old Spanish army of the line, with the Walloons and Spanish guards, and a battalion of students, volunteers from Salamanca and Leon. Here also the French were successful. The youths, whom patriotism had brought to the field, could not be frightened from it by danger. They fell in their ranks, and their deaths spread mourning through many a respectable family in Spain.

Burgos was taken, in consequence of Count Belvidere's defeat; and it was by the same calamity rendered easy for the Duke of Dalmatia [Soult] to co-operate with the French generals, who were operating against the unfortunate Blake, with a view to drive him from his place of refuge at Reynosa. Surrounded on every side, the Spanish general saw

[1] [Fifth Bulletin of the French Army in Spain; Napier, vol. i. p. 391; Southey, vol. ii. p. 390]

no safety for the remnant of his forces, excepting in a retreat to Saint Andero, accomplished under such circumstances of haste and confusion, that his army might be considered as totally disorganized and dispersed. The disasters of Blake were the more to be lamented, that they involved the destruction of that fine body of soldiers whom Romana had led from the Baltic, and who, injudiciously brought into action by single battalions, perished ingloriously among the cliffs at Espinosa.[1]

The whole left wing of the Spanish army of defence, which so lately stretched from Bilboa to Burgos, and in support of which the British forces were advancing, was now totally annihilated, and the central army, under Castanos, whose left flank was now completely uncovered, was exposed to imminent danger. The veteran would fain have reserved his forces for a more fortunate time, by falling back and avoiding a battle. But he had been joined by Palafox, who had under his independent authority the army of Arragon; and the Supreme Junta, acting in that particular according to the custom of the French Convention, had despatched a commissioner to his camp, to see that that general performed his duty. This official person, with Palafox and other generals, joined in overpowering Castanos's reasoning, and, by the imputations of cowardice and treachery, compelled him to venture an action.[2]

[1] [Seventh Bulletin; Southey, vol. ii. p. 393; Jomini, t. iii. p. 97.]

[2] ["These great advantages, the result of Napoleon's admirable combinations, the fruits of ten days of active exertion,

The battle took place at Tudela, on the 22d November, with all the results which Castanos had dreaded. A great number of Spaniards were killed; guns and baggage were taken; and, for the first time, a considerable number of prisoners fell into the hands of the French.[1] Castanos, with the routed troops of his proportion of the army, escaped to Calatuyud, while Palafox retreated again on the heroic city of Zaragossa, which was destined to suffer further distresses, and acquire additional renown. The road of the invader was now open to Madrid, unless in so far as it might be defended by some forces stationed at the pass of Samosierra, a mountainous defile about ten miles from the city, or as his entrance into the capital might be opposed by the desperate resolution of the citizens themselves. A part of the population placed their hopes on the defence afforded by this defile, not aware how easily, in modern warfare, such passes are either stormed or turned. But most of the citizens assumed the fierce and lowering appearance, which, in the Spaniard, announces an approaching burst of furious violence. Many thousands of peasants arrived from the neighbouring country, to assist, they said, in the defence of the capital; and, animated by the success of the Zaragossans, menaced war

obtained so easily, and yet so decisive of the fate of the campaign, prove the weakness of the system upon which the Spanish and British governments were at this time acting; if that can be called a system, where no one general knew what another had done—was doing—or intended to do."—NAPIER, vol. i. p. 394.]

[1] [Napier, vol. i. p. 401; Seventh Bulletio; Jomini, t. iii. p. 99.]

to the knife's point. There were about eight thousand troops of the line in Madrid; resistance was undoubtedly possible, and the people seemed determined upon it. A summons from the Supreme Junta called the inhabitants to arms, and the commencement of the preparations for defence was begun with unanimous vigour. For this purpose the pavement of the streets was taken up and converted into barricadoes; the houses were secured, and loopholed for musketry; and the whole body of the population toiled at erecting batteries, not only in the day-time but by torch-light.

Had Palafox commanded in Madrid, the experiment of resistance would, at all risks, have been attempted. But the governor was Don Thomas Morla, the same who succeeded Solano at Cadiz. His subsequent conduct seems to show, that, despairing of the cause of his country, he already meditated an intended change to the side of the usurper; so that the citizens of Madrid, at the moment when they had recourse to his skill and authority, received neither encouragement nor instructions, nor means of defence. We shall presently see in what manner the generous intentions of the people were cheated and baffled.

Amidst the accumulation of disasters which overwhelmed the Spanish cause, Sir John Moore arrived at Salamanca, and Sir David Baird at Astorga, where the latter general halted. The situation of General Moore was extremely embarrassing, and gave him cause for the deepest anxiety. He knew the strength and character of the French armies, and was unwilling to repose too much confidence

in the Spaniards, whose wisdom, he contended, was not a wisdom of action or exertion. On the other hand, he well knew the enthusiasm of the English for the Spanish cause, and the high expectations which were founded on his own talents, and on the gallantry of one of the finest armies which ever left Britain; and he felt that something was to be attempted worthy of the character of both. The general voice of the officers and soldiers was also clamorous for being employed. But the defeat of Castanos at Tudela seems to have extinguished the last hope in Sir John Moore's mind, and he at one time determined upon commencing his retreat to Portugal.

Before finally adopting this measure, he thought proper, however, to consult Mr Frere, the British Minister, whether he thought any good would result from the daring measure of marching on Madrid, instead of retreating to Portugal. The correspondents differed, as might have been expected, from their difference of temperament and habits. Mr Frere, a scholar and a poet, well known in the world of letters, being attached with enthusiasm to the cause of Spain, was a willing believer in the miracles that might be wrought by the higher and nobler qualities, which found a chord in unison in his own bosom.[1] He advised, as a Spartan would have done, that General Moore should throw all upon the cast, and advance to the succour of Ma-

[1] ["They are resolute," said Mr Frere, "and I believe every man of them determined to perish with the country; they will not at least set the example, which the ruling powers and

drid. The general, upon whom the responsibility devolved, viewed the measure in a different light, and his military habits did not permit him to place much confidence in a defence to be maintained by irregular forces against the disciplined armies of France. Yet, urged by his own feelings, and the importunity of the Spanish government, he resolved to try, by an effort against the north-western part of the French army, to answer the double purpose of preventing them from pressing on Romana, who, with indefatigable zeal, was collecting the scattered remains of the Galician army, which had been destroyed under Cuesta, and also of hindering the French from advancing southward to complete the subjugation of the Peninsula.

But while General Moore determined to hazard this bold measure, he saw painfully the danger of drawing upon himself, by adopting it, a predominant force of the enemy, before whom his retreat might be difficult and perilous. Yet he finally ordered Sir David Baird, whose retreat to Corunna was already commenced, again to occupy Astorga, and expressed his intention of hazarding an advance, at whatever risk. But he added these ominous words; "I mean to proceed bridle in hand, for if

higher orders of other countries have exhibited, of weakness and timidity." "I have no hesitation," he added, "in taking upon myself any responsibility which may attach itself to this advice, as I consider the fate of Spain as depending absolutely, for the present, upon the decision which you may adopt. I say, for the present, for such is the spirit and character of the country, that even if abandoned by the British, I should by no means despair of their ultimate success."]

the bubble bursts, and Madrid falls, we shall have a run for it."[1]

The fate of Madrid was soon decided; but, as is generally believed, not without great treachery on the part of those who had been most apparently zealous for its defence. The passes of Guadarama and Samosierra had fallen into the possession of the French. The latter, on which the people of Madrid had fixed their eyes as on a second Thermopylæ or Roncesvalles, was cleared of its defenders by a charge of Polish lancers! These melancholy tidings, as they were in correspondence with General Moore's expectations, did not prevent his intended movement on the French lines of communication. By this means he might co-operate with General Romana and his army, and if pressed by superior numbers of the French, the retreat lay through Galicia to Corunna, where the transports were attending for the reception of the troops.

General Moore left Salamanca on the 12th December, and proceeded towards Mayorga, where, on the 20th, he formed a junction with Sir David Baird. Advancing upon Sahagun, the troops received encouragement from a gallant action maintained by the 15th Hussars, five hundred of whom took, cut down, and dispersed, nearly double their own number of French cavalry. All now imagined they were to attack Soult, who had concentrated his forces behind the river Carrion to receive the assault. The British army was in the highest possible spirits, when news were suddenly received

[1] [Southey, vol. ii. p. 481.]

that Soult had been considerably reinforced; that Buonaparte was marching from Madrid, at the head of ten thousand of his Guards; and that the French armies, who had been marching to the south of Spain, had halted and assumed a direction to the north-west, as if to enclose and destroy the British army.[1] This was exactly the danger which Moore had never ceased to apprehend, even when executing the movement that led to it. A retreat into, if not through Galicia, was the only mode of avoiding the perils by which the British were surrounded. The plan of defending this strong and mountainous province, or at least of effecting a retreat through it with order and deliberation, had been in view for several weeks; Sir David Baird's division of the army passed through it in their advance to Astorga; yet, so imperfect at that time was the British general staff, that no accurate knowledge seemed to have been possessed of the roads through the country, of the many strong military positions which it presents, or of the particular military advantages which it affords for defensive war. Another deficiency, incidental to our service at that period, was the great deficiency of the commissariat department, which had been pointed out so forcibly by Sir Arthur Wellesley, but which had not yet been remedied.[2]

[1] ["In my life," says one who was present, "I never witnessed such an instantaneously-withering effect upon any body of living creatures! A few murmurs only were heard, but every countenance was changed, and they who, the minute before, were full of that confidence which ensures victory, were at once deprived of all heart and hope."—SOUTHEY, vol. ii. p. 493.]

[2] Sir Arthur Wellesley, while exculpating from blame the in-

Sufficient exertions in this department might have brought forward supplies from Corunna, and collected those which Galicia itself afforded ; and the troops, retiring gradually from position to position, and maintained from their own resources, would have escaped the loss and dishonour of a retreat which resembled a flight in every particular, excepting the terror which accompanies it.

Besides these great deficiencies, a disadvantage of the most distressing kind occurred, from the natural and constitutional aversion of the British army to retrograde movements. Full of hope and confidence when he advances, the English soldier wants the pliability, lightness, and elasticity of character, which enables the Frenchman to distinguish himself during a retreat, by his intelligence, discipline, and dexterity. Chafed, sullen, and discontented, the soldiers next became mutinous and insubordinate ; and incensed against the Spaniards, by whose want of zeal they thought they had been betrayed, they committed the most unjustifiable excesses on the unresisting inhabitants. Despite the repeated orders of the commander-in-chief,

dividuals composing the commissariat of the Portuguese expedition, added these words :—" The fact is, that I wished to draw the attention of the government to this important branch of the public service, which is but little understood in this country. The evils of which I complained, are probably owing to the nature of our political situation, which prevents us from undertaking great military operations, in which the subsistence of armies becomes a subject of serious consideration and difficulty ; and these evils consisted in the inexperience of almost every individual, of the mode of procuring, conveying, and distributing supplies." He requested that this explanation might stand in the minutes.—Southey, vol. i. p. 340.

endeavouring to restrain the passions and soothe the irritation of the soldiers, these disgraceful outrages were continued. It is matter of some consolation, that, losing their character for discipline, they retained that for courage. The French, who had pressed on the British rear, near to Benevente, and thrown across the river a large body of the Imperial cavalry, were driven back and defeated on the 29th December; and, leaving General Lefebvre Desnouettes a prisoner, in future were contented with observing, without pressing upon, the English retreat.[1]

At Astorga, 30th December, the commander-in-chief found about 5000 Spaniards under Romana, the relics of the Galician army. These troops wanted clothing, accoutrements, arms, ammunition, and pay—they wanted, in short, every thing excepting that courage and devotion to the cause of their country, which would have had a better fate, had fortune favoured desert.

The Spanish general still proposed to make a stand at this rallying point; but whatever might be Romana's own skill, and the bravery of his followers, his forces were not of a quality such as to induce Sir John Moore to halt his retreat, which he now directed avowedly upon Corunna.

The scarcity of provisions required forced marches, and combined, with want of general

[1] ["This news was brought to the Emperor at Valderas, and gave him great pain, owing to the particular value he set upon the chasseurs of the guard. He did not, however, condemn the courageous determination of their colonel, but he regretted that he had not shown more self-command." — SAVARY, t. ii. pt ii. 21.]

knowledge of the country in a military sense, to hurry forward the soldiers, who too readily took advantage of these irregular movements to straggle and plunder, inflicting on the friendly natives, and receiving from them in return, the mutual evils which are given and received by invaders in an enemy's country. The weather dark and rainy—the roads blockaded by half-melted snow—the fords become almost impassable—augmented the difficulties of a retreat, resembling that by which a defeated army is forced into a country totally unknown to them, and through which the fugitives must find their way as they can. The baggage of the army, and its ammunition, were abandoned and destroyed. The sick, the wounded, were left to the mercy of the pursuers; and the numbers who in that hour of despair gave way to the national vice of intoxication, added largely to the ineffective and the helpless. The very treasure-chests of the army were thrown away and abandoned. There was never so complete an example of a disastrous retreat.

One saving circumstance, already mentioned, tended to qualify the bad behaviour of the troops; namely, that when a report arose that a battle was to be expected, the courage, nay, the discipline of the soldiers, seemed to revive. This was especially the case on the 6th January, when the French ventured an attack upon our rear-guard near Lugo. So soon as a prospect of action was presented, stragglers hastened to join their ranks—the disobedient became at once subordinate, as if on the parade; and it was made manifest that the call to

battle, far from having the natural effect of intimidating to utter dispersion troops already so much disordered, was to the English army the means of restoring discipline, steadiness, and confidence.

The French having declined the proffered engagement, Sir John Moore continued his retreat under the same disadvantageous circumstances, until he arrived at Corunna, the original object of his destination. He was preparing to embark his forces in the transports, which lay prepared for their reception, when his pursuer, Soult, now pressing boldly forward, made it evident that this could not be accomplished unless either by a convention with him, or by the event of a battle, which might disqualify him from opposing the embarkation. Sir John Moore, with the dignity becoming his character, chose the latter alternative, and occupied a position of no great strength in front of the town, to protect the embarkation. The attack was made by the French on the 16th January, in heavy columns, and with their usual vivacity; but it was sustained and repelled on all hands The gallant general was mortally wounded in the action, just as he called on the 42d Highland regiment to "remember Egypt," and reminded the same brave mountaineers, that though ammunition was scarce, "they had their bayonets." [1]

[1] [Southey, vol. ii. p. 524.—"As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me.' And in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight."—Napier, vol. i. p. 497.]

Thus died on the field of victory, which atoned for previous misfortunes, one of the bravest and best officers of the British army. His body was wrapped in his military cloak, instead of the usual vestments of the tomb; it was deposited in a grave hastily dug on the ramparts of the citadel of Corunna; and the army completing its embarkation upon the subsequent day, their late general was "left alone with his glory."

Thus ended, in the acquisition of barren laurels, plentifully blended with cypress, the campaign, which had been undertaken by so beautiful and efficient an army, under so approved a commander. The delay in sending it to the scene of action was one great cause of its failure, and for that the gallant general, or his memory, cannot be held responsible. Such a force at Salamanca, while the French were unequal in numbers to the Spanish armies, might have had the most important consequences. At a later period, when the patriotic armies were every where defeated, we confess that General Moore, with the ideas which he entertained of the Spaniards, does not seem to us to have been called upon to place the fate of the British army—auxiliaries, it must be observed, not principals in the war,—on the same desperate cast by which the natives were compelled to abide. The disasters of the retreat appear to rest on want of knowledge of the ground they were to traverse, and on the deficiency of the commissariat, which, though the army must be entirely dependent on it, was not at that time sufficiently under the control

of the commander-in-chief. We owe it to his memory to say, that at the close of his own valuable life, he amply redeemed in his last act the character of the army which he commanded.[1]

[1] ["Sir John Moore lived to hear that the battle was won. 'Are the French beaten?' was the question which he repeated to every one who came into his apartment; and, addressing his old friend Colonel Anderson, he said, 'You know that I always wished to die this way.' His strength was fast failing, and life was almost extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, he exclaimed, 'I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!' The battle was scarcely ended, when his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of the staff in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours; and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory."—NAPIER, vol. i. p. 500.]

CHAPTER XLVII.

General Belliard occupies Madrid.—Napoleon returns to France.— Cause of his hurried return.— View of the Circumstances leading to a Rupture with Austria.—Feelings of Russia upon this occasion.—Secret intrigues of Talleyrand to preserve Peace.—Immense exertions made by Austria.— Counter Efforts of Buonaparte.— The Austrian Army enters Bavaria, 9th April, 1809.*—Napoleon hastens to meet them.—Austrians defeated at Abensberg on the 20th—and at Eckmuhl on the 22d.— They are driven out of Ratisbon on the 23d.— The Archduke Charles retreats into Bohemia.—Napoleon pushes forward to Vienna— which, after a brief defence, is occupied by the French on the 12th of May.—Retrospect of the events of the War in Poland, Italy, the North of Germany, and the Tyrol.— — Enterprises of Schill — of the Duke of Brunswick Oels.—Movements in the Tyrol.— Character and Manners of the Tyrolese.—Retreat of the Archduke John into Hungary.*

HAVING thus completed the episode of Sir John Moore's expedition, we resume the progress of Napoleon, to whom the successive victories of Reynosa, Burgos, and Tudela, had offered a triumphant path to Madrid. On the 1st of December, his headquarters being at the village of Saint Augustino, he was within sight of that capital, and almost within hearing of the bells, whose

hollow and continued toll announced general insurrection, and the most desperate resistance. Nor was the zeal of the people of Madrid inadequate to the occasion, had it been properly directed and encouraged. They seized on the French officer who brought a summons of surrender, and were with difficulty prevented from tearing him to pieces. On the 3d, the French attacked Buen Retiro, a palace which had been fortified as a kind of citadel. A thousand Spaniards died in the defence of this stronghold. On the 4th, Morla opened a capitulation with Napoleon. He and Yriarte, another noble Spaniard, of whom better things had been hoped, came to testify their repentance for the rash part they had undertaken, and to express their sense that the city could in nowise be defended; but, at the same time to state, that the populace and volunteers were resolute in its defence, and that some delay would be necessary, to let their zeal cool, and their fears come to work in their turn.

Buonaparte admitted these deputies to his own presence, and with the audacity which sometimes characterised his language, he read them a lecture on their bad faith,[1] in not observing the treaty of Baylen—on their bad faith, in suffering Frenchmen to be assassinated—on their bad faith, in seizing upon the French squadron at Cadiz. This rebuke was gravely urged by the individual, who had kidnapped the royal family of Spain while they courted his protection as his devoted vassals,—who had

[1] ["Injustice and bad faith," exclaimed the Emperor, "always recoil upon those who are guilty of either."—*Fourteenth Bulletin.*]

seized the fortresses into which his troops had been received as friends and allies.—who had floated the streets of Madrid with the blood of its population,—and, finally, who had taken it upon him to assume the supreme authority, and dispose of the crown of Spain, under no better pretext than that he had the will and the power to do so. Had a Spaniard been at liberty to reply to the Lord of Legions, and reckon with him injury for injury, falsehood for falsehood, drop of blood for drop of blood, what an awful balance must have been struck against him![1]

In the mean time, those citizens of Madrid who had determined on resistance, began to see that they were deserted by such as should have headed them in the task, and their zeal became cooled under the feelings of dismay and distrust. A military convention was finally concluded, in virtue of which General Belliard took possession of the city on the 4th of December. The terms were so favourable, as to show that Buonaparte, while pretending to despise the sort of resistance which the population might have effected, was well pleased, nevertheless, not to drive them to extremity. He then published a proclamation, setting forth his desire to be the regenerator of the Spanish empire. But in case his mild and healing mediation should be again refused, he declared he would treat them as a conquered people, and place his brother on another throne. "I will, in that case, set the crown of

[1] ["'The Spanish ulcer destroyed me,' was an expression of deep anguish which escaped from Napoleon in his own hour of misfortune."—Napier, vol. i. p. 414.]

Spain on my own head, and I shall know how to make it respected; for God," concluded this extraordinary document, "has given me the power and the will to surmount all difficulties."[1]

There were now two operations which nearly concerned Buonaparte. The first was the dispersion of the remaining troops of Castanos, which had escaped the fatal battle of Tudela, and such other armed bodies as continued to occupy the south of Spain. In this the French had for some time an easy task; for the Spanish soldiers, surprised and incensed at their own disasters, were, in many instances, the assassins of their generals, and the generals had lost all confidence in their mutinous followers. But before pursuing his successes in the south, it was Buonaparte's first resolution to detach a part of the French army upon Portugal, by the way of Talavera, and by occupying Lisbon, intercept the retreat of Sir John Moore and his English army. The advance of the English general to Salamanca, interfered with this last design. It seemed to Napoleon, that he did not yet possess forces sufficient at the same time to confront and turn back Sir John Moore, and, on the other hand, to enter Portugal and possess himself of Lisbon. The latter part of the plan was postponed. Placing himself at the head of his Guards, Napoleon, as we have seen, directed his march towards Valladolid, and witnessed the retreat of Sir John Moore. He had the pleasure of beholding with his own eyes the people whom he

[1] [Nineteenth Bulletin of the French army in Spain.]

hated most, and certainly did not fear the least, in full retreat, and was observed scarcely ever to have appeared so gay and joyous as during the pursuit, which the French officers termed the race of Benevente.[1] But he had also the less pleasing spectacle of the skirmish, in which the general commanding the cavalry of his Imperial Guard was defeated, and his favourite, General Lefebvre, made prisoner. He halted with his Guards at Astorga, left Ney with 18,000 men, to keep the country in subjection, and assigned to Soult the glorious task of pursuing the English, and completing their destruction. We have already seen how far he proved able to accomplish his commission.

Mean while, the Emperor himself returned to Valladolid, and from thence set off for France with the most precipitate haste. His last act was to declare his brother Joseph Generalissimo over the French armies; yet, notwithstanding this mark of trust and confidence, there is reason to believe that Buonaparte repented already his liberality, in assigning to another, though his own brother, an appanage so splendid, and which was likely to cost so much blood and treasure. Something to this purpose broke out in his proclamation to the people of Madrid; and he was more explicit when speaking confidentially to the Abbé de Pradt, whom, in returning from Benevente, the Emperor met at Valladolid.

They were alone; it was a stormy night; and Buonaparte, opening the window from time to time,

[1] [Savary, t. ii. pt. ii p. 20; Twenty-second Bulletin.]

to ascertain the possibility of travelling, only turned from it to overwhelm Monsieur de Pradt with questions on the state of the capital which he had just left. The abbé did not disguise their disaffection; and when Napoleon endeavoured to show the injustice of their complaints, by insisting on the blessings he had conferred on Spain, by the diminution of tithes, abolishing feudal servitudes, and correcting other abuses of the old government, De Pradt answered by saying, that the Spaniards did not thank Napoleon for relief from evils to which they were insensible; and that the country was in the situation of the wife of Sganarelle in the farce, who quarrelled with a stranger for interfering with her husband when he was beating her. Buonaparte laughed, and continued in these remarkable words:—"I did not know what Spain was. It is a finer country than I was aware, and I have made Joseph a more valuable present than I dreamed of. But you will see, that by and by the Spaniards will commit some folly, which will place their country once more at my disposal. I will then take care to keep it to myself, and divide it into five great viceroyships." [1]

While the favourite of fortune nourished these plans of engrossing and expanding ambition, the eagerness of his mind seems to have communicated itself to his bodily frame; for, when the weather permitted him to mount on horseback, he is said at once, and without halting, save to change horses, to have performed the journey from Valladolid to Burgos, being thirty-five Spanish leagues, or about

[1] [De Pradt, p. 211.]

seventy English miles and upwards, in the space of five hours and a half.[1]

The incredible rapidity with which Napoleon pressed his return to France, without again visiting Madrid, or pausing to hear the fate of the English army, surprised those around him. Some conjectured that a conspiracy had been discovered against his authority at Paris; others, that a band of Spaniards had devoted themselves to assassinate him; a third class assigned different causes; but it was soon found that the despatch which he used had its cause in the approaching rupture with Austria.[2]

This breach of friendship appears certainly to have been sought by Austria, without any of those plausible reasons of complaint, on which nations generally are desirous to bottom their quarrels. She did not allege that, with respect to herself or her dominions, France had, by any recent aggression, given her cause of offence. The Abbé de Pradt

[1] ["Never did any sovereign ride at such a rate. He ordered his saddle horses to be placed in relays on the road, with a picket of chasseurs at each relay, so as to leave a distance of only three or four leagues from one relay to another. He often made these arrangements himself, and in the utmost secrecy. The horses belonging to the grooms carried portmanteaus with complete changes of dress, and with portfolios containing papers, pens, ink, maps, and telescopes."—SAVARY, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 30.]

[2] ["The Emperor returned amongst us in a sudden and unexpected manner; whether, as those about him assured me that a band of Spanish fanatics had sworn to assassinate him (I believed it, and had on my side given the same advice); or whether he was still acted upon by the fixed idea of a coalition in Paris against his authority, I think both these motives united had their weight with him; but they were disguised by referring the urgency of his sudden return to the preparations of Austria."—FOUCHÉ, t. i. p. 330.]

remarks upon the occasion, with his usual shrewdness, that if Napoleon was no religious observer of the faith of treaties, it could not be maintained that other states acted much more scrupulously in reference to him. Buonaparte himself has alleged, what, in one sense of the word, was true, that many of his wars were, in respect to the immediate causes of quarrel, merely defensive on his side. But this was a natural consequence of the style and structure of his government, which, aiming directly at universal empire, caused him to be looked upon by all nations as a common enemy, the legitimate object of attack whenever he could be attacked with advantage, because he himself neglected no opportunity to advance his pretensions against the independence of Europe.

The singular situation of Great Britain, unassailable by his arms, enabled her to avow this doctrine, and to refuse making peace with Napoleon, on terms how favourable soever for England, unless she were at the same time recognised as having authority to guarantee the security of such states as she had a chance of protecting, if she remained at war. Thus, she refused peace when offered, under the condition that France should have Sicily; and, at the period of which we treat, she had again recently declined the terms of pacification proposed by the overture from Erfurt, which inferred the abandonment of the Spanish cause.

This principle of constant war with Buonaparte, or rather with the progress of his ambition, guided and influenced every state in Europe, which had yet any claim for their independence. Their military

disasters, indeed, often prevented their being able to keep the flag of defence flying; but the cessions which they were compelled to make at the moment of defeat, only exasperated their feelings of resentment, and made them watch more eagerly for the period, when their own increasing strength, or the weakness of the common enemy, might enable them to resume the struggle. Napoleon's idea of a peace was, as we have elsewhere seen, that the party with whom he treated should derive no more from the articles agreed upon, than the special provisions expressed in his favour. So long, for instance, as he himself observed all points of the treaty of Presburg, the last which he had dictated to Austria, that power, according to his view of the transaction, had no farther right either of remonstrance or intervention, and was bound to view with indifference whatever changes the French Emperor might please to work on the general state of Europe. This was no doubt a convenient interpretation for one who, aiming at universal monarchy, desired that there should be as little interference as possible with the various steps by which he was to achieve that great plan; but it is entirely contradictory of the interpretation put upon treaties by the jurists; and were the jurists of a contrary opinion, it is in diametrical opposition to the feelings of human nature, by which the policy of states, and the conduct of individuals, are alike dictated. Buonaparte being, as his conduct showed him, engaged in a constant train of innovation upon the liberties of Europe, it followed, that the states whom he had not been able entirely to deprive of

independence, should, without farther, or more particularly national cause of war, be perpetually on the watch for opportunities to destroy or diminish his terrible authority. In this point of view, the question for Austria to consider was, not the justice of the war, but its expediency; not her right of resisting the common enemy of the freedom of Europe, but practically, whether she had the means of effectual opposition. The event served to show that Austria had overestimated her own resources.

It is true, that an opportunity now presented itself, which seemed in the highest degree tempting. Buonaparte was absent in Spain, engaged in a distant conquest, in which, besides the general unpopularity of his cause, obstacles had arisen which were strangers to any previous part of his history, and resistance had been offered of a nature so serious, as to shake the opinion hitherto entertained of his invincibility. On the other hand, Austria had instituted in her states organic laws, by which she secured herself the power of being able to call out to arms her immense and military population; and her chief error seems to have been, in not postponing the fatal struggle until these new levies had acquired a better disciplined and more consolidated form. Of this the Emperor of Russia was fully sensible, and, as we have already noticed, he saw with great apprehension Austria's purpose of opposing herself singly to the arms of France; since, however close the intimacy which, for the present, subsisted betwixt Alexander and Napoleon, it was impossible for the former to be indifferent to the vast risk which Europe must incur, should France

finally annihilate the independence of Austria. A series of intrigues, of a very singular nature, was accordingly undertaken at Paris, in the hope of preserving peace. Talleyrand, who, perhaps on Napoleon's own account as well as that of France, was unwilling that another great continental war should arise, was active in endeavouring to discover means by which peace might be preserved.[1] In the evening, it was his custom to meet the Counts Metternich and Romanzow at the assemblies of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, and there, totally unknown to Buonaparte, to agitate the means of preventing war;—so certain it is, that even the ablest and most absolute of sovereigns was liable, like an ordinary prince, to be deceived by the statesmen around him. But the ingenuity of these distinguished politicians could find no means of reconciliating the interests of Austria,—seeing, as she thought, an opportunity of forcing from Napoleon, in his hour of weakness, what she had been compelled to surrender to him in his hour of strength —and those of Buonaparte, who knew that so soon as he should make a single sacrifice to compulsion, he would be held as having degraded that high military reputation which was the foundation of his power. It may reasonably be supposed, that, with the undecided war of Spain on his hands, he would willingly have adjourned the contest; but with him, the sound of the trumpet was a summons to be complied with, in the most complicated state of general embarrassment.

[1] [Jomini, t. iii. p. 133; Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 32.]

The exertions made by Austria on this important occasion were gigantic, and her forces were superior to those which she had been able to summon out at any former period of her history. Including the army of reserve, they were computed as high as five hundred and fifty thousand men, which the Archduke Charles once more commanded in the character of generalissimo.[1] It is said that this gallant prince did not heartily approve of the war, at least of the period chosen to commence it, but readily sacrificed his own opinion to the desire of contributing his utmost abilities to the service of his brother and of his country.

Six corps d'armée, each about thirty thousand strong, were destined, under the archduke's immediate command, to maintain the principal weight of the war in Germany; a seventh, under the Archduke Ferdinand, was stationed in Galicia, and judged sufficient to oppose themselves to what forces Russia, in compliance with her engagements to Napoleon, might find herself obliged to detach in that direction; and two divisions, under the Archduke John, were destined to awaken hostilities in the north of Italy, into which they were to penetrate by the passes of Carinthia and Carniola.

Buonaparte had not sufficient numbers to oppose these formidable masses; but he had recourse to his old policy, and trusted to make up for deficiency of general numerical force, by such rapidity of movement as should ensure a local superiority on the spot in which the contest might take place.[2] He

[1] [Jomini, t. iii. p. 155.]

[2] ["A conscription was immediately called out; the soldiers

summoned out the auxiliary forces of the Confederation of the Rhine, and of the King of Saxony. He remanded many troops who were on their march for Spain, and by doing so virtually adjourned, and, as it proved, for ever, the subjugation of that country. He had already in Germany the corps of Davoust, and of General Oudinot. The garrisons which France had established in Prussia, and in the northern parts of Germany, were drained for the purpose of reinforcing his ranks; but the total amount of his assembled forces was still greatly inferior to those of the Archduke Charles.[1]

On the 9th of April, 1809, the archduke crossed the Inn; and thus a second time Austria commenced her combat with France, by the invasion of Germany. Some confidence was placed in the general discontent which prevailed among the Germans, and especially those of the Confederation of the Rhine, and their hatred of a system which made them on every occasion the instruments of French policy. The archduke averred in his manifesto, that the cause of his brother was that of general independence, not individual aggrandizement; and he addressed himself particularly to those his brothers of Germany, who were now com-

were equipped in all haste, and sent off in carriages to their destination. The Guard, which was still at Burgos, was ordered to repair to Germany. Never had Napoleon been taken so much by surprise: this war completely astonished him. 'There must,' he said to us, 'be some plans in preparation which I do not penetrate, for there is madness in declaring war against me. They fancy me dead. I expect a courier from Russia: if matters go on there as I have reason to hope they do, I will give them work.'"—SAVARY, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 34.]

[1] [Jomini, t. iii. p. 155.]

pelled by circumstances to serve in the opposite ranks. Whatever effects might have been produced by such an address, supposing it to have had time to operate, the result was disconcerted by the promptitude, which with Buonaparte was almost always the harbinger of success.

While the Austrian army moved slow, and with frequent halts, encumbered as they were with their baggage and supplies, Napoleon had no sooner learned by the telegraph the actual invasion of Bavaria, than he left Paris on the instant, [11th April,] and hurried to Frankfort; without guards, without equipage, almost without a companion, save the faithful Josephine, who accompanied him as far as Strasbourg, and there remained for some time watching the progress of the campaign, the event of which was destined to have such a melancholy influence on her own happiness.

The Archduke Charles's plan was to act upon the offensive. His talents were undoubted, his army greatly superior in numbers to the French, and favourably disposed, whether for attack or defence; yet, by a series of combinations, the most beautiful and striking, perhaps, which occur in the life of one so famed for his power of forming such, Buonaparte was enabled, in the short space of five days, totally to defeat the formidable masses which were opposed to him.

Napoleon found his own force unfavourably disposed, on a long line, extending between the towns of Augsburg and Ratisbon, and presenting, through the incapacity it is said of Berthier, an alarming vacancy in the centre, by operating on which the

enemy might have separated the French army into two parts, and exposed each to a flank attack.[1] Sensible of the full, and perhaps fatal consequences, which might attend this error, Napoleon determined on the daring attempt to concentrate his army by a lateral march, to be accomplished by the two wings simultaneously. With this view he posted himself in the centre, where the danger was principally apprehended, commanding Massena to advance by a flank movement from Augsburg to Pfaffenhofen, and Davoust to approach the centre by a similar manœuvre from Ratisbon to Neustadt. These marches must necessarily be forced, that of Davoust being eight, that of Massena betwixt twelve and thirteen leagues. The order for this daring operation was sent to Massena on the night of the 17th, and concluded with an earnest recommendation of speed and intelligence. When the time for executing these movements had been allowed, Buonaparte, at the head of the centre of his forces, made a sudden and 20th April. desperate assault upon two Austrian divisions, commanded by the Archduke Louis and General Hil-

[1] [Jomini, t. iii. p. 158. "At Donawert we found the Prince of Neufchatel; but, very shortly after our arrival, the Emperor fell into a passion, which we were at a loss to account for: he was addressing Berthier in these words: 'What you have done appears to me so extraordinary, that, if you were not my friend, I should suspect you of betraying me; for Davoust is really situated at present much more for the convenience of the Archduke Charles than for mine.' This was actually the case: the Prince of Neufchatel had put a wrong construction upon the Emperor's order, and so interpreted it as to expose us to the danger of a most serious disaster at the very commencement of the campaign."—Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 49.]

ler. So judiciously was this timed, that the appearance of Davoust on the one flank kept in check those other Austrian corps d'armée, by whom the divisions attacked ought to have been supported; while the yet more formidable operations of Massena, in the rear of the Archduke Louis, achieved the defeat of the enemy. This victory, gained at Abensberg upon the 20th April, broke the line of the Austrians, and exposed them to farther misfortunes.[1] The Emperor attacked the fugitives the next day at Landshut, where the Austrians lost thirty pieces of cannon, nine thousand prisoners, and much ammunition and baggage.[2]

On the 22d April, after this fortunate commencement of the campaign, Buonaparte directed his whole force, scientifically arranged into different divisions, and moving by different routes, on the principal army of the Archduke Charles, which, during these misfortunes, he had concentrated at Eckmühl. The battle is said to have been one of the most splendid which the art of war could display. An hundred thousand men and upwards were dispossessed of all their positions by the combined attack of their scientific enemy, the divisions appearing on the field, each in its due place and order, as regularly as the movements of the various pieces in a game of chess. All the

[1] [Jomini, t. iii. p. 167; Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 57.]

[2] ["At Landshut the Emperor was fortunately overtaken by Massena, to whom he had written these flattering words, 'Activity, activity!—quickness! I rely upon you.' The marshal, whose zeal was excited by these words, had accelerated his movement, and arrived on the field of battle just at the close of the action."—Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 57.]

Austrian wounded, great part of their artillery, fifteen stand of colours, and 20,000 prisoners, remained in the power of the French.[1] The retreat was attended with corresponding loss; and Austria, again baffled in her hopes of reacquiring her influence in Germany, was once more reduced to combat for her existence amongst nations.

On the subsequent day, the Austrians made some attempt to protect the retreat of their army, by defending Ratisbon. A partial breach in the ancient walls was hastily effected, but for some time the French who advanced to the storm, were destroyed by the musketry of the defenders. There was at length difficulty in finding volunteers to renew the attack, when the impetuous Lannes, by whom they were commanded, seized a ladder, and rushed forward to fix it himself against the walls. "I will show you," he exclaimed, "that your general is still a grenadier." The example prevailed, the wall was surmounted, and the combat was continued or renewed in the streets of the town, which was speedily on fire. A body of French, rushing to charge a body of Austrians, which still occupied one end of a burning street, were interrupted by some waggons belonging to the enemy's train. "They are tumbrils of powder," cried the Austrian commanding, to the French; "if the flames reach them, both sides perish." The combat ceased, and the two parties joined in averting a calamity which must have been fatal to both, and finally, saved the ammunition from the flames. At

[1] [Second Bulletin of the French Army; Jomini, t. iii. p. 173.]

length the Austrians were driven out of Ratisbon, leaving much cannon, baggage, and prisoners, in the hands of the enemy.[1]

In the middle of this last mêlée, Buonaparte, who was speaking with his adjutant, Duroc, observing the affair at some distance, was struck on the toe of the left foot by a spent musket-ball, which occasioned a severe contusion. "That must have been a Tyrolese," said the Emperor coolly, "who has aimed at me from such a distance. These fellows fire with wonderful precision." Those around remonstrated with him for exposing his person; to which he answered, "What can I do? I must needs see how matters go on." The soldiers crowded about him in alarm at the report of his wound; but he would hardly allow it to be dressed, so eager was he to get on horseback and put an end to the solicitude of his army, by showing himself publicly among the troops.[2]

Thus within five days,—the space, and almost the very days of the month, which Buonaparte had assigned for settling the affairs of Germany,—the original aspect of the war was entirely changed; and Austria, who had engaged in it with the proud

[1] [Third Bulletin; Jomini, t. iii. p. 175; Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 63.]

[2] ["I was present at the accident. The Emperor's surgeon, M. Yvan, was immediately sent for, who dressed the wound before us, and before all the soldiers who happened to be near at the time: the more they were ordered to keep off, the nearer they approached. A moment of confusion ensued; which was nothing more than a consequence of the attachment the troops bore him. Had the ball struck the instep, instead of the toe, it must have penetrated the foot. His lucky star was again true to him on this occasion."—Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 64.]

hope of reviving her original influence in Europe, was now to continue the struggle for the doubtful chance of securing her existence. At no period in his momentous career, did the genius of Napoleon appear more completely to prostrate all opposition; at no time did the talents of a single individual exercise such an influence on the fate of the universe. The forces which he had in the field had been not only unequal to those of the enemy, but they were, in a military point of view, ill-placed and imperfectly combined. Napoleon arrived alone, found himself under all these disadvantages, and we repeat, by his almost unassisted genius, came, in the course of five days, in complete triumph out of a struggle which bore a character so unpromising.[1] It was no wonder that others, nay, that he himself, should have annexed to his person the degree of superstitious influence claimed for the chosen instruments of Destiny, whose path must not be crossed, and whose arms cannot be arrested.

While the relics of the Archduke Charles's army were on full retreat to Bohemia, Napoleon employed the 23d and 24th of April, to review his troops, and distributed with a liberal hand honours and rewards. It was in this sphere that he was seen to greatest advantage; for, although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim

[1] ["On the night of the 22d of April (the eleventh day since his departure from Paris), the Emperor established his head-quarters in a palace which the Archduke Charles had occupied during the whole day: it was, indeed, only at a late hour in the afternoon that the archduke gave up the idea of passing another night there, since we supped off the dishes which had been prepared for himself and suite."—SAVARY, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 61.]

with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers. It was on this occasion, that, striking a soldier familiarly on the cheek, as he said, "I create you a knight," he asked the honoured party his name. "You ought to know it well," answered the soldier; "since I am the man, who, in the deserts of Syria, when you were in extremity, relieved you from my flask." Napoleon instantly recollected the individual and the circumstance. "I make you," he said, "a knight, with an annuity of twelve hundred francs—what will you do with so much money?"—"Drink with my comrades to the health of him that is so necessary to us."

The generals had their share in the Imperial bounty, particularly Davoust, to whose brilliant execution of the manœuvres commanded by Napoleon, the victory was directly to be attributed. He was created Duke of Eckmühl. It was a part of Napoleon's policy, by connecting the names of fields of victory with the titles of those who contributed to acquire it, to ally the recollections of their merits with his own grateful acknowledgment of them. Thus the title of every ennobled marshal was a fresh incentive to such officers as were ambitious of distinction.

After the fatal battle of Eckmühl, the Archduke Charles effected, as we have seen, his retreat into the mountainous country of Bohemia, full of defiles, and highly capable of defence, where he could remodel his broken army, receive reinforcements of every kind, and make a protracted defence, should Napoleon press upon him in that direction. But the victories of these memorable five days had

placed the French Emperor in full possession of the right bank of the Danube, and of the high-road to the city of Vienna, which is situated on the same side of the river. True to his principle of striking directly at the heart of his antagonist, Napoleon determined to march on the metropolis of Austria, instead of pursuing the archduke into the mountains of Bohemia.[1] By the latter course, the war might have been long protracted, a contingency which it was always Napoleon's policy to avoid; and, alarmed for the preponderance which France was about to acquire, Russia herself, now acting tardily and unwillingly as the ally of Napoleon, might have assumed a right of mediating, which she had strength enough to enforce if it should be declined.

On the other hand, the Austrian General Hiller, defeated at Landshut, and cut off from communication with the archduke, had been able to unite himself with a considerable reserve, and assumed the mien of defending the high-road to the capital. Buonaparte had thus an enemy of some consequence in front, while the army of Charles might operate from Bohemia upon the communications in his rear; and a universal national insurrection of the Tyrolese threatened not only entirely to expel the French and Bavarians from their mountains, but even to alarm Bavaria herself. Insurrections were also beginning to take place all through Germany, of a character which showed, that, had the tide of war turned against France,

[1] [Jomini, t. iii. p. 177.]

almost all the north of Germany would have been in arms against her. These dangers, which would have staggered a man of less determination, only confirmed Napoleon in his purpose of compelling Austria to make peace, by descending the Danube, and effecting a second occupation of her capital.

All was shortly in motion for the intended enterprise. General Hiller, too weak to attempt the defence of the Inn, retreated to Ebersberg, a village with a castle upon the river Traun, which was in most places unfordable, and had elevated rocky banks, scarped by the hand of Nature. One bridge communicating with the town, was the only mode of approaching the position, which, viewed in front, seemed almost impregnable. It was occupied by Hiller with more than thirty thousand men, and a formidable train of artillery. He trusted to be able to maintain himself in this strong line of defence, until he should renew his communications with the Archduke Charles, and obtain that prince's co-operation in the task of covering Vienna, by defending the course of the Danube.

Upon the 3d of May the position of Ebersberg was attacked by Massena, and stormed after a most desperate resistance, which probably cost the victors as many men as the vanquished. The hardiness of this attack has been censured by some military critics, who pretend, that if Massena had confined his front attack to a feint, the Austrian general would have been as effectually dislodged, and at a much cheaper rate, by a corresponding movement upon his flank, to be executed by General Lannes, who passed the river Traun at Wels for that pur-

pose. But Massena, either from the dictates of his own impetuous disposition, or because he had understood the Emperor's commands as positively enjoining an attack, or that he feared Lannes might be too late in arriving, when every moment was precious, because every moment might re-establish the communication between the archduke and Hiller,—attempted and succeeded in the desperate resolution of disposting the Austrian general by main force.[1]

General Hiller retreated to Saint Polten, then crossed the Danube by the bridge at Mautern, which he destroyed after his passage, and, marching to form his junction with the Archduke Charles, left the right side of the Danube, and consequently the high-road to Vienna, open to the French. Napoleon moved forward with a steady yet rapid pace, calculating upon gaining the advance necessary to arrive at the Austrian capital before the archduke, yet at the same time marching without precipitation, and taking the necessary measures for protecting his communications.

The city of Vienna, properly so called, is surrounded by the ancient fortifications which withstood the siege of the Turks in 1683. The suburbs, which are of great extent, are surrounded by some slighter defences, but which could only be made good by a large army. Had the archduke, with his forces, been able to throw himself into Vienna before Buonaparte's arrival under its walls,

[1] [Fifth Bulletin of the Grand French Army; Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 68; Jomini, t. iii. p. 181.]

no doubt a formidable defence might have been made.[1] The inclination of the citizens was highly patriotic. They fired from the ramparts on the advance of the French, and rejected the summons of surrender. The Archduke Maximilian was governor of the place, at the head of ten battalions of troops of the line, and as many of Landwehr, or militia.

A shower of bombs first made the inhabitants sensible of the horrors to which they must necessarily be exposed by defensive war. The palace of the Emperor of Austria was in the direct front of this terrible fire. The Emperor himself, and the greater part of his family, had retired to the city of Buda in Hungary; but one was left behind, confined by indisposition, and this was Maria Louisa, the young archduchess, who shortly afterwards became Empress of France. On intimation to this purpose being made to Buonaparte, the palace was respected, and the storm of these terrible missiles directed to other quarters.[2] The intention of defending the capital was speedily given up. The Archduke Maximilian, with the troops of the line, evacuated the city; and, on the 12th, General O'Reilly, commanding some battalions of landwehr, signed the capitulation with the French.

Napoleon did not himself enter Vienna; he fixed —for the second time—his headquarters at Schœnbrun, a palace of the Emperor's, in the vicinity of the capital.

[1] [Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 73.]
[2] [De Bourrienne, t. viii. p. 190.]

In the mean while, the Archduke Charles, unable to prevent the fall of Vienna, was advancing to avenge it. In the march which he made through Bohemia, he had greatly increased his army; and the events in the north of Germany and the Tyrol had been so dangerous to French influence, that it required all the terrors of the battle of Eckmühl to keep the unwilling vassals of the conqueror in a state of subjection. Before, therefore, we trace the course of remarkable events which were about to take place on the Danube, the reader is requested to take a brief view of the war on the Polish frontier, in Italy, in the north of Germany, and in the Tyrol; for no smaller portion of the civilized world was actually the scene of hostilities during this momentous period.

In Poland, the Archduke Ferdinand threw himself into the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, as the part of Poland which formerly belonged to Prussia; obtained possession of Warsaw itself, and pressed northward with such vivacity, that, while Prince Poniatowski was hardly able to assemble a small defensive army between the Narew and the Vistula, the archduke approached Thorn, and was in a situation to summon Prussia to arms. The call would doubtless have been readily obeyed, had the Archduke Charles obtained any shadow of success in the commencement of the campaign. But the French had possession of all the most important Prussian fortresses, which rendered it imprudent, indeed almost impossible, for that power to offer any effectual means of resistance, until the arms of Austria should assume that decided preponder-

ance, which they were not on this occasion doomed to attain.[1]

The feeling of indignation against the foreign yoke had, however, penetrated deeply into the bosom of the Prussians. The doctrines of the Tugend-bund had been generally received among the higher and middling classes—the lower listened to the counsels only of their own patriotism and courage. The freedom of Europe—the independence of Germany—the delivery of Prussia from a foreign bondage—the obtaining security for what was most dear and valuable to mankind, determined Schill, a Prussian major of hussars, to attempt, even without the commands of his King, the liberation of his country.

During the former unhappy war, Schill, like Blucher, conducted himself with the most patriotic devotion, and had, when courage and conduct were rare, been distinguished by both in his service as a partisan officer. On the present occasion, his attempt may be likened to a rocket shot up into the firmament, which, by its descent upon a magazine, may give rise to the most appalling results; or which, bursting in empty space, is only remembered by its brief and brilliant career. Chance allotted to Schill the latter and more unfavourable conclusion; but his name must be enrolled in the list of those heroes who have ventured their lives to redress the wrongs of their country, and the remembrance of whose courage often forms the strongest impulse to others to reassume the heroic

[1] [Jomini, t. iii. p. 236.]

undertaking, for which they themselves have struggled in vain.

The movement which this daring soldier had projected, was connected with a plan of general insurrection, but was detected by a premature discovery. Colonel Doernberg, an officer of the Westphalian guard, was engaged in the conspiracy, and had undertaken to secure the person of Jerome Buonaparte. His scheme was discovered; and among his papers were found some which implicated Schill in these insurrectionary measures. Jerome, of course, made his complaint to the King of Prussia, who was in no capacity to refuse to deliver up the accused officer. Obliged thus to precipitate his plan of insurrection, Schill put himself at the head of his regiment, which was animated by his own spirit, and marched out of Berlin to proclaim the independence of his country. He showed the utmost speed and dexterity in his military manœuvres, and soon assembled a small army of 5000 or 6000 men, sufficient to take possession of various towns, and of the little fortress of Domitz.

Katt, another insurgent, placed himself at the head of an insurrection in Cassell; and a yet more formidable leader, distinguished alike by his birth, his bravery, and his misfortunes, appeared in the field. This was the Duke of Brunswick Oels, son of him who was mortally wounded at Jena. The young prince had ever since before his eyes the remembrance of his father, to whom Buonaparte's enmity would not permit even the leisure of an hour to die in his own palace. The breaking out of the war betwixt France and Austria seemed to promise him

the road to revenge. The duke contracted with Austria to levy a body of men, and he was furnished by England with the means to equip and maintain them. His name, his misfortunes, his character, and his purpose, tended soon to fill his ranks; the external appearance of which indicated deep sorrow, and a determined purpose of vengeance. His uniform was black, in memory of his father's death; the lace of the cavalry was disposed like the ribs of a skeleton; the helmets and caps bore a death's head on their front.

The brave young soldier was too late in appearing in the field. If he could have united his forces with those of Schill, Doernberg, Katt, and the other insurgents, he might have effected a general rising in the north; but the event of Eckmühl, and the taking of Vienna, had already checked the awakening spirit of Germany, and subsequent misfortunes tended to subdue, at least for the time, the tendency to universal resistance which would otherwise certainly have been manifested. It was about the middle of May when the Duke of Brunswick advanced from Bohemia into Lusatia, and by that time the corps of Schill and others were existing only as separate bands of partisans, surrounded or pursued by the adherents of France, to whom the successes of Buonaparte had given fresh courage.

General Thielman opposed himself to the duke, at the head of some Saxon troops, and was strong enough to prevent his forcing his way into the middle of Germany, where his presence might have occasioned great events. Still, however, though the plans of the insurgents had been thus far disap-

pointed or checked, their forces remained on foot, and formidable, and the general disposition of the nation in their favour rendered them more so.

While the insurrectional spirit which animated the Germans smouldered in some places like subterranean fire, and partially showed itself by eruptions in others, the mountains of the Tyrol were in one general blaze through their deepest recesses. Those wild regions, which had been one of the oldest inheritances of Austria, had been torn from her by the treaty of Presburg, and conferred on the new kingdom of Bavaria. The inclination of the inhabitants had not been consulted in this change. The Austrians had always governed them with a singular mildness and respect for their customs; and had thus gained the affection of their Tyrolese subjects, who could not therefore understand how an allegiance resembling that of children to a parent, should have been transferred, without their consent, to a stranger sovereign, with whom they had no tie of mutual feeling. The nation was the more sensible of these natural sentiments, because the condition of the people is one of the most primitive in Europe. The extremes of rank and wealth are unknown in those pastoral districts; they have almost no distinction among their inhabitants; neither nobles nor serfs, neither office-bearers nor dependents; in one sense, neither rich nor poor. As great a degree of equality as is perhaps consistent with the existence of society, is to be found in the Tyrol. In temper they are a gay, animated people, fond of exertion and excitation, lovers of the wine-flask and the dance, extempore poets, and frequent-

ly good musicians. With these are united the more hardy qualities of the mountaineer, accustomed to the life of a shepherd and huntsman, and, amidst the Alpine precipices, often placed in danger of life, while exercising one or other of the occupations. As marksmen, the Tyrolese are accounted the finest in Europe; and the readiness with which they obeyed the repeated summons of Austria during former wars, showed that their rustic employments had in no respect diminished their ancient love of military enterprise. Their magistrates in peace, and leaders in war, were no otherwise distinguished from the rest of the nation than by their sagacity and general intelligence; and as these qualities were ordinarily found among innkeepers, who, in a country like the Tyrol, have the most general opportunities of obtaining information, many of that class were leaders in the memorable war of 1809. These men sometimes could not even read or write, yet in general, exhibited so much common sense and presence of mind, such a ready knowledge of the capacity of the troops they commanded, and of the advantages of the country in which they served, that they became formidable to the best generals and the most disciplined soldiers.[1]

In the beginning of April these ready warriors

[1] The Austrians censured the want of tactics of the Tyrolese. Some poetical sharpshooter defended his countrymen by an epigram, of which the following is a translation:

"It is but chance, our learn'd tacticians say,
Which without science gains the battle day;
Yet would I rather win the field by chance,
Than study tactics, and be beat by France."

commenced their insurrection, and in four days, excepting in the small fortress of Kufstein, which continued to hold out, there was not a Frenchman or Bavarian in the Tyrol, save those who were prisoners. The history of that heroic war belongs to another page of history. It is enough here to say, that scarcely supported by the Austrians, who had too much to do at home, the Tyrolese made against every odds the most magnanimous and obstinate defence. It was in vain that a French army, led by Lefebvre, marched into the country, and occupied Inspruck, the capital. The French were a second time compelled by these valiant mountaineers to retreat with immense loss; and if Austria could have maintained her own share of the contest, her faithful provinces of Tyrol and the Voralberg must on their side have come off victors.[1]

But the disasters of the Archduke Charles, as they had neutralized the insurrections in Germany and rendered of no comparative avail the victories of the Tyrolese, so they also checked the train of success which had attended the movements of the Archduke John in Italy, at the commencement of the war. We have already said, that the safety and honour of Austria being, as it was thought, sufficiently provided for by the strength of the main army, this young prince had been despatched into Italy, as the Archduke Ferdinand into Poland, to resuscitate the interest of their House in their ancient dominions. Eugene, the son-in-law of Buonaparte, and his viceroy in Italy, was defeated

[1] [Jomini, t. iii. p. 232.]

at Sacile upon the 15th of April, by the Archduke John, and compelled to retire to Caldiero on the Adige. But ere the Austrian prince could improve his advantages, he received the news of the defeat at Eckmühl, and the peril in which Vienna was placed. He was, therefore, under the necessity of retreating, to gain, if possible, the kingdom of Hungary, where the presence of his army might be of the most essential consequence. He was in his turn pursued by Prince Eugene, to whom the Austrian retreat gave the means of uniting himself with the French force in Dalmatia, from which he had been separated, and thus enabled him to assume the offensive with forces much augmented.[1]

Thus the mighty contest was continued with various events, from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Adriatic, and from the eastern provinces of Germany to those of Hungary. But the eyes of all men, averted from the more remote and subordinate scenes of the struggle, were now turned towards the expected combat betwixt Buonaparte and the Archduke Charles, which it was easily predicted must soon take place under the walls of Vienna, and decide, it was then apprehended for ever, the future fate, perhaps the very existence of the empire of Austria.

[1] [Jomini, t. iii. p. 224–232.]

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Position of the French and Austrian Armies after the Battle of Eckmühl.—Napoleon crosses the Danube.—Great Conflict at Asperne, when victory was claimed by both parties.—Battle of Wagram fought 6th July.—Armistice concluded at Znaim.—Close of the career of Schill and the Duke of Brunswick Oels.—Defence of the Tyrol—Its final unfortunate result.—Growing resistance throughout Germany.—Its effects on Buonaparte.—He publishes a singular Manifesto in the Moniteur.

We left Napoleon concentrating his army near Vienna, and disposing it so as to preserve his communications with France, though distant and precarious. He occupied the city of Vienna, and the right bank of the Danube. The Archduke Charles now approached the left bank of the same river, which, swollen by the spring rains, and the melting of snow on the mountains, divided the two hostile armies as if by an impassable barrier. In the year 1805, when Napoleon first obtained possession of Vienna, the bridges over the Danube were preserved, which had enabled him to press his march upon Koutousoff and the Russians. This time he had not been so fortunate. No bridge had been left unbroken on the Danube, whether above or below Vienna, by which he might push his forces

across the river, and end the war by again defeating the Austrian archduke. At the same time, the hours lost in indecision were all unfavourable to the French Emperor. Charles expected to be joined by his brothers, and, being in his own country, could subsist with ease; while Napoleon, in that of an enemy, could expect no recruits, and might have difficulty in obtaining supplies. Besides, so long as an Austrian army was in the field, the hopes of Germany remained unextinguished. The policy, therefore, of Buonaparte, determined him to pursue the most vigorous measures, by constructing a bridge over the Danube, and crossing it at the head of his army, with the purpose of giving battle to the archduke on the left bank.

The place originally selected for this bold enterprise was at Nussdorf, about half a league above Vienna, where the principal stream passes in a full but narrow channel under the right bank, which is there so high as to command the opposite verge of the river, and affords, therefore, the means of protecting the passage. But above five hundred men having been pushed across, with the view of re-establishing the old bridge which had existed at Nussdorf in 1805, were attacked and cut off by the Austrians, and this point of passage was in consequence abandoned.

Napoleon then turned his thoughts to establishing his intended bridge at the village of Ebersdorf, on the right bank, opposite to which the channel of the Danube is divided into five branches, finding their course amongst islands, one of which, called the island of Lobau, is extremely large.

Two of these branches are very broad. The islands are irregular in their shape, and have an alluvial character. They exhibit a broken and diversified surface, partly covered with woods, partly marshy, and at times overflowed with water. Here Napoleon at length determined to establish his bridge, and he collected for that purpose as many boats and small craft as he could muster, and such other materials as he could obtain. The diligence of the engineer officer, Aubry, was distinguished on this occasion.

The French were obliged to use fishers' caissons filled with bullets, instead of anchors, and to make many other substitutions for the accomplishment of their objects. They laboured without interruption; for the Austrians, though they made various demonstrations upon Krems and Linz, as if they themselves meant to cross the Danube above Vienna, yet did nothing to disturb Napoleon's preparation for a passage at Ebersdorf, although troops might have been easily thrown into the Island of Lobau, to dispute the occupation, or to interrupt the workmen. It is impossible to suppose the Archduke Charles ignorant of the character of the ground in the neighbourhood of his brother's capital; we must therefore conjecture, that the Austrian general had determined to let Buonaparte accomplish his purpose of passing the river, in order to have the advantage of attacking him when only a part of his army had crossed, and of compelling him to fight with the Danube in his rear, which, in case of disaster, could only be repassed by a succession of frail and ill-constructed bridges, exposed to a

thousand accidents. It is doing the archduke no discredit to suppose he acted on such a resolution, for we shall presently see he actually gained the advantages we have pointed out, and which, could they have been prosecuted to the uttermost, would have involved the ruin of Buonaparte and his army.

The materials having been brought together from every quarter, Napoleon, on the 19th May, visited the isle of Lobau, and directed that the completion of the bridge should be pressed with all possible despatch. So well were his orders obeyed, that, on the next day, the troops were able to commence their passage, although the bridge was still far from being complete. They were received by skirmishers on the left bank; but as these fell back without any obstinacy of resistance, it became still more obvious that the archduke did not mean to dispute the passage, more especially as he had not availed himself of the important means of doing so which the locality presented.[1]

At the point where the extremity of the last bridge of the chain (for there were five in number, corresponding to the five streams), touched the left bank of the Danube, the French troops, as they passed over, entered upon a little plain, extending between the two villages of Asperne and Essling. Asperne lies farthest to the left, a thousand toises distant from the bridge; Essling is at the other extremity of the plain, about one thousand five hundred toises from the same point. The villages being built of mason-work, with gardens, terraces,

[1] [Tenth Bulletin of the French Army; Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 78; Jomini, t. iii. p. 188–196.]

and court-yards, formed each a little fortified place, of which the churchyard of Asperne, and a large granary at Essling, might be termed the citadels. A high-road, bordered by a deep ditch, extended between these two strong posts, which it connected as a curtain connects two bastions. This position, if occupied, might indeed be turned on either flank, but the character of the ground would render the operation difficult.

Still farther to the right lay another village, called Enzersdorf. It is a thousand toises from Asperne to Essling, and somewhat less from Essling to Enzersdorf. Before these villages rose an almost imperceptible ascent, which extended to two hamlets called Raschdorf and Breitenlee, and on the left lay the wooded heights of Bisamberg, bounding the landscape in that direction. Having passed over near thirty thousand infantry, with about six thousand horse, Napoleon directed a redoubt to be constructed to cover the extremity of the bridge on the left side. Mean time, his troops occupied the two villages of Asperne and Essling, and the line which connected them.

The reports brought in during the night were contradictory, nor could the signs visible on the horizon induce the generals to agree concerning the numbers and probable plans of the Austrians. On the distant heights of Bisamberg many lights were seen, which induced Lannes and others to conceive the enemy to be there concentrated. But much nearer the French, and in their front, the horizon also exhibited a pale streak of about a league in length, the reflected light of numerous

watch-fires, which the situation of the ground prevented being themselves seen.

From these indications, while Lannes was of opinion they had before them only a strong rear-guard, Massena, with more judgment, maintained they were in presence of the whole Austrian army. Napoleon was on horseback by break of day on the 21st, to decide by his own observation; but all the ground in front was so thickly masked and covered by the Austrian light cavalry, as to render it vain to attempt to reconnoitre. On a sudden, this living veil of skirmishers was withdrawn, and the Austrians were seen advancing with their whole force, divided into five columns of attack, headed by their best generals, their numbers more than double those of the French, and possessing two hundred and twenty pieces of artillery. The combat commenced by a furious attack on the village of Asperne, which seemed only taken that it might be retaken, only retaken that it might be again lost. The carnage was dreadful; the obstinacy of the Austrians in attacking, could not, however, overcome that of the French in their defence. Essling was also assaulted by the Austrians, though not with the same pertinacity; yet many brave men fell in its attack and defence.

The battle began about four afternoon; and when the evening approached, nothing decisive had been done. The archduke brought his reserves, and poured them in successive bodies upon the disputed village of Asperne. Every garden, terrace, and farm-yard, was a scene of the most obstinate struggle. Waggons, carts, harrows, ploughs, were

employed to construct barricades. As the different parties succeeded on different points, those who were victorious in front were often attacked in the rear by such of the other party as had prevailed in the next street. At the close of the day, Massena remained partially master of the place, on fire as it was with bombs, and choked with the slain. The Austrians, however, had gained possession of the church and churchyard, and claimed the superiority on the left accordingly.

Essling was the object, during the last part of this bloody day, of three general attacks; against all which the French made decisive head. At one time, Lannes, who defended the post, was so hard pressed, that he must have given way, had not Napoleon relieved him and obtained him breathing time, by a well-timed though audacious charge of cavalry. Night separated the combatants.

The French could not in any sense be said to have been beaten; but it was an unusual thing for them, fighting under Napoleon's eye, to be less than completely victorious. The Austrians could as little be called victors; but even the circumstance of possessing themselves of the most important part of Asperne, showed that the advantage had been with, rather than against them; and both armies were affected with the results of the day, rather as they appeared when compared with those of their late encounters, than as considered in their own proper character. The feeling of the Austrians was exultation; that of the French not certainly discouragement, but unpleasant surprise.

On the 22d, the work of carnage recommenced.

Both armies had received reinforcements during the night—Napoleon from the left bank, the archduke from reserves in his rear. The French had at first the advantage—they recovered the church of Asperne, and made a number of Austrians prisoners in the village. But the attacks on it were presently renewed with the same fury as on the preceding day. Napoleon here formed a resolution worthy of his military fame. He observed that the enemy, while pressing on the village of Asperne, which was the left hand point of support of the French position, kept back, or, in military language, refused, the right and centre of his line, which he was therefore led to suppose were weakened for the purpose of supporting the assault upon Asperne. He determined, for this reason, to advance the whole French right and centre, to assail the Austrian position on this enfeebled point. This movement was executed in echellon, advancing from the French right. Heavy masses of infantry, with a numerous artillery, now advanced with fury. The Austrian line was forced back, and in some danger of being broken. Regiments and brigades began to be separated from each other, and there was a danger that the whole centre might be cut off from the right wing. The Archduke Charles hastened to the spot, and in this critical moment discharged at once the duty of a general and of a common soldier. He brought up reserves, replaced the gaps which had been made in his line by the fury of the French, and seizing a standard, himself led the grenadiers to the charge.

At this interesting point, the national accounts

of the action differ considerably. The French despatches assert, that, notwithstanding the personal gallantry of their general, the Austrians were upon the point of a total defeat. Those of the archduke, on the contrary, affirm that the resistance of the Austrians was completely successful, and that the French were driven back on all points.[1] All agree, that just at this crisis of the combat, the bridge which Buonaparte had established over the Danube was swept away by the flood.

This opportune incident is said, by the Austrian accounts, to have been occasioned by fire-ships sent down the river. The French have denied the existence of the fire-ships, and, always unwilling to allow much effect to the result of their adversaries' exertions, ascribe the destruction of the floating bridge to the trunks of trees and vessels borne down by a sudden swell of the Danube.[2] General Pelet,[3] indeed admits, with some reluctance, that timber frames of one or more windmills, filled with burning combustibles, descended the river. But whether the Austrians had executed the very natural plan of launching such fire-works and driftwood on the stream, or whether, as the

[1] ["Asperne was ten times taken, lost, and again conquered. Essling, after repeated attacks, could not be maintained. At eleven at night the villages were in flames, and we remained masters of the field of battle. The most complete victory crowned our army."—*Austrian Official Bulletin.*—See *Supplement to the London Gazette, 11th July.*]

[2] [Tenth Bulletin of the French army; Jomini, t. iii. p. 303, 214; Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 82; Rapp, p. 123.]

[3] [Mémoires sur la Guerre de 1809.]

ancient heathen might have said, the aged and haughty river shook from his shoulders by his own exertions the yoke which the strangers had imposed on him, the bridge was certainly broken, and Buonaparte's army was extremely endangered.[1]

He saw himself compelled to retire, if he meant to secure, or rather to restore, his communication with the right bank of the Danube. The French movement in retreat was the signal for the Austrians' advance. They recovered Asperne; and had not the French fought with the most extraordinary conduct and valour, they must have sustained the greatest loss. General Lannes, whose behaviour had been the subject of admiration during the whole day, was mortally wounded by a ball, which shattered both his legs. Massena sustained himself in this crisis with much readiness and presence of mind; and the preservation of the army was chiefly attributed to him. It is said, but perhaps falsely, that Napoleon himself showed on this occasion less alertness and readiness than was his custom.

At length, the retreat of the French was protected by the cannon of Essling, which was again and again furiously assaulted by the Austrians. Had they succeeded on this second point, the French army could hardly have escaped, for it was Essling alone which protected their retreat. Fortunately for Buonaparte, that end of the bridge which con-

[1] ["The enemy had a complete view of our body in its whole extent; and contriving to fill with stones the largest boats they could find, they sent them down the current. This contrivance proved but too successful."—SAVARY, t. ii pt. ii. p. 85]

nected the great isle of Lobau with the left bank on which they were fighting still remained uninjured, and was protected by fortifications. By this means he was enabled to draw back his shattered army during the night into the great island, evacuating the whole position which he had held on the right bank. The loss of both armies was dreadful, and computed to exceed twenty thousand men on each side, killed and wounded. General St Hilaire, one of the best French generals, was killed in the field, and Lannes, mortally wounded, was brought back into the island. He was much lamented by Buonaparte, who considered him as his own work. "I found him," he said, "a mere swordsman, I brought him up to the highest point of talent. I found him a dwarf, I raised him up into a giant." The death of this general, called the Roland of the army, had something in it inexpressibly shocking. With both his legs shot to pieces, he refused to die, and insisted that the surgeons should be hanged who were unable to cure a mareschal and Duke de Montebello. While he thus clung to life, he called upon the Emperor, with the instinctive hope that Napoleon at least could defer the dreadful hour, and repeated his name to the last, with the wild interest with which an Indian prays to the object of his superstition.[1]

[1] ["He twined himself round me with all he had left of life; he would hear of no one but me, he thought but of me, it was a kind of instinct."—NAPOLEON, *Las Cases*, t. ii. p. 353. On the 31st May, Napoleon wrote to Josephine—"La perte du Duc de Montebello, qui est mort ce matin, m' a fort affligé. *Ainsi tout finit ! !* Si tu peux contribuer à consoler la pauvre Maréchale, fais-le."—*Lettres à Joséphine*, t. ii. p. 67.]

Buonaparte showed much and creditable emotion at beholding his faithful follower in such a condition.[1]

The news of this terrible action flew far and wide, and was represented by the Austrians as a glorious and complete victory. It might have well proved so, if both the villages of Asperne and Essling could have been carried. As it was, it cannot properly be termed more than a repulse, by which the French Emperor's attempt to advance had been defeated, and he himself driven back into an island, and cut off by an inundation from the opposite bank, on which his supplies were stationed; and so far, certainly, placed in a very precarious condition.

The hopes and wishes of all Europe were opposed to the domination of Buonaparte; and Hope, it is well known, can build fair fabrics on slighter foundations than this severe check afforded. It had been repeatedly prophesied, that Napoleon's fortune would some time or other fail in one of those hardy measures, and that by penetrating into the depth of his enemy's country, in order to strike a blow at his capital, he might engage himself beyond his means of recovery, and thus become the victim of his own rashness. But the time was not yet arrived which fate had assigned for the fulfilment of this prophecy. More activity on the part

[1] ["The Emperor perceived a litter coming from the field of battle, with Marshal Lannes stretched upon it. He ordered him to be carried to a retired spot, where they might be alone and uninterrupted: with his face bathed in tears, he approached and embraced his dying friend."—Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 87.]

of the Austrian prince, and a less vigorous developement of resources and energy on that of Napoleon, might have produced a different result; but, unhappily, the former proved less capable of improving his advantage, than the latter of remedying his disasters.

On the morning of the 23d, the day after the bloody battle of Asperne, Buonaparte, with his wounded, and the remnant of his forces, was cooped up in the marshy island of Lobau, and another nearer to the left bank, called Enzersdorf, from the village of that name. This last island, which served as an outwork to the larger, is separated from the left bank, which was occupied by the Austrians, only by a small channel of twenty toises in breadth. The destruction of the bridges had altogether divided Buonaparte from the right bank, and from his rear, under Davoust, which still remained there.[1] The nature of the ground, on the

[1] ["The two arms of the Danube which traversed the island, and had hitherto been found dry, or at least fordable, had become dangerous torrents, requiring hanging bridges to be thrown over them. The Emperor crossed them in a skiff, having Berthier and myself in his company. When arrived on the bank of the Danube, the Emperor sat down under a tree, and, being joined by Massena, he formed a small council, in order to collect the opinion of those about him as to what had best be done under existing circumstances. Let the reader picture to himself the Emperor sitting between Massena and Berthier on the bank of the Danube, with the bridge in front, of which there scarcely remained any vestige, Davoust's corps on the other side of the broad river, and behind, in the island of Lobau itself, the whole army separated from the enemy by a mere arm of the Danube, thirty or forty toises broad, and deprived of all means of extricating himself from this position, and he will admit that the lofty and powerful mind of the Emperor could alone be proof against discouragement."—Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 88.]

left side of the Danube, opposite to the isle of Enzersdorf, admitted cannon being placed to command the passage, and it is said that General Hiller ardently pressed the plan of passing the stream by open force at that point, and attacking successively the islands of Enzersdorf and Lobau, and offered to answer with his head for its success. The extreme loss sustained by the Austrian army on the two preceding days, appears to have been the cause that this proposal was rejected. It has been also judged possible for Prince Charles to have passed the Danube, either at Presburg or higher up, and thus placed himself on the right bank, for the purpose of attacking and destroying the reserves which Buonaparte had left at Ebersdorf under Davoust, and from which he was separated by the inundation. Yet neither did the archduke adopt this plan, but, resuming the defensive, from which he had only departed for a few hours, and concluding that Napoleon would, on his part, adopt the same plan which he had formerly pursued, the Austrian engineers were chiefly engaged in fortifying the ground between Asperne and Essling, while the army quietly awaited till it should suit Napoleon to renew his attempt to cross the Danube.

With unexampled activity, Buonaparte had assembled materials, and accomplished the re-establishment of his communications with the right bank, by the morning of the second day after the battle. Thus was all chance destroyed of the Austrians making any farther profit of the interruption of his communications. With equal speed

incessant labour converted the isle of Lobau into an immense camp, protected by battering cannon, and secured either from surprise or storm from the Austrian side of the river; so that Hiller's plan became equally impracticable. The smaller islands were fortified in the like manner; and, on the first of July, Buonaparte pitched his headquarters[1] in the isle of Lobau, the name of which was changed to Napoleon Island, as in an immense citadel, from which he had provided the means of sallying at pleasure upon the enemy. Boats, small craft, and means to construct, on a better plan than formerly, three floating bridges, were prepared and put in order in an incredibly short space of time.[2] The former bridge, repaired so strongly as to have little to fear from the fury of the Danube, again connected the islands occupied by the French with the left-hand bank of that river; and so imperfect were the Austrian means of observation, though the campaign was fought within their own country, whose fate depended upon its issue, that they appear to have been ignorant of the possibility of Napoleon's using any other means of passage than this identical

[1] ["Malevolence has delighted in representing the Emperor as of a mistrustful character; and yet on this occasion, where ill-intentioned men might have made any attempt upon his person, his only guard at headquarters was the Portuguese legion, which watched as carefully over him as the veterans of the army of Italy could have done."—SAVARY, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 91.]

[2] ["General Bertrand, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, was the officer who executed this splendid work. He was one of the best engineer officers that France could boast of since the days of Vauban. The exhaustless arsenal of Vienna had supplied us with a profusion of timber, and also with cordage, iron, and with forty engines to drive the piles in."—*Ibid*, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 93.]

original bridge, which debouched betwixt Asperne and Essling; and they lost their time in erecting fortifications under that false impression. Yet certainly a very little enquiry might have discovered that the French Emperor was constructing three bridges, instead of trusting to one.

For several weeks afterwards, each army was receiving reinforcements. The Austrian and Hungarian nobles exerted themselves to bring to the field their vassals and tenantry; while Buonaparte, through every part of Germany which was subject to his direct or indirect influence, levied additional forces, for enabling him to destroy the last hope of their country's independence.

More powerful and numerous auxiliary armies also approached the scene of action from the north-eastern frontier of Italy, from which the Archduke John, as we have already mentioned, was retiring, in order, by throwing his army into Hungary, to have an opportunity of co-operating with his brother, the Archduke Charles. He came, but not unpursued or unmolested. Prince Eugene Beauharnois, at the head of the army which was intended to sustain the Archduke John's attack in Italy, joined to such forces as the French had in Dalmatia, followed the march of the Austrians, brought them to action repeatedly, gained advantages over them, and finally arrived on the frontiers of Hungary as soon as they did. Here the town of Raab ought to have made some protracted defence, in order to enable the Archduke John to co-operate with his younger brother Regnier, another of this warlike family, who was organizing the Hungarian

insurrection. But the same fatality which influenced every thing else in this campaign, occasioned the fall of Raab in eight days, after the Austrian prince had been worsted in a fight under its walls.[1] The Italian army of Eugene now formed its junction with the French; and the Archduke John, crossing the Danube at Presburg, advanced eastward, for the purpose of joining the Archduke Charles. But it was not the purpose of Napoleon to permit this union of forces.

On the 5th of July, at ten o'clock at night, the French began to cross from the islands in the Danube to the left-hand bank.[2] Gun-boats, prepared for the purpose, silenced some of the Austrian batteries; others were avoided, by passing the river out of reach of their fire, which the French were enabled to do by the new and additional bridges they had secretly prepared.

At daylight on the next morning, the archduke had the unpleasing surprise to find the whole French army on the left bank of the Danube, after having turned all the fortifications which he had formed for the purpose of opposing their passage, and which were thus rendered totally useless. The villages of Essling and Enzersdorf had been carried, and the French line of battle was formed upon the extremity of the archduke's left wing, menacing

[1] [Nineteenth Bulletin of the French army; Jomini, t. iii. p. 248; Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 105.]

[2] ["The island of Lobau was a second valley of Jehosaphat; men who had been six years asunder met here on the banks of the Danube for the first time since that long separation; 150,000 infantry, 750 pieces of cannon, and 300 squadrons of cavalry, constituted the Emperor's army."—Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 109.]

him, of course, both in flank and rear. The Archduke Charles endeavoured to remedy the consequences of this surprise by outflanking the French right, while the French made a push to break the centre of the Austrian line, the key of which position was the village of Wagram. Wagram was taken and retaken, and only one house remained, which was occupied by the Archduke Charles, when night closed the battle, which had been bloody and indecisive. Courier after courier were despatched to the Archduke John, to hasten his advance.

On the next day, being the 6th July, was fought the dreadful battle of Wagram, in which, it is said, that the Archduke Charles committed the great military error of extending his lines, and weakening his centre. His enemy was too alert not to turn such an error to profit. Lauriston, with a hundred pieces of cannon, and Macdonald,[1] at the head of a chosen division, charged the Austrians in the centre, and broke through it. Napoleon himself showed all his courage and talents, and was ever in the hottest of the action, though the appearance of his retinue drew on him showers of grape, by which he was repeatedly endangered.[2]

[1] ["On the day after the battle, Napoleon, on passing by Macdonald, held out his hand to him, saying, 'Shake hands, Macdonald—no more enmity between us—we must henceforth be friends; and, as a pledge of my sincerity, I will send you your marshal's staff, which you so gloriously earned in yesterday's battle.'"—Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 128.]

[2] ["Out of seventy-two hours of the 4th, 5th, and 6th July, the Emperor was at least sixty hours on horseback. In the heighth of the danger, he rode in front of the line upon a horse as white as snow (it was called the Euphrates, and had been sent to him as a present from the Sophi of Persia). He proceeded

At length the Austrian army seems to have fallen into disorder; the left wing, in particular, conducted itself ill; cries of alarm were heard, and the example of precipitate flight was set by those who should have been the last to follow it, when given by others. The French took twenty thousand prisoners; and so complete was the discomfiture, that, though the Archduke John came up with a part of his army before the affair was quite over, so little chance was there of redeeming the day, that he was glad to retire from the field unnoticed by the enemy.[1]

All hope of farther resistance was now abandoned by the Austrian princes and government; and they concluded an armistice with Buonaparte at Znaim, by which they agreed to evacuate the Tyrol, and put the citadels of Brunn and Gratz into the hands of Napoleon, as pledges for their sincerity in desiring a peace.[2]

With this armistice sunk all the hopes of the gallant Tyrolese, and of the German insurgents, who had sought by force of arms to recover the independence of their country. But the appearance of these patriots on the stage, though productive of no immediate result of importance, is worthy of particular notice as indicative of a recovery of national spirit, and of an awakening from that cold

from one extremity of the line to the other, and returned at a slow pace: it will easily be believed, that shots were flying about him in every direction. I kept behind, with my eyes riveted upon him, expecting at every moment to see him drop from his horse."—SAVARY, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 120.]

[1] [Twenty-fifth Bulletin; Jomini, t. iii. p. 267; Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 117.]

[2] [Twenty-seventh Bulletin.]

and passive slavery of mind, which makes men as patient under a change of masters, as the dull animal who follows with indifference any person who has the end of his halter in his hand. We, therefore, referring to what we have said of the revival of public feeling in Germany, have briefly to notice the termination of the expeditions of Schill and the Duke of Brunswick, together with the insurrection of the Tyrolese.

The career of the gallant Schill had long since closed. After traversing many parts of Germany, he had failed in augmenting his little force of about 5000 men, against whom Jerome Buonaparte had assembled a large army from all points. In his marches and skirmishes, Schill displayed great readiness, courage, and talent; but so great were the odds against him, that men looked on, wondered, and praised his courage, without daring to espouse his cause. Closely pursued, and often nearly surrounded, by bodies of Dutch, of Westphalians, and of Danes, Schill was at length obliged to throw himself into some defensive position, where he might wait the assistance of Great Britain, either to prosecute his adventure, or to effect his escape from the Continent. The town of Stralsund presented facilities for this purpose, and, suddenly appearing before it on the 25th of May, he took possession of the place; repaired, as well as he could, its ruined fortifications, and there resolved to make a stand.

But the French saw the necessity of treading out this spark, which might so easily have excited a conflagration. A large force of Dutch and Danish

troops advanced to Stralsund on the 31st May, and in their turn forced their way into the place. Schill, with his brave companions, drew up in the market-place, and made a most desperate defence, which might even have been a successful one, had not Schill himself fallen, relieved by death from the yoke of the oppressor. The King of Prussia had from the beginning disavowed Schill's enterprise; and when the capture of Vienna rendered the Austrian cause more hopeless, he issued a proclamation against him and his followers, as outlaws. Availing themselves of this disavowal and denunciation, the victorious French and their vassals proceeded to inflict on the officers of Schill the doom due to unauthorized robbers and pirates—a doom which, since the days of Wallace and Llewellyn, has been frequently inflicted by oppressors on those by whom their tyranny has been resisted.

Schill's career was nearly ended ere that of the Duke of Brunswick began. Had it been possible for them to have formed a junction, the result of either enterprise might have been more fortunate. The young duke, while he entered into alliance with Austria, and engaged to put himself at the head of a small flying army, declined to take rank in the Imperial service, or appear in the capacity of one of their generals. He assumed the more dignified character of a son, bent to revenge his father's death; of a Prince of the Empire, determined to recover by the sword the inheritance of which he had been forcibly deprived by the invasion of strangers. Neither his talents nor his actions were unequal to the part which he assumed. He defeated

the Saxons repeatedly, and showed much gallantry and activity. But either from the character of the Austrian general, Am Endé, who should have co-operated with the duke, or from some secret jealousy of an ally who aspired to personal independence, the assistance which the duke should have received from the Austrians was always given tardily, and sometimes altogether withheld at the moment of utmost need.[1]

Nevertheless, the Duke of Brunswick occupied, temporarily, Dresden, Leipsic, Lindenau—compelled the intrusive King of Westphalia to retreat, and at the date of the armistice of Znaim, was master of a considerable part of Franconia. There, of course, terminated the princely adventurer's career of success, as he was, in consequence of the terms of that convention, entirely abandoned by the Austrian armies. Being then at Schleitz, a town in Upper Saxony, the Duke of Brunswick, instead of listening to the timid counsellors who advised him to capitulate with some one of the generals commanding the numerous enemies that surrounded him, resolved to cut his way through them, or die in the attempt, rather than tamely lay down the arms he had assumed for the purpose of avenging his father's death and the oppression of his country.

Deserted by many of his officers, the brave prince persevered in his purpose, dispersed some bodies of cavalry that lay in his way, and marched upon Halberstadt, which he found in possession of

[1] [Le Royaume de Westphalie, par un Témoin Oculaire, p. 66 ; Mémoires de Rapp, p. 123.]

some Westphalian infantry, who had halted there for the purpose of forming a junction with the French general Reubel. Determined to attack this body before they could accomplish their purpose, the duke stormed the gates of the place, routed the Westphalians, and made prisoners upwards of sixteen-hundred men; while the citizens welcomed him with shouts of "Long live the Duke of Brunswick!—Success to the sable Yagers!"

From Halberstadt he proceeded to Wolfenbuttel, and thence to Brunswick, the capital of his father's states, and of his own patrimony. The hopeless state in which they saw their young duke arrive, did not prevent the citizens from offering their respect and their services, though certain that in doing so they were incurring the heavy hatred of those, who would be again in possession of the government within a very short period.

The duke left his hereditary dominions the next day, amid the regrets of the inhabitants, openly testified by gestures, good wishes, and tears; and forcing his way to the shores of the Baltic, through many dangers, had at length the good fortune to embark his Black Legion for Britain, undishonoured by submission to the despot who had destroyed his father's house. His life, rescued probably from the scaffold, was reserved to be laid down in paving the way for that great victory, in which the arms of Germany and of Brunswick were fully avenged.[1]

The defence of the Tyrol, which fills a passage in history as heroic as that which records the ex-

[1] [Le Royaume de Westphalie, par un Témoin Oculaire; Jomini, t. iii. p. 287.]

ploits of William Tell, was also virtually decided by the armistice of Znaim. Not that this gallant people abandoned their cause, because the Austrians, in whose behalf they had taken arms, had withdrawn their forces, and yielded them up to their fate. In the month of July, an army 40,000 French and Bavarians attacked the Tyrol from the German side; while from Italy, General Rusca, with 18,000 men, entered from Clagenfurth, on the eastern side of the Tyrolese Alps. Undismayed by this double and formidable invasion, they assailed the invaders as they penetrated into their fastnesses, defeated and destroyed them. The fate of a division of 10,000 men belonging to the French and Bavarian army, which entered the Upper Innthal, or Valley of the Inn, will explain in part the means by which these victories were obtained.

The invading troops advanced in a long column up a road bordered on the one side by the river Inn, there a deep and rapid torrent, where cliffs of immense height overhang both road and river. The vanguard was permitted to advance unopposed as far as Prutz, the object of their expedition. The rest of the army were therefore induced to trust themselves still deeper in this tremendous pass, where the precipices, becoming more and more narrow as they advanced, seemed about to close above their heads. No sound but of the screaming of the eagles disturbed from their eyries, and the roar of the river, reached the ears of the soldier, and on the precipices, partly enveloped in a lazy mist, no human forms showed themselves.

At length the voice of a man was heard calling across the ravine, "Shall we begin?"—"No," was returned in an authoritative tone of voice, by one who, like the first speaker, seemed the inhabitant of some upper region. The Bavarian detachment halted, and sent to the general for orders; when presently was heard the terrible signal, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose!". Huge rocks, and trunks of trees, long prepared and laid in heaps for the purpose, began now to descend rapidly in every direction, while the deadly fire of the Tyrolese, who never throw away a shot, opened from every bush, crag, or corner of rock, which could afford the shooter cover. As this dreadful attack was made on the whole line at once, two-thirds of the enemy were instantly destroyed; while the Tyrolese, rushing from their shelter, with swords, spears, axes, scythes, clubs, and all other rustic instruments which could be converted into weapons, beat down and routed the shattered remainder. As the vanguard, which had reached Prutz, was obliged to surrender, very few of the ten thousand invaders are computed to have extricated themselves from the fatal pass.

But not all the courage of the Tyrolese, not all the strength of their country, could possibly enable them to defend themselves, when the peace with Austria had permitted Buonaparte to engage his whole immense means for the acquisition of these mountains. Austria too—Austria herself, in whose cause they had incurred all the dangers of war, instead of securing their indemnity by some stipulations in the treaty, sent them a cold exhortation

to lay down their arms. Resistance, therefore, was abandoned as fruitless; Hofer, chief commander of the Tyrolese, resigned his command, and the Bavarians regained the possession of a country which they could never have won back by their own efforts. Hofer, and about thirty chiefs of these valiant defenders of their country, were put to death, in poor revenge for the loss their bravery had occasioned. But their fame, as their immortal spirit, was beyond the power of the judge alike and executioner; and the place where their blood was shed, becomes sacred to the thoughts of freedom, as the precincts of a temple to those of religion.[1]

Buonaparte was particularly aware of the danger around him from that display of national spirit, which, commencing in Spain, exhibited itself in the undertakings of Schill and the Duke of Brunswick, and blazed forth in the defence of the Tyrol. He well knew the character of these insurrections to be awful indications, that in future wars he would not only have the enmity of the governments to encounter, but the hatred of the people; not merely the efforts of the mercenary soldier, whose power may be great, yet can always be calculated, but the resistance of the population at large, which cannot be made subject to any exact means of computation, and which amid disorder, and even flight, often finds a road to safety and to revenge.

It was Napoleon's policy, of course, to place in an odious and false point of view, every call which the sovereigns of Europe made on the people of

[1] [Geschichte Andreas Hofer, Leipsic, 1817; Jomini, t. iii. p. 290; Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p 143.]

that continent, exciting them to rise in their own defence, and stop the French plan of extended and universal dominion. Every summons of this kind he affected to regard with horror, as including Jacobinical and anti-social principles, and tending to bring back all the worst horrors of the French Revolution. There is a very curious paper in the *Moniteur*, upon the promises of liberty, and exhortations to national union and national vengeance, which were circulated at this period in Germany. These were compared with the cries of Liberty and Equality, with which the French Republicans, in the early days of the Revolution, sapped the defences and seduced the feelings of the nations whom they afterwards attacked, having made their democratic doctrines the principal means to pave the way for the success of their arms. The *Moniteur*, therefore, treats such attempts to bring the people forward in the national defence, as similar to the use of poisoned weapons, or other resources inconsistent with the laws of civilized war. General Pelet,[1] also, the natural admirer of the sovereign whose victories he had shared, has the same sacred horror at invoking the assistance of a nation at large to defend its independence. He inveighs vehemently against the inexpedience and the impolicy, nay, the ingratitude, of lawful princes employing revolutionary movements against Napoleon, by whom the French Revolution, with all the evils which its duration boded to existing monarchies, had been finally ended. He asks, what would have been

[1] [Mémoires sur la Guerre de 1809.]

the state of the world, had Napoleon in his turn inflamed the popular feelings, and excited the common people, by democratical reasoning, against the existing governments? a sort of reprisals which he is stated to have held in conscientious horror. And the cause of civilisation and good order is invoked, as endangered by a summons to a population to arm themselves against foreign invasion. These observations, which are echoes of expressions used by Napoleon himself, belong closely to our subject, and require some examination.

In the first place, we totally deny that an invitation to the Spanish, the Tyrolese, or the Germans, or any other people, whom a victorious enemy has placed under a foreign yoke, has any thing whatever in common with the democratic doctrines which instigated the lower classes, during the French Revolution, to plunder the rich, banish the distinguished, and murder the loyal and virtuous.

Next, we must point out the extreme inconsistency betwixt the praise assigned to Napoleon as the destroyer of revolutionary practices, the friend and supporter of tottering thrones, and that which is at the same time claimed for him by himself and his advocates, as the actual Messias of the principles of the said Revolution, whose name was to be distinguished by posterity, as being connected with it.[1] Where could be the sense, or propriety, or consistency, of such a rant as the following, in the

[1] ["Sir Walter confounds the object of the Revolution with its horrors. Napoleon may well have said uncontradicted, 'that from him would date the era of representative governments'—that is to say, of monarchical governments, but founded upon the

mouth of one, who, provoked by the example of the allies to appeal to revolutionary principles, yet considered them as too criminal and too dangerous to be actually resorted to in retaliation?—"The great principles of our Revolution, these great and beautiful truths, must abide for ever; so much have we interwoven them with glory, with monuments, with prodigies. Issued from the bosom of the French tribune; decorated with the laurels of victory; greeted with the acclamations of the people, &c. &c. &c. they must ever govern. They will be the faith, the religion, the morality, of all nations in the universe. And that memorable era, whatever can be said to the contrary, will ally itself with me; for it was I who held aloft the torch, and consecrated the principles of that epoch, and whom persecution now renders its victim." Surely these pretensions, which are the expressions of Napoleon himself, are not to be reconciled with his alleged regard to the preservation of the ancient governments of Europe, and the forbearance for which he claims credit, in having refused to employ against

laws. He might have added, without contradiction or exaggeration, that he had put an end to the atrocities of the Revolution and to popular fury, the renewal of which he prevented. Impartial posterity will, perhaps, reproach my brother with not having kept an even way between the weakness of Louis XVI. and an inflexible firmness: it will reproach him with not having confided the preservation of the rights and the newly-obtained advantages of the nation to fundamental and stable laws, instead of making them rest on his own existence: but I am greatly deceived if it will confirm the predictions of Sir Walter. I believe that it will divide the good and the advantages of the French Revolution from its excesses and horrors, the end and suppression of which it will attribute to Napoleon."—Louis Buonaparte, p. 58.]

these tottering thrones the great lever of the Revolution.

But the truth is, that no such forbearance existed; for Buonaparte, like more scrupulous conquerors, failed not to make an advantage to himself of whatever civil dissensions existed in the nations with whom he was at war, and was uniformly ready to support or excite insurrections in his enemy's country. His communications with the disaffected in Ireland, and in Poland, are sufficiently public; his intrigues in Spain had their basis in exciting the people against their feudal lords and royal family; and, to go no farther than this very war, during which it was pretended he had abstained from all revolutionary practices against the Austrians, he published the following address to the people of Hungary:—"Hungarians, the moment is come to revive your independence. I offer you peace, the integrity of your territory, the inviolability of your constitutions, whether of such as are in actual existence, or of those which the spirit of the time may require. I ask nothing from you; I only desire to see your nation free and independent. Your union with Austria has made your misfortune; your blood has flowed for her in distant regions; and your dearest interests have always been sacrificed to those of the Austrian hereditary estates. You form the finest part of the empire of Austria, yet you are treated as a province. You have national manners, a national language, you boast an ancient and illustrious origin. Reassume then your existence as a nation. Have a king of your own choice, who will reside

amongst you, and reign for you alone. Unite yourselves in a national Diet in the fields of Racos, after the manner of your ancestors, and make me acquainted with your determination."

After reading this exhortation, it will surely not be believed, that he by whom it was made felt any scruple at exciting to insurrection the subjects of an established government. If the precise language of republican France be not made use of, it must be considered, first, that no one would have believed him, had he, the destroyer of the French republic, professed, in distinct terms, his purpose to erect commonwealths elsewhere; secondly, that the republican language might have excited recollections in his own army, and among his own forces, which it would have been highly imprudent to have recalled to their mind.

The praise so gratuitously assumed for his having refused to appeal to the governed against the governors, is, therefore, in the first place, founded on an inaccurate statement of the facts; and, next, so far as it is real, Napoleon's forbearance has no claim to be imputed to a respect for the rights of government, or a regard for the established order of society, any more than the noble spirit of patriotism and desire of national independence, which distinguished Schill, Hofer, and their followers, ought to be confounded with the anti-social doctrines of those stern demagogues, whose object was rapine, and their sufficing argument the guillotine.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Conduct of Russia and England during the war with Austria.—Meditated Expedition of British Troops to the Continent—Sent to Walcheren—Its Calamitous Details and Result.—Proceedings of Napoleon with regard to the Pope.—General Miollis enters Rome.—Napoleon publishes a Decree, uniting the States of the Church to the French Empire—Is Excommunicated.—Pius VII is banished from Rome, and sent to Grenoble—afterwards brought back to Savona.—Buonaparte is attacked by an Assassin.—Definitive Treaty of Peace signed at Schoenbrun.—Napoleon returns to France on the 14th November, 1809.

The particular conditions of the peace with Austria were not adjusted until the 14th October, 1809, although the armistice was signed nearly three months before. We avail ourselves of the interval to notice other remarkable events, which happened during this eventful summer; and first, we must briefly revert to the conduct of Russia and England during the war.

Notwithstanding the personal friendship betwixt the Emperors Alexander and Napoleon—notwithstanding their engagements entered into at Tilsit, and so lately revived at Erfurt, it seems to have been impossible to engage Russia heartily as an ally of Napoleon, in a war which had the destruc-

tion or absolute humiliation of Austria. The Court of St Petersburg had, it is true, lost no time in securing the advantages which had been stipulated for Russia in the conferences alluded to. Finland had been conquered, torn from Sweden, to which the province had so long belonged, and united with Russia, to whom it furnished a most important frontier and barrier.[1] Russia was also, with connivance of France, making war on the Porte, in order to enlarge her dominions by the addition of Moldavia and Wallachia. But though the Court of St Petersburg had gained one of these advantages, and was in a way of obtaining the other, the Russian Ministers saw with anxiety the impending fate of Austria, the rather that they themselves were bound by treaty to lend their aid for her destruction. We have seen that Russia had interposed to prevent the war. She was now unwillingly compelled to take part in it; yet when Prince Galatzin marched into Gallicia at the head of 30,000 Russians, the manifesto which he published could be hardly termed that of a hostile nation. The Emperor, it stated, had done all in his power to prevent things from coming to this extremity; but now, the war having actually broken out, he was bound by the faith of treaties to send the stipulated number of auxiliaries.[2] The motions of this body of Russians were slow, and their conduct in the Austrian dominions rather that of allies than enemies. Some of the Russian officers of rank avowed

[1] [See Russian Proclamation to the inhabitants of Finland, Feb. 18, 1808; Annual Register, vol. L. p. 301.]

[2] [Annual Register, vol. L. p. 759.]

their politics to be in direct opposition to those of the Emperor, and declared that three-fourths of the generals commanding territorial divisions in Russia were of their opinion. These expressions, with the unusual slowness and lenity just alluded to, were for the present passed over without remark, but were recorded and remembered as matter of high offence, when Napoleon thought that the time was come to exact from Russia a severe account for every thing in which she had disappointed his expectations.

The exertions of England, at the same period, were of a nature and upon a scale to surprise the world. It seemed as if her flag literally overshadowed the whole seas on the coasts of Italy, Spain, the Ionian Islands, the Baltic Sea. Wherever there was the least show of resistance to the yoke of Buonaparte, the assistance of the English was appealed to, and was readily afforded. In Spain, particularly, the British troops, led by a general whose name began soon to be weighed against those of the best French commanders, displayed their usual gallantry under auspices which no longer permitted it to evaporate in actions of mere eclat.

Yet the British administration, while they had thus embraced a broader and more adventurous, but at the same time a far wiser system of conducting the war, showed in one most important instance, that they, or a part of them, were not entirely free from the ancient prejudices, which had so long rendered vain the efforts of Britain in favour of the liberties of the world. The general

principle was indeed adopted, that the expeditions of Britain should be directed where they could do the cause of Europe the most benefit, and the interests of Napoleon the greatest harm; but still there remained a lurking wish that they could be so directed, as, at the same time, to acquire some peculiar and separate advantage to England, and to secure the accomplishment of what was called a British object. Some of the English ministers might thus be said to resemble the ancient converts from Judaism, who, in embracing the Christian faith, still held themselves bound by the ritual, and fettered by the prejudices of the Jewish people, separated as they were from the rest of mankind.

It is no wonder that the voice of what is in reality selfishness, is listened to in national councils with more respect than it deserves, since in that case it wears the mask and speaks the language of a species of patriotism, against which it can only be urged, that it is too exclusive in its zeal. Its effects, however, are not the less to be regretted, as disabling strong minds, and misleading wise men; of which the history of Britain affords but too many instances.

Besides the forces already in the Peninsula, Britain had the means of disposing of, and the will to send to the continent, 40,000 men, with a fleet of thirty-five ships of the line, and twenty frigates, to assist on any point where their services could have been useful. Such an armament on the coast of Spain might have brought to a speedy decision the long and bloody contest in that country, saved much British blood, which the protracted war

wasted, and struck a blow, the effects of which, as that of Trafalgar, Buonaparte might have felt on the banks of the Danube. Such an armament, if sent to the north of Germany, ere the destruction of Schill and the defeat of the Duke of Brunswick's enterprise, might have been the means of placing all the northern provinces in active opposition to France, by an effort for which the state of the public mind was already prepared. A successful action would even have given spirits to Prussia, and induced that depressed kingdom to resume the struggle for her independence. In a word, Britain might have had the honour of kindling the same flame, which, being excited by Russia in 1813, was the means of destroying the French influence in Germany, and breaking up the Confederation of the Rhine.

Unhappily, neither of these important objects seemed to the planners of this enterprise to be connected in a manner sufficiently direct, with objects exclusively interesting to Britain. It was therefore agreed, that the expedition should be sent against the strong fortresses, swampy isles, and dangerous coasts of the Netherlands, in order to seek for dock-yards to be destroyed, and ships to be carried of. Antwerp was particularly aimed at. But, although Napoleon attached great importance to the immense naval yards and docks which he had formed in the Scheldt, yet, weighed with the danger and difficulty of an attack upon them, the object of destroyng them seems to have been very inadequate. Admitting that Buonaparte might succeed in building ships in the Scheldt,

or elsewhere, there was no possibility, in the existing state of the world, that he could have been able to get sailors to man them; unless, at least, modern seamen could have been bred on dry land, like the crews of the Roman galleys during the war with Carthage. If even the ships could have been manned, it would have been long ere Napoleon, with his utmost exertions, could have brought out of the Scheldt such a fleet as would not have been defeated by half their own numbers of British ships. The dangers arising to Britain from the naval establishments in the Scheldt were remote, nor was the advantage of destroying them, should such destruction be found possible, commensurate with the expense and hazard of the enterprise which was directed against them. Besides, before Antwerp could be attacked, the islands of Beveland and Walcheren were to be taken possession of, and a long amphibious course of hostilities was to be maintained, to enable the expedition to reach the point where alone great results were expected.

The commander-in-chief was the Earl of Chatham, who, inheriting the family talents of his father, the great minister, was remarkable for a spirit of inactivity and procrastination, the consequences of which had been felt in all the public offices which he held, and which, therefore, were likely to be peculiarly fatal in an expedition requiring the utmost celerity and promptitude of action. It is remarkable, that though these points in Lord Chatham's character were generally known, the public voice at the time, in deference to the talents

which distinguished his house, did not censure the nomination.

Upon the 30th of July, the English disembarked on the islands of South Beveland and Walcheren; on the 1st of August they attacked Flushing, the principal place in the neighbourhood, by land and sea. On the 15th of August, the place surrendered, and its garrison, four or five thousand men strong, were sent prisoners of war to England. But here the success of the British ended. The French, who had at first been very much alarmed, had time to recover from their consternation. Fouché, then at the head of the police, and it may be said of the government, (for he exercised for the time the power of minister of the interior,) showed the utmost readiness in getting under arms about 40,000 national guards, to replace the regular soldiers, of which the Low Countries had been drained. In awakening the military ardour of the citizens of France, in which he succeeded to an unusual degree, Fouché made use of these expressions:—"Let Europe see, that if the genius of Napoleon gives glory to France, still his presence is not necessary to enable her to repel her enemies from her soil." This phrase expressed more independence than was agreeable to Napoleon, and was set down as intimating a self-sufficiency, which counterbalanced the services of the minister.[1]

Neither did Fouché's selection of a military chief to command the new levies, prove more acceptable.

[1] [Mémoires de Fouché, t. i. p. 337.]

Bernadotte, whom we have noticed as a general of republican fame, had been, at the time of Buonaparte's elevation, opposed to his interests, and attached to those of the Directory. Any species of rivalry, or pretence of dispute betwixt them, was long since ended; yet still Bernadotte was scarce accounted an attached friend of the Emperor, though he was in some sort connected with the house of Napoleon, having married a sister-in-law of Joseph, the intrusive King of Spain.[1] In the campaign of Vienna, which we have detailed, Bernadotte, (created Prince of Ponte Corvo,) commanded a division of Saxons, and had incurred Buonaparte's censure more than once, and particularly at the battle of Wagram, for the slowness of his movements. The Prince of Ponte Corvo came, therefore, to Paris in a sort of disgrace, where Fouché, in conjunction with Clarke, the minister at war, invited him to take on himself the defence of Antwerp. Bernadotte hesitated to accept the charge; but having at length done so, he availed himself of the time afforded by the English to put the place in a complete state of defence, and assembled within, and under its walls, above thirty thousand men. The country was inundated by opening the sluices; strong batteries were erected on both sides of the Scheldt, and the ascending that river became almost impossible.[2]

[1] [In 1798, Bernadotte married Eugénie Cléry, the daughter of a considerable merchant at Marseilles, and sister to Julia, the wife of Joseph Buonaparte.]

[2] ["It was not Bernadotte whom Cambêcérès and the Duke of Feltre requested to undertake the defence of Antwerp; but it

The British naval and military officers also disagreed among themselves, as often happens where difficulties multiply, and there appears no presiding spirit to combat and control them. The final objects of the expedition were therefore abandoned; the navy returned to the English ports, and the British forces were concentrated,—for what reason, or with what expectation, it is difficult to see,—in that fatal conquest, the isle of Walcheren. Among the marches, stagnant canals, and unwholesome trenches of this island, there broods continually, a fever of a kind deeply pestilential and malignant, and which, like most maladies of the same description, is more destructive to strangers than to the natives, whose constitutions become by habit proof against its ravages. This dreadful disease broke out among our troops with the force of a pestilence, and besides the numerous victims who died on the spot, shattered, in many cases for ever, the constitution of the survivors. The joy with which Napoleon saw the army of his enemy thus consigned to an obscure and disgraceful death, broke out even in his bulletins, as if the pestilence under which they fell had been caused by his own policy, and was not the consequence of the climate, and of the ill-advised delay which prevented our

was I who received several couriers on this subject, and who in fact took the command of the combined army, sufficiently in time to prevent the English surprising Antwerp, as they already had done Walcheren. It was I who flooded the borders of the Scheldt, and erected batteries there. Bernadotte arrived a fortnight afterwards, and in pursuance of the orders of Napoleon and Clarke, which were officially communicated to me, I resigned the command to him."—Louis Buonaparte, p. 60.]

soldiers being withdrawn from it. "We are rejoiced," he said, in a letter to the minister at war, "to see that the English have packed themselves in the morasses of Zealand. Let them be only kept in check, and the bad air and fevers peculiar to the country will soon destroy their army." At length, after the loss of more lives than would have been wasted in three general battles, the fortifications of Flushing were blown up, and the British forces returned to their own country.[1]

The evil consequences of this expedition did not end even here. The mode in which it had been directed and conducted, introduced dissensions into the British Cabinet, which occasioned the temporary secession of one of the most able and most eloquent of its members, Mr George Canning, who was thus withdrawn from public affairs when his talents could be least spared by the country. On the other hand, the appointment of Marquis Wellesley to the situation of secretary at war, gave, in the estimation of the public, a strong pledge that the efficient measures suggested by the talents of that noble statesman, would be supported and carried through by his brother Sir Arthur, to whom alone, as a general, the army and the people began to look with hope and confidence.

While England was thus exerting herself, Buonaparte, from the castle of Schoenbrun, under the walls of Vienna, was deciding the fate of the continent on every point where British influence had

[1] [See Papers relating to the expedition to the Scheldt, Parliamentary Debates, vol. xv. Appendix; and Annual Register, vol. L. pp. 543, 546, 559.]

no means of thwarting him. One of the revolutions which cost him little effort to accomplish, yet which struck Europe with surprise, by the numerous recollections which it excited, was his seizure of the city of Rome, and the territories of the Church, and depriving the Pope of his character of a temporal prince.

It must be allowed, by the greatest admirers of Napoleon, that his policy, depending less upon principle than upon existing circumstances, was too apt to be suddenly changed, as opportunity or emergency seemed to give occasion. There could, for example, be scarce a measure of his reign adopted on more deep and profound consideration than that of the Concordat, by which he re-established the national religion of France, and once more united that country to the Catholic Church. In reward for this great service, Pope Pius VII., as we have seen, had the unusual complaisance to cross the Alps, and visit Paris, for the sake of adding religious solemnity, and the blessing of St Peter's successor, to the ceremony of Napoleon's coronation. It might have been thought that a friendship thus cemented, and which, altogether essential to the safety of the Pope, was far from indifferent to the interests of Buonaparte, ought to have subsisted undisturbed, at least for some years. But the Emperor and Pontiff stood in a suspicious attitude with respect to each other. Pius VII. felt that he had made, in his character of chief of the church, very great concessions to Napoleon, and such as he could hardly reconcile to the tenderness of his own conscience. He, therefore, expected

gratitude in proportion to the scruples which he had surmounted, while Buonaparte was far from rating the services of his Holiness so high, or sympathizing with his conscientious scruples.

Besides, the Pope, in surrendering the rights of the Church in so many instances, must have felt that he was acting under motives of constraint, and in the character of a prisoner; for he had sacrificed more than had been yielded by any prelate who had held the see of Rome, since the days of Constantine. He may therefore have considered himself, not only as doubly bound to secure what remained of the authority of his predecessors, but even at liberty, should opportunity offer, to reclaim some part of that which he had unwillingly yielded up. Thus circumstanced in respect to each other, Pius VII. felt that he had done more in complaisance to Buonaparte than he could justify to his conscience; while Napoleon, who considered the reunion of France to Rome, in its spiritual relations, as entirely his own work, thought it of such consequence as to deserve greater concessions than his Holiness had yet granted.

The Pope, on his first return to Italy, showed favourable prepossessions for Napoleon, whom he commemorated in his address to the College of Cardinals, as that mighty Emperor of France, whose name extended to the most remote regions of the earth; whom Heaven had used as the means of reviving religion in France, when it was at the lowest ebb; and whose courtesies towards his own person, and compliance with his requests, merited his highest regard and requital. Yet Napoleon

complained, that subsequent to this period, Pius VII. began by degrees to receive counsel from the enemies of France, and that he listened to advisers, who encouraged him to hold the rights of the Church higher than the desire to gratify the Emperor. Thus a suppressed and unavowed, but perpetual struggle took place, and was carried on betwixt the Emperor and the Pope; the former desirous to extend and consolidate his recent authority, the latter to defend what remained of the ancient privileges of the Church.

It is probable, however, that, had there been only spiritual matters in discussion between them, Napoleon would have avoided an open rupture with the Holy Father, to which he was conscious much scandal would attach. But in the present situation of Italy, the temporal states of the Pope furnished a strong temptation for his ambition. These extend, as is well known, betwixt the kingdom of Naples, then governed by Joachim Murat, and the northern Italian provinces, all of which, by the late appropriation of Tuscany, were now amalgamated into one state, and had become, under the name of the kingdom of Italy, a part of the dominions of Buonaparte. Thus the patrimony of the Church was the only portion of the Italian peninsula which was not either directly, or indirectly, under the empire of France; and, as it divided the Neapolitan dominions from those of Napoleon, it afforded facilities for descents of British troops, either from Sicily or Sardinia, and, what Buonaparte was not less anxious to prevent, great opportunities for the importation of English

commodities. The war with Austria in 1809, and the large army which the Archduke John then led into Italy, and with which, but for the defeat at Eckmühl, he might have accomplished great changes, rendered the independence of the Roman States the subject of still greater dislike and suspicion to Buonaparte.

His ambassador, therefore, had instructions to press on the Pope the necessity of shutting his ports against British commerce, and adhering to the continental system; together with the further decisive measure, of acceding to the confederacy formed between the kingdom of Italy and that of Naples, or, in other words, becoming a party to the war against Austria and England. Pius VII. reluctantly submitted to shut his ports, but he positively refused to become a party to the war. He was, he said, the father of all Christian nations; he could not, consistently with that character, become the enemy of any.[1]

Upon receiving this refusal, Buonaparte would no longer keep terms with him; and, in order, as he said, to protect himself against the inconveniences which he apprehended from the pertinacity of the Holy Father, he caused the towns of Ancona and Civita Vecchia to be occupied by French troops, which were necessarily admitted when there were no means of resistance.

This act of aggression, to which the Pope might have seen it prudent to submit without remon-

[1] [See Declaration of the Pope against the usurpations of Napoleon, dated May 19, 1808; Annual Register, vol. L. p. 314.]

strance, as to what he could not avoid, would probably have sufficiently answered all the immediate purposes of Buonaparte; nor would he, it may be supposed, have incurred the further scandal of a direct and irreconcilable breach with Pius VII., but for recollections, that Rome had been the seat of empire over the Christian world, and that the universal sovereignty to which he aspired, would hardly be thought to exist in the full extent of majesty which he desired to attach to it, unless the ancient capital of the world made a part of his dominions. Napoleon was himself an Italian,[1] and showed his sense of his origin by the particular care which he always took of that nation, where whatever benefits his administrations conferred on the people, reached them both more profusely and

[1] ["Napoleon was of Italian origin, but he was born a Frenchman. It is difficult to comprehend for what purpose are those continual repetitions of his Italian origin. His partiality for Italy was natural enough, since he had conquered it, and this beautiful peninsula was a trophy of the national glory, of which Sir Walter Scott allows Napoleon to have been very jealous. I nevertheless doubt whether he had the intention of uniting Italy, and making Rome its capital. Many of my brother's actions contradict the supposition. I was near him one day when he received the report of some victories in Spain, and amongst others of one in which the Italian troops had greatly distinguished themselves. One of the persons who were with him exclaimed, at this news—that the Italians would show themselves worthy of obtaining their independence, and it was to be desired that the whole of Italy should be united into one national body. 'Heaven forbid it!' exclaimed Napoleon, with involuntary emotion, 'they would soon be masters of the Gauls.' Amongst all the calumnies heaped against him, there are none more unjust than those which attack his patriotism: he was essentially French, indeed, too exclusively so; for all excess is bad."—Louis Buonaparte, p. 62.]

more directly than in any other part of his empire. That swelling spirit entertained the proud, and, could it have been accomplished consistently with justice, the noble idea, of uniting the beautiful peninsula of Italy into one kingdom, of which Rome should once more be the capital. He also nourished the hope of clearing out the Eternal City from the ruins in which she was buried, of preserving her ancient monuments, and of restoring what was possible of her ancient splendour.[1] Such ideas as these, dearer to Napoleon, because involving a sort of fame which no conquest elsewhere could be attended with, must have had charms for a mind which constant success had palled to the ordinary enjoyment of victory; and no doubt the recollection that the existence of the Pope as a temporal prince was totally inconsistent with this fair dream of the restoration of Rome and Italy, determined his resolution to put an end to his power.

On the 2d February, 1809, General Miollis, with a body of French troops, took possession of Rome itself, disarmed and disbanded the Pope's guard of gentlemen, and sent his other soldiers to the north of Italy, promising them as a boon that they should be no longer under the command of a priest. The French cardinals, or those born in countries occupied by, or subjected to the French, were ordered

[1] ["With regard to the removal of the monuments of antiquity, and to the works undertaken by my brother for their preservation, they were not merely projected; they were not only begun, but even far advanced, and many of them finished." —Louis Buonaparte, p. 63.]

to retire to the various lands of their birth, in order to prevent the Holy Father from finding support in the councils of the conclave. The proposal of his joining the Italian League, offensive and defensive, was then again pressed on the Pope as the only means of reconciliation. He was also urged to cede some portion of the estates of the Church, as the price of securing the rest. On both points, Pius VII. was resolute; he would neither enter into an alliance which he conceived injurious to his conscience, nor consent to spoil the See of any part of its territories. This excellent man knew, that though the temporal strength of the Popedom appeared to be gone, every thing depended on the courage to be manifested by the Pope personally.

At length, on the 17th May, Napoleon published a decree,[1] in which, assuming the character of successor of Charlemagne, he set forth, 1st, That his august predecessor had granted Rome and certain other territories in feoff to the bishops of that city, but without parting with the sovereignty thereof. 2d, That the union of the religious and civil authority had proved the source of constant discord, of which many of the Pontiffs had availed themselves to extend their secular dominion, under pretext of maintaining their religious authority. 3d, That the temporal pretensions of the Pope were irreconcilable with the tranquillity and well-being of the nations whom Napoleon governed; and that all proposals which he had made on the subject had been rejected. Therefore it was decla-

[1] [Published, May 17, at Vienna, and proclaimed in all the public squares, markets, &c., of that capital.]

red by the decree, that the estates of the Church were reunited to the French empire. A few articles followed for the preservation of the classical monuments, for assigning to the Pope a free income of two millions of francs, and for declaring that the property and palace belonging to the See were free of all burdens or right of inspection. Lastly, The decree provided for the interior government of Rome by a Consultum, or Committee of Administrators, to whom was delegated the power of bringing the city under the Italian constitution. A proclamation of the Consultum, issued upon the 10th June, in consequence of the Imperial rescript, declared that the temporal dominion of Rome had passed to Napoleon, but she would still continue to be the residence of the visible Head of the Catholic Church.

It had doubtless been thought possible to persuade the Pope to acquiesce in the annihilation of his secular power, as the Spanish Bourbons were compelled to ratify the usurpation of the Spanish crown, their inheritance. But Pius VII. had a mind of a firmer tenor. In the very night when the proclamation of the new functionaries finally divested him of his temporal principality, the Head of the Church assumed his spiritual weapons, and in the name of God, from whom he claimed authority, by missives drawn up by himself, and sealed with the seal of the Fisherman, declared Napoleon, Emperor of the French, with his adherents, favourers, and counsellors, to have incurred the solemn doom of excommunication, which he pro-

ceeded to launch against them accordingly.[1] To the honour of Pius VII. it must be added, that, different from the bulls which his predecessors used to send forth on similar occasions, the present sentence of excommunication was pronounced exclusively as a spiritual punishment, and contained a clause prohibiting all and any one from so construing its import, as to hold it authority for any attack on the person either of Napoleon or any of his adherents.

The Emperor was highly incensed at the pertinacity and courage of the Pontiff in adopting so bold a measure, and determined on punishing him. In the night betwixt the 5th and 6th of July, the Quirinal palace, in which his Holiness resided, was forcibly entered by soldiers, and General Radet, presenting himself before the Holy Father, demanded that he should instantly execute a renunciation of the temporal estates belonging to the See of Rome. "I ought not—I will not—I cannot make such a cession," said Pius VII. "I have sworn to God to preserve inviolate the possessions of the Holy Church—I will not violate my oath." The general then informed his Holiness he must prepare to quit Rome. "This, then, is the gratitude of your Emperor," exclaimed the aged Pontiff, "for my great condescension towards the Gallican Church, and towards himself? Perhaps in that particular my conduct has been blame-worthy in the eyes of God, and he is now desirous to punish me. I humbly stoop to his divine pleasure."

[1] [Annual Register vol. LI p. 513 Botta, t. iv. p. 394.]

At three o'clock in the morning, the Pope was placed in a carriage, which one cardinal alone was permitted to share with him, and thus forcibly carried from his capital. As they arrived at the gate del Popolo, the general observed it was yet time for his Holiness to acquiesce in the transference of his secular estates. The Pontiff returned a strong negative, and the carriage proceeded.[1]

At Florence, Pius was separated from Cardinal Pacca, the only person of his court who had been hitherto permitted to attend him; and the attendance of General Radet was replaced by that of an officer of gendarmes. After a toilsome journey, partly performed in a litter, and sometimes by torch-light, the aged Pontiff was embarked for Alexandria, and transferred from thence to Mondovi, and then across the Alps to Grenoble.

But the strange sight of the Head of the Catholic church travelling under a guard of gendarmes, with the secrecy and the vigilance used in transporting a state criminal, began to interest the people in the south of France. Crowds assembled to beseech the Holy Father's benediction, perhaps with more sincerity than when, as the guest of Buonaparte, he was received there with all the splendour the Imperial orders could command.

At the end of ten days, Grenoble no longer seemed a fitting place for his Holiness's residence, probably because he excited too much interest, and he was again transported to the Italian side of the Alps, and quartered at Savona. Here, it is said,

[1] [Botta, t. iv. p. 395; Jomini, t. iii. p. 242; Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p 140.]

he was treated with considerable harshness, and for a time at least confined to his apartment. The prefect of Savoy, M. de Chabrol, presented his Holiness with a letter from Napoleon, upbraiding him in strong terms for his wilful obstinacy, and threatening to convoke at Paris a Council of Bishops, with a view to his deposition. "I will lay his threats," said Pius VII., with the firmness which sustained him through his sufferings, "at the foot of the crucifix, and I leave with God the care of avenging my cause, since it has become his own."

The feelings of the Catholics were doubtless enhanced on this extraordinary occasion, by their belief in the sacred, and, it may be said, divine character, indissolubly united with the Head of the Church. But the world, Papist and Protestant, were alike sensible to the outrageous indecency with which an old man, a priest and a sovereign, so lately the friend and guest of Buonaparte, was treated, for no other reason that could be alleged, than to compel him to despoil himself of the territories of the Church, which he had sworn to transmit inviolate to his successors. Upon reflection, Napoleon seems to have become ashamed of the transaction, which he endeavoured to shift from his own shoulders, while in the same breath he apologized for it, as the act of the politician, not the individual.[1]

[1] See Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 12 and 13. He avowed that he himself would have refused, as a man and an officer, to mount guard on the Pope, "whose transportation into France," he added, "was done without my authority." Observing the sur-

Regarded politically, never was any measure devised to which the interest of France and the Emperor was more diametrically opposed. Napoleon nominally gained the city of Rome, which, without this step, it was in his power to occupy at any time; but he lost the support, and incurred the mortal hatred of the Catholic clergy, and of all whom they could influence. He unravelled his own web, and destroyed, by this unjust and rash

prise of Las Cases, he added, "that what he said was very true, together with other things which he would learn by and by. Besides," he proceeded, "you are to distinguish the deeds of a sovereign, who acts collectively, as different from those of an individual, who is restrained by no consideration that prevents him from following his own sentiments. Policy often permits, nay orders, a prince to do that which would be unpardonable in an individual." Of this denial and this apology we shall only say, that the first seems very apocryphal, and the second would justify any crime which Machiavel or Achitophel could invent or recommend. Murat is the person whom the favourers of Napoleon are desirous to load with the violence committed on the Pope. But if Murat had dared to take so much upon himself, would it not have been as King of Naples? and by what warrant could he have transferred the Pontiff from place to place in the north of Italy, and even in France itself, the Emperor's dominions, and not his own? Besides, if Napoleon was, as has been stated, surprised, shocked, and incensed at the captivity of the Pope, why did he not instantly restore him to his liberty, with suitable apologies, and indemnification? His not doing so plainly shows, that if Murat and Radet had not express orders for what they did, they at least knew well it would be agreeable to the Emperor when done, and his acquiescence in their violence is a sufficient proof that they argued justly.

["The Emperor knew nothing of the event until it had occurred; and then it was too late to disown it. He approved of what had been done, established the Pope at Savona, and afterwards united Rome to the French empire, thereby annulling the donation made of it by Charlemagne. This annexation was regretted by all, because every one desired peace."—SAVARY, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 142.]

usurpation, all the merit which he had obtained by the re-establishment of the Gallican church. Before this period he had said of the French clergy, and certainly had some right to use the language, "I have re-established them, I maintain them—they will surely continue attached to me." But in innovating upon their religious creed, in despoiling the Church, and maltreating its visible Head, he had cut the sinews of the league which he had formed betwixt the Church and his own government. It is easy to see the mistaken grounds on which he reckoned. Himself an egotist, Napoleon supposed, that when he had ascertained and secured to any man, or body of men, their own direct advantage in the system which he desired should be adopted, the parties interested were debarred from objecting to any innovations which he might afterwards introduce into that system, providing their own interest was not affected. The priests and sincere Catholics of France, on the other hand, thought, and in conscience could not think otherwise, that the Concordat engaged the Emperor to the preservation of the Catholic Church, as, on the other hand, it engaged them to fealty towards Napoleon. When, therefore, by his unprovoked aggression against the Head of the Church, he had incurred the spiritual censure of excommunication, they held, by consequence, that all their engagements to him were dissolved by his own act.

The natural feelings of mankind acted also against the Emperor. The Pope, residing at Rome in the possession of temporal power and worldly

splendour, was a far less interesting object to a devout imagination, than an old man hurried a prisoner from his capital, transported from place to place like a criminal, and at length detained in an obscure Italian town, under the control of the French police, and their instruments.[1]

The consequences of this false step were almost as injurious as those which resulted from the unprincipled invasion of Spain. To place that kingdom under his more immediate control, Napoleon converted a whole nation of docile allies into irreconcilable enemies; and, for the vanity of adding to the empire of France the ancient capital of the world, he created a revolt in the opinion of the Catholics, which was in the long-run of the utmost prejudice to his authority. The bulls of the Pope, in spite of the attention of the police, and of the numerous arrests and severe punishments inflicted on those who dispersed them, obtained a general circulation; and, by affording a religious motive,

[1] [" In the eyes of Europe, Pius VII. was considered as an illustrious and affecting victim of greedy ambition. A prisoner at Savona, he was despoiled of all his external honours, and shut out from all communication with the cardinals, as well as deprived of all means of issuing bulls and assembling a council. What food for the *petite église*, for the turbulence of some priests, and for the hatred of some devotees! I immediately saw all these leavens would reproduce the secret associations we had with so much difficulty suppressed. In fact, Napoleon, by undoing all that he had hitherto done to calm and conciliate the minds of the people, disposed them in the end to withdraw themselves from his power, and even to ally themselves to his enemies, as soon as they had the courage to show themselves in force."—FOUCHÉ, t i. p. 335.]

enhanced and extended the disaffection to Napoleon, which, unavowed and obscure, began generally to arise against his person and government even in France, from the repeated draughts upon the conscription, the annihilation of commerce, and the other distressing consequences arising out of the measures of a government, which seemed only to exist in war.

While Buonaparte, at Schoenbrun, was thus disposing of Rome and its territories, and weighing in his bosom the alternative of dismembering Austria, or converting her into a friend, his life was exposed to one of those chances, to which despotic princes are peculiarly liable. It had often been predicted, that the dagger of some political or religious enthusiast, who might be willing to deposit his own life in gage for the success of his undertaking, was likely to put a period to Napoleon's extended plans of ambition. Fortunately, men like Felton[1] or Sandt[2] are rarely met with, for the powerful instinct of self-preservation is, in the common case, possessed of influence even over positive lunatics, as well as men of that melancholy and atrabilious temperament, whose dark determination partakes of insanity. Individuals, however, occur from time to time, who are willing to sacrifice their own existence, to accomplish the death of a private or public enemy.

The life of Buonaparte at Schoenbrun was retired and obscure. He scarcely ever visited the

[1] [The assassin of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in 1628.]

[2] [The political fanatic of Jena, who assassinated Kotzebue at Manheim, in 1819.]

city of Vienna;[1] and spent his time as if in the Tuileries, amid his generals, and a part of his ministers, who were obliged to attend him during his military expeditions. His most frequent appearance in public was when reviewing his troops. On one of these occasions [23d Sept.], while a body of the French guard was passing in review, a young man, well dressed, and of the middle rank, rushed suddenly forward, and attempted to plunge a long sharp knife, or poniard, in Napoleon's bosom. Berthier threw himself betwixt his master and the assassin, and Rapp made the latter prisoner. On his examination, the youth evinced the coolness of a fanatic. He was a native of Erfurt, son of a Lutheran clergyman, well educated, and of a decent condition in life. He avowed his purpose to have killed Napoleon, as called to the task by God, for the liberation of his country. No intrigue or correspondence with any party appeared to have prompted his unjustifiable purpose, nor did his behaviour or pulse testify any sign of insanity or mental alienation. He told Buonaparte, that he had so much respect for his talents, that if he could have obtained an audience of him, he would have commenced the conference by an exhortation to

[1] ["In the midst of the Emperor's occupations at Vienna, he was not unmindful of the memory of the Chevalier Bayard. The chapel of the village of Martinière, in which that hero had been christened, was repaired at great expense by his orders. He also directed that the heart of the chevalier should be removed to the said chapel with due ceremony; and an inscription, dictated by the Emperor himself, recording the praises of the knight 'without fear and without reproach,' was placed on the leaden box containing his heart."—Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 97.]

him to make peace; but if he could not succeed, he was determined to take his life. "What evil have I done you?" asked Napoleon. "To me personally, none; but you are the oppressor of my country, the oppressor of the world, and to have put you to death would have been the most glorious act a man of honour could do."

Stapps, for that was his name, was justly condemned to die; for no cause can justify assassination.[1] His death was marked by the same fanatical firmness which had accompanied his crime; and the adventure remained a warning, though a fruitless one, to Buonaparte, that any man who is indifferent to his own life, may endanger that of the most absolute sovereign upon earth, even when at the head of his military force.[2]

The negotiations for peace with Austria continued, notwithstanding the feeble state of the latter power, to be unusually protracted. The reason, at that time secret, became soon after publicly known.

Buonaparte's first intentions had been to dismember the empire, which he had found so obstinate and irreconcilable in its enmity, and, separating from the dominions of Austria either the

[1] [" Las Cases, t. ii. p. 12; Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 151; Rapp, p. 141.]

[2] [" The wretched young man was taken to Vienna, brought before a council of war, and executed on the 27th. He had taken no sustenance since the 24th, because, as he said, he had sufficient strength to walk to the place of execution. His last words were—'Liberty for ever! Germany for ever! Death to the tyrant!' I delivered the report to Napoleon, who desired me to keep the knife that had been found upon the criminal. It is still in my possession."—Rapp, p. 147.]

kingdom of Hungary, or that of Bohemia, or both, to reduce the House of Hapsburg to the rank of a second-rate power in Europe. Napoleon himself affirmed, when in Saint Helena, that he was encouraged by one of the royal family (the Archduke Charles is indicated) to persist in his purpose, as the only means of avoiding future wars with Austria; and that the same prince was willing to have worn one of the crowns, thus to be torn from the brows of his brother Francis.[1] We can only say, that the avowals of Napoleon when in exile, like his bulletins when in power, seem so generally dictated by that which he wished to be believed, rather than by a frank adherence to truth, that we cannot hold his unsupported and inexplicit testimony as sufficient to impose the least stain on the noble, devoted, and patriotic character of the archduke, whose sword and talents had so often served his brother's cause, and whose life exhibits no indication of that meanness which would be implied in a wish to share the spoils of his country, or accept at the hands of the conqueror a tributary kingdom, reft from the dominions of his king and brother. Buonaparte himself paid the courage and devotion of the Austrian prince a flattering compliment, when, in sending to him a decoration of the Legion of Honour, he chose that which was worn by the common soldier, as better suited to the determination and frankness of his character, than one of those richly ornamented, which were assigned to men of rank, who had perhaps never known, or

[1] [Las Cases, t. ii. p. 104.]

only seen at some distance, the toils and dangers of battle.

The crisis, however, approached, which was to determine the fate of Austria. Buonaparte's favourite minister, Champagny, Duke of Cadore, had been for some time at Presburg, arranging with Metternich the extent of cession of territory by which Austria was to pay for her unfortunate assumption of hostilities. The definitive treaty of peace, when at length published, was found to contain the following articles:—I. Austria ceded, in favour of the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, Saltsburg, Berchtolsgaden, and a part of Upper Austria. II. To France directly, she ceded her only seaport of Trieste, the districts of Carniola, Friuli, the circle of Villach, and some part of Croatia and Dalmatia. These dominions tended to strengthen and enlarge the French province of Illyria, and to exclude Austria from the Adriatic, and the possibility of communication with Great Britain. A small lordship, called Razons, lying within the territories of the Grison League, was also relinquished. III. To the King of Saxony, in that character, Austria ceded some small part of Bohemia, and in the capacity of Duke of Warsaw, she gave up to him the city of Cracow, and the whole of Western Gallicia. IV. Russia had a share, though a moderate one, in the spoils of Austria. She was to receive, in reward of her aid, though tardily and unwillingly tendered, a portion of Eastern Gallicia, containing a population of four hundred thousand souls. But from this cession the town of Brody, a commercial place of consequence, was

specially excepted; and it has been said that this exception made an unfavourable impression on the Emperor Alexander, which was not overbalanced by the satisfaction he received from the portion of spoil transferred to him.[1]

In his correspondence with the Russian Court, Napoleon expressed himself as having, from deference to Alexander's wishes, given Austria a more favourable peace than she had any reason to expect.[2] Indeed, Europe in general was surprised at the moderation of the terms; for though Austria, by her cessions at different points, yielded up a surface of 45,000 square miles, and a population of between three and four millions, yet the extremity in which she was placed seemed to render this a cheap ransom, as she still retained 180,000 square miles, and upwards, of territory, which, with a population of twenty-one millions, rendered her, after France and Russia, even yet the most formidable power on the continent. But her good angel had not slept. The House of Rodolph of Hapsburg had arisen, from small beginnings, to its immense power and magnitude, chiefly by matrimonial alliances,[3] and it was determined that, by another intermarriage of that Imperial House, with the most successful conqueror whom the world had ever seen, she should escape with comparative ease from the greatest extremity in which she had ever been placed. There is no

[1] [For a copy of the Treaty, see Annual Register, vol. LI. p. 791.]

[2] [Ibid, p. 790.]

[3] The verses are well known,—

"Bella gerant alii, tu, felix Austria, nube," &c.

doubt, also, that by secret articles of treaty, Napoleon, according to his maxim of making the conquered party sustain the expense of the war, exacted for that purpose heavy contributions from the Austrian Government.

He left Schoenbrun on the 16th October, the day after the definitive treaty of peace, which takes its name from that palace, had been signed there; and it is remarkable that no military caution was relaxed in the evacuation of the Austrian dominions by the French troops. They retreated by echellon, so as to be always in a position of mutual support, as if they had still been manœuvring in an enemy's country.

On the 14th November, Napoleon received at Paris the gratulations of the Senate, who too fondly complimented him on having acquired, by his triumphs, the palm of peace. That emblem, they said, should be placed high above his other laurels, upon a monument which should be dedicated by the gratitude of the French people, "To the Greatest of Heroes, who never achieved victory but for the happiness of the world."

CHAPTER L.

Change in Napoleon's Domestic Life—Causes which led to it—His anxiety for an Heir—A Son of his brother Louis is fixed upon, but dies in Childhood.—Character and influence of Josephine—Strong mutual attachment betwixt her and Napoleon.—Fouché opens to Josephine the Plan of a Divorce—her extreme Distress.—On 5th December, Napoleon announces her Fate to Josephine—On 15th they are formally separated before the Imperial Council—Josephine retaining the rank of Empress for life.—Espousals of Buonaparte and Maria Louisa of Austria take place at Vienna, 11th March, 1810.

THERE is perhaps no part of the varied life of the wonderful person of whom we treat, more deeply interesting, than the change which took place in his domestic establishment, shortly after the peace of Vienna. The main causes of that change are strongly rooted in human nature, but there were others which arose out of Napoleon's peculiar situation. The desire of posterity—of being represented long after our own earthly career is over, by those who derive their life and condition in society from us, is deeply rooted in our species. In all ages and countries, children are accounted a blessing, barrenness a misfortune

at least, if not a curse. This desire of maintaining a posthumous connexion with the world, through the medium of our descendants, is increased, when there is property or rank to be inherited; and, however vain the thought, there are few to which men cling with such sincere fondness, as the prospect of bequeathing to their children's children the fortunes they have inherited from their fathers, or acquired by their own industry. There is kindness as well as some vanity in the feeling; for the attachment which we bear to the children whom we see and love, naturally flows downward to their lineage, whom we may never see. The love of distant posterity is in some degree the metaphysics of natural affection.

It was impossible that the founder of so vast an empire as that of Napoleon, could be insensible to a feeling which is so deeply grafted in our nature, as to influence the most petty proprietor of a house and a few acres—it is of a character to be felt in proportion to the extent of the inheritance; and so viewed, there never existed in the world before, and, it is devoutly to be hoped, will never be again permitted by Providence to arise, a power so extensive, so formidable as Napoleon's. Immense as it was, it had been, moreover, the work of his own talents; and, therefore, he must have anticipated, with the greater pain, that the system perfected by so much labour and blood, should fall to pieces on the death of him by whom it had been erected, or that the reins of empire should be grasped after that event "by some unlineal hand,"

"No son of his succeeding."

The drop of gall, which the poet describes so naturally as embittering the cup of the Usurper of Scotland, infused, there is no doubt, its full bitterness into that of Napoleon.

The sterility of the Empress Josephine was now rendered, by the course of nature, an irremediable evil, over which she mourned in hopeless distress; and conscious on what precarious circumstances the continuance of their union seemed now to depend, she gave way occasionally to fits of jealousy, less excited, according to Napoleon,[1] by personal attachment, than by suspicion that her influence over her husband's mind might be diminished, in case of his having offspring by some paramour.

She turned her thoughts to seek a remedy, and exerted her influence over her husband, to induce him to declare some one his successor, according to the unlimited powers vested in him by the Imperial constitution. In the selection, she naturally endeavoured to direct his choice towards his step-son, Eugene Beauharnois, her own son by her first marriage; but this did not meet Buonaparte's approbation. A child, the son of his brother Louis, by Hortense Beauharnois, appeared, during its brief existence, more likely to become the destined heir of this immense inheritance. Napoleon seemed attached to the boy; and when he manifested any spark of childish spirit, rejoiced in the sound

[1] ["'A son by Josephine would have completed my happiness. It would have put an end to her jealousy, by which I was continually harassed. She despaired of having a child, and she in consequence looked forward with dread to the future.'"—Napoleon, *Las Cases*, t. ii. p. 298.]

of the drum, or showed pleasure in looking upon arms and the image of war, he is said to have exclaimed,—"*There* is a child fit to succeed, perhaps to surpass me."[1]

The fixing his choice on an heir so intimately connected with herself, would have secured the influence of Josephine, as much as it could receive assurance from any thing save bearing her husband issue herself; but she was not long permitted to enjoy this prospect. The son of Louis and Hortense died of a disorder incident to childhood; and thus was broken, while yet a twig, the shoot, that, growing to maturity, might have been reckoned on as the stay of an empire. Napoleon showed the deepest grief, but Josepine sorrowed as one who had no hope.[2]

Yet, setting aside her having the misfortune to bear him no issue, the claims of Josephine on her husband's affections were as numerous as could be possessed by a wife. She had shared his more lowly fortunes, and, by her management and address during his absence in Egypt, had paved the way for the splendid success which he had attained on his return. She had also done much to render his government popular, by softening the sudden and fierce bursts of passion to which his temperament induced him to give way. No one

[1] [Fouché, t. i. p. 324.]

[2] [Never did I see Napoleon a prey to deeper and more concentrated grief; never did I see Josephine in more agonizing affliction. They appeared to find in it a mournful presentiment of a futurity without happiness and without hope."—Fouché, t. i. p. 324.]

could understand, like Josephine, the peculiarities of her husband's temper,—no one dared, like her, to encounter his displeasure, rather than not advise him for his better interest,—no one could possess such opportunities of watching the fit season for intercession,—and no one, it is allowed on all hands, made a more prudent, or a more beneficent use of the opportunities she enjoyed. The character of Buonaparte, vehement by temper, a soldier by education, and invested by Fortune with the most despotic power, required peculiarly the moderating influence of such a mind, which could interfere without intrusion, and remonstrate without offence.

To maintain this influence over her husband, Josephine made not only unreluctantly, but eagerly, the greatest personal sacrifices. In many of the rapid journeys which he performed, she was his companion. No obstacle of road or weather was permitted to interfere with her departure. However sudden the call, the Empress was ever ready; however untimely the hour, her carriage was in instant attendance. The influence which she maintained by the sacrifice of her personal comforts, was used for the advancement of her husband's best interests,—the relief of those who were in distress, and the averting the consequences of hasty resolutions, formed in a moment of violence or irritation.

Besides her considerable talents, and her real beneficence of disposition, Josephine was possessed of other ties over the mind of her husband. The mutual passion which had subsisted between them

for many years, if its warmth had subsided, seems to have left behind affectionate remembrances and mutual esteem. The grace and dignity with which Josephine played her part in the Imperial pageant, was calculated to gratify the pride of Napoleon, which might have been shocked at seeing the character of Empress discharged with less ease and adroitness; for her temper and manners enabled her, as one early accustomed to the society of persons of political influence, to conduct herself with singular dexterity in the intrigues of the splendid and busy court, where she filled so important a character. Lastly, it is certain that Buonaparte, who, like many of those that affect to despise superstition, had a reserve of it in his own bosom, believed that his fortunes were indissolubly connected with those of Josephine; and loving her as she deserved to be beloved, he held his union with her the more intimate, that there was attached to it, he thought, a spell affecting his own destinies, which had ever seemed most predominant when they had received the recent influence of Josephine's presence.

Notwithstanding all these mutual ties, it was evident to the politicians of the Tuileries, that whatever attachment and veneration for the Empress Napoleon might profess and feel, it was likely in the long-run to give way to the eager desire of a lineal succession, to which he might bequeath his splendid inheritance. As age advanced, every year weakened, though in an imperceptible degree, the influence of the Empress, and must have rendered more eager the desire of her husband to

form a new alliance, while he was yet at a period of life enabling him to hope he might live to train to maturity the expected heir.

Fouché, the minister of police, the boldest political intriguer of his time, discovered speedily to what point the Emperor must ultimately arrive, and seems to have meditated the ensuring his own power and continuance in favour, by taking the initiative in a measure in which, perhaps, Napoleon might be ashamed to break the ice in person.[1] Sounding artfully his master's disposition, Fouché was able to discover that the Emperor was struggling betwixt the supposed political advantages to be derived from a new matrimonial union on the one hand, and, on the other, love for his present consort, habits of society which particularly attached him to Josephine, and the species of superstition which we have already noticed. Having been able to conjecture the state of the Emperor's inclinations, the crafty counsellor determined to make Josephine herself the medium of suggesting to Buonaparte the measure of her own divorce, and his second marriage, as a sacrifice necessary to consolidate the empire, and complete the happiness of the Emperor.

[1] ["It would ill have become me to have kept within my own breast the suggestions of my foresight. In a confidential memoir, which I read to Napoleon himself, I represented to him the necessity of dissolving his marriage; of immediately forming, as Emperor, a new alliance more suitable and more happy; and of giving an heir to the throne on which Providence had placed him. Without declaring any thing positive, Napoleon let me perceive, that, in a political point of view, the dissolution of his marriage was already determined in his mind."—FOUCHÉ, t. i. p. 326.]

One evening at Fontainbleau, as the Empress was returning from mass, Fouché detained her in the embrasure of a window in the gallery, while, with an audacity almost incomprehensible, he explained, with all the alleviating qualifications his ingenuity could suggest, the necessity of a sacrifice, which he represented as equally sublime and inevitable. The tears gathered in Josephine's eyes—her colour came and went—her lips swelled—and the least which the counsellor had to fear, was his advice having brought on a severe nervous affection. She commanded her emotions, however, sufficiently to ask Fouché, with a faltering voice, whether he had any commission to hold such language to her. He replied in the negative, and said that he had only ventured on such an insinuation from his having predicted with certainty what must necessarily come to pass; and from his desire to turn her attention to what so nearly concerned her glory and happiness.[1]

In consequence of this interview, an impassioned and interesting scene is said to have taken place betwixt Buonaparte and his consort, in which he naturally and truly disavowed the communication of Fouché, and attempted by every means in his power to dispel her apprehensions. But he refused to dismiss Fouché, when she demanded it as the punishment due to that minister's audacity, in tampering with her feelings; and this refusal alone might have convinced Josephine, that though ancient habitual affection might for a time main-

[1] [Fouché, t. i. p. 328.]

tain its influence in the nuptial chamber, it must at length give way before the suggestions of political interest, which were sure to predominate in the cabinet. In fact, when the idea had once been started, the chief objection was removed, and Buonaparte, being spared the pain of directly communicating the unkind and ungrateful proposal to Josephine, had now only to afford her time to familiarize herself with the idea of a divorce, as that which political combinations rendered inevitable,

The communication of Fouché was made before Napoleon undertook his operations in Spain; and by the time of the meeting at Erfurt, the divorce seems to have been a matter determined, since the subject of a match betwixt Buonaparte and one of the archduchesses, the possibility of which had been anticipated as far back as the treaty of Tilsit, was resumed, seriously treated of, and if not received with cordiality by the Imperial family of Russia, was equally far from being finally rejected. The reigning Empress and the Empress Mother, were, however, opposed to it. The ostensible motive was, as we have elsewhere said, the difference of religion; but these high-minded princesses rejected the alliance chiefly on account of the personal character of the suitor. And although it must have been managed with the greatest secrecy imaginable, it seems probable, that the idea of substituting an Archduchess of Austria for her whose hand was refused him, was started in the course of the treaty of Schoenbrun, and had its effects in providing lenient terms for the weaker party.

Napoleon himself says, that he renounced his purpose of dismembering Austria when his marriage was fixed upon. But the conditions of peace were signed on the 15th of October, and therefore the motive which influenced Napoleon in granting them must have had existence previous to that period.

Yet the contrary is boldly asserted. The idea of the match is said to have been suggested by the Austrian government at a later period, upon understanding that difficulties had occurred in Napoleon's negotiation for a matrimonial alliance in the family of Alexander. Fouché ascribes the whole to the address of his own agent, the Compte de Narbonne, a Frenchman of the old school, witty, pliant, gay, well-mannered, and insinuating, who was ambassador at Vienna in the month of January, 1810.[1]

But, whether the successor of Josephine were or were not already determined upon, the measures for separating this amiable and interesting woman from him whose fortunes she had assisted to raise, and to whose person she was so much attached, were in full and public operation soon after her husband's return from the campaign of Wagram. Upon the 3d of December, Buonaparte attended the solemn service of Te Deum for his victories. He was clad with unusual magnificence, wearing the Spanish costume, and displaying in his hat an enormous plume of feathers. The Kings of Saxony and Wirtemberg, who attended as his satellites on this occasion, were placed beside him in

[1] [Mémoires de Fouché, t. i. p. 348.]

full uniform, and remained uncovered during the ceremony.

From the cathedral, Napoleon passed to the opening of the Legislative Body, and boasted in the oration he addressed to them, of the victories which he had achieved, and the trophies which he had acquired; nay, he vaunted of his having re-united Tuscany to the empire,—as if the spoiling the inoffensive and unresisting widow and orphan could ever be a legitimate subject of triumph. From the existing affairs of Spain, no direct reason for gratulation could be derived; but when Napoleon could no longer claim praise from things as they presently stood, he was profuse in his promises of a rapid change to the better, and spoke as a prophet when he ceased to be the reporter of agreeable facts. "When I," he said, "show myself on the other side of the Pyrenees, the terrified Leopard shall plunge into the ocean, to avoid shame, defeat, and destruction. The triumph of my arms shall be that of the Genius of Good over the Genius of Evil, of moderation, order, and morals, over civil war, anarchy, and the malevolent passions." With such fair colouring will ambition and injustice attempt to screen their purposes. A poetical reply from M. de Fontanes assured the Emperor, that whatever was connected with him must arise to grandeur, whatever was subjected to any other influence was threatened with a speedy fall. "It was therefore necessary," he continued, "to submit to your ascendency, whose counsels are at once recommended by heroism and by policy." To this speech Buonaparte

made a rejoinder, in which, resuming the well-worn themes of his own praises, he alluded to the obstacles which he had surmounted, and concluded, "I and my family will always know how to sacrifice our most tender affections to the interests and welfare of the Great Nation." These concluding words, the meaning of which was already guessed by all who belonged to the court, were soon no riddle to the public in general.

Two days afterwards, Napoleon made Josephine acquainted with the cruel certainty, that the separation was ultimately determined upon. But not the many months which had passed since the subject was first touched upon by Fouché—not the conviction which she must have long since received from various quarters, that the measure was unalterably resolved upon, could strengthen her to hear the tongue of her beloved husband announce what was in fact, though not in name, a sentence of repudiation. She fell into a long and profound swoon. Napoleon was much affected, but his resolution was taken, and could not be altered. The preparations for the separation went on without delay.

On the 15th December, just ten days after the official communication of her fate had been given to the Empress, Napoleon and Josephine appeared in presence of the Arch-Chancellor, the family of Napoleon, the principal officers of state,—in a word, the full Imperial Council. In this assembly, Napoleon stated the deep national interest which required that he should have successors of his own body, the heirs of his love for his people, to occupy the throne on which Providence had placed him.

He informed them, that he had for several years renounced the hope of having children by his well-beloved Empress Josephine; and that therefore he had resolved to subject the feelings of his heart to the good of the state, and desire the dissolution of their marriage. He was, he said, but forty years old, and might well hope to live to train up such children as Providence might send him, in his own sentiments and arts of government. Again he dwelt on the truth and tenderness of his beloved spouse, his partner during fifteen years of happy union. Crowned as she had been by his own hand, he desired she should retain the rank of Empress during her life.

Josephine arose, and with a faltering voice, and eyes suffused with tears, expressed in a few words [1] sentiments similar to those of her husband. The

[1] ["By the permission of our dear and august consort, I ought to declare, that not perceiving any hope of having children, which may fulfil the wants of his policy and the interests of France, I am pleased to give him the greatest proof of attachment and devotion, which has ever been given on earth. I possess all from his bounty; it was his hand which crowned me, and from the height of this throne, I have received nothing but proofs of affection and love from the French people. I think I prove myself grateful in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which heretofore was an obstacle to the welfare of France, which deprived it of the happiness of being one day governed by the descendant of a great man, evidently raised up by Providence, to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to re-establish the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no degree change the sentiments of my heart; the Emperor will ever have in me his best friend. I know how much this act, demanded by policy, and by interest so great, has chilled his heart; but both of us exult in the sacrifice which we make for the good of the country."—*Moniteur*, Dec. 17, 1809; *Annual Register*, vol. li. p. 808.]

Imperial pair then demanded from the Arch-Chancellor a written instrument in evidence of their mutual desire of separation; and it was granted accordingly, in all due form, with the authority of the Council.

The Senate were next assembled; and on the 16th December, pronounced a consultum, or decree, authorizing the separation of the Emperor and Empress, and assuring to Josephine a dowry of two millions of francs, and the rank of Empress during her life. Addresses were voted to both the Imperial parties, in which all possible changes were rung on the duty of subjecting our dearest affections to the public good; and the conduct of Buonaparte in exchanging his old consort for a young one, was proclaimed a sacrifice, for which the eternal love of the French people could alone console his heart.

The union of Napoleon and Josephine being thus abrogated by the supreme civil power, it only remained to procure the intervention of the spiritual authorities. The Arch-Chancellor, duly authorized by the Imperial pair, presented a request for this purpose to the Diocesan of the Officialty, or ecclesiastical court of Paris, who did not hesitate to declare the marriage dissolved, assigning, however, no reason for such their doom. They announced it, indeed, as conforming to the decrees of councils, and the usages of the Gallican Church —a proposition which would have cost the learned and reverend officials much trouble, if they had been required to make it good either by argument or authority.

When this sentence had finally dissolved their union, the Emperor retired to St Cloud, where he lived in seclusion for some days. Josephine, on her part, took up her residence in the beautiful villa of Malmaison, near St Germains. Here she principally dwelt for the remaining years of her life, which were just prolonged to see the first fall of her husband; an event which might have been averted had he been content to listen more frequently to her lessons of moderation. Her life was chiefly spent in cultivating the fine arts, of which she collected some beautiful specimens, and in pursuing the science of botany; but especially in the almost daily practice of acts of benevolence and charity, of which the English *détenus*, of whom there were several at St Germains, frequently shared the benefit.[1] Napoleon visited her very frequently, and always treated her with the respect to which she was entitled. He added also to her dowery a third million of francs, that she might feel no inconvenience from the habits of expense to which it was her foible to be addicted.

This important state measure was no sooner completed, than the Great Council was summoned,

[1] ["In quitting the court, Josephine drew the hearts of all its votaries after her: she was endeared to all by a kindness of disposition which was without a parallel. She never did the smallest injury to any one in the days of her power: her very enemies found in her a protectress: not a day of her life but what she asked a favour for some person, oftentimes unknown to her, but whom she found to be deserving of her protection. Regardless of self, her whole time was engaged in attending to the wants of others."—SAVARY, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 177.]

on the 1st February, to assist the Emperor in the selection of a new spouse. They were given to understand, that a match with a Grand Duchess of Russia had been proposed, but was likely to be embarrassed by disputes concerning religion. A daughter of the King of Saxony was also mentioned, but it was easily indicated to the Council that their choice ought to fall upon a Princess of the House of Austria. At the conclusion of the meeting, Eugene, the son of the repudiated Josephine, was commissioned by the Council to propose to the Austrian ambassador a match between Napoleon and the Archduchess Maria Louisa.[1] Prince Schwarzenberg had his instructions on the subject; so that the match was proposed, discussed, and decided in the Council, and afterwards adjusted between plenipotentiaries on either side, in the space of twenty-four hours.[2] The espousals of Napoleon and Maria Louisa were celebrated at Vienna, 11th March, 1810. The person of Buonaparte was represented by his favourite Berthier, while the Archduke Charles assisted at the ceremony, in the name of the Emperor Francis. A few days afterwards, the youthful bride, accompanied by the Queen of Naples, proceeded towards France.

[1] [Maria Louisa, the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Austria and Maria Theresa of Naples, was born the 12th December, 1791. Her stature was sufficiently majestic, her complexion fresh and blooming, her eyes blue and animated, her hair light, and her hand and foot so beautiful, that they might have served as models for the sculptor.]

[2] [Fouché, t. i. p. 350.]

With good taste, Napoleon dispensed with the ceremonies used in the reception of Marie Antoinette, whose marriage with Louis XVI., though never named or alluded to, was in other respects the model of the present solemnity. Near Soissons, a single horseman, no way distinguished by dress, rode past the carriage in which the young Empress was seated, and had the boldness to return, as if to reconnoitre more closely. The carriage stopped, the door was opened, and Napoleon, breaking through all the tediousness of ceremony, introduced himself to his bride, and came with her to Soissons.[1] The marriage ceremony was performed at St Cloud by Buonaparte's uncle, the Cardinal Fesch. The most splendid rejoicings, illuminations, concerts, festivals, took place upon this important occasion. But a great calamity occurred, which threw a shade over these demonstrations of joy. Prince Schwarzenberg had given a distinguished ball on the occasion, when unhappily the dancing-room, which was temporary, and erected in the garden, caught fire. No efforts could stop the progress of the flames, in which several persons perished, and amongst them even the sister of Prince Schwarzenberg. This tragic circumstance struck a damp on the public mind, and was considered as a bad omen, especially when it was remembered that the marriage of Louis XVI. with

[1] ["She had always been given to understand that Berthier, who had married her by proxy at Vienna, in person and age exactly resembled the Emperor: she, however, signified that she observed a very pleasing difference between them."—Las Cases, t. i. p. 312.]

a former Princess of Austria had been signalized by a similar disaster.[1]

As a domestic occurrence, nothing could more contribute to Buonaparte's happiness than his union with Maria Louisa. He was wont to compare her with Josephine, by giving the latter all the advantages of art and grace; the former the charms of simple modesty and innocence. His former Empress used every art to support or enhance her personal charms; but with so much prudence and mystery, that the secret cares of her toilette could never be traced—her successor trusted for the power of pleasing, to youth and nature. Josephine mismanaged her revenue, and incurred debt without scruple. Maria Louisa lived within her income, or if she desired any indulgence beyond it, which was rarely the case, she asked it as a favour of Napoleon. Josephine, accustomed to political intrigue, loved to manage, to influence, and to guide her husband; Maria Louisa desired only to please and to obey him. Both were excellent women, of great sweetness of temper, and fondly attached to Napoleon.[2] In the difference between these distinguished persons, we can easily discriminate the leading features of the Parisian, and of the simple German beauty; but it is certainly singular that the artificial character should have belonged to the daughter of the West Indian planter; that marked by nature and simplicity, to a princess of the proudest court in Europe.

[1] ["The most unfortunate presages were drawn from it; Napoleon himself was struck with it."—Fouché, t. i. p. 355.]

[2] [Las Cases, t i. p. 310.]

Buonaparte, whose domestic conduct was generally praiseworthy, behaved with the utmost kindness to his princely bride. He observed, however, the strictest etiquette, and required it from the Empress. If it happened, for example, as was often the case, that he was prevented from attending at the hour when dinner was placed on the table, he was displeased if, in the interim of his absence, which was often prolonged, she either took a book, or had recourse to any female occupation, —if, in short, he did not find her in the attitude of waiting for the signal to take her place at table. Perhaps a sense of his inferior birth made Napoleon more tenacious of this species of form, as what he could not afford to relinquish. On the other hand, Maria Louisa is said to have expressed her surprise at her husband's dispensing with the use of arms and attendance of guards, and at his moving about with the freedom of an individual;[1] although this could be no great novelty to a member of the Imperial Family of Austria, most of whom, and especially the Emperor Francis, are in the habit of mixing familiarly with the people of Vienna, at public places, and in the public walks.

As it influenced his political fate Buonaparte has registered his complaint, that the Austrian match was a precipice covered with flowers, which he was rashly induced to approach by the hopes of domestic happiness.[2] But if this proved so, it was the

[1] [Voice from St Helena, vol. ii. p. 225.]

[2] [" Austria had become a portion of my family; and yet my marriage ruined me. If I had not thought myself safe, and protected by this alliance, I should have delayed the insurrection of

fault of Napoleon himself; his subjects and his allies augured very differently of its consequences, and to himself alone it was owing that these auguries were disappointed. It was to have been expected, that a connexion formed with the most ancient Imperial Family in Christendom, might have induced Buonaparte to adopt some of those sentiments of moderation which regard rather the stability than the increase of power. It constituted a point at which he might pause. It might have been thought that, satiated with success, and wearied with enterprise, he would have busied himself more in consolidating the power which he desired to transmit to his expected posterity, than in aiming at rendering his grandeur more invidious and more precarious, by further schemes of ambition. Even the charms which this union added to his domestic life, might, it was hoped, bring on a taste for repose, which, could it have influenced that fiery imagination and frame of iron, might have been of such essential advantage to Europe.

Napoleon knew what was expected, and endeavoured to vindicate himself beforehand for the disappointment which he foresaw was about to ensue. "The good citizens rejoice sincerely at my marriage, monsieur?" he said to Decrés, his minister. —"Very much, Sire."—"I understand they think the Lion will go to slumber, ha?"—"To speak the truth, Sire, they entertain some hopes of that nature." Napoleon paused an instant, and then replied,

Poland; I should have waited until Spain was subdued and tranquil. I set foot on an abyss, concealed by a bed of flowers!" —Napoleon, *Las Cases*, t. ii. p. 105.]

"They are mistaken; yet it is not the fault of the Lion; slumber would be as agreeable to him as to others. But see you not that while I have the air of being constantly the attacking party, I am, in fact, acting only on the defensive?" This sophism by which Napoleon endeavoured to persuade all men, that his constant wars arose, not from choice, but out of the necessity of his situation, will be best discussed hereafter.

In the mean time, we may only notice, that the Emperor Alexander judged most accurately of the consequences of the Austrian match, when he said, on receiving the news, "Then the next task will be, to drive me back to my forests;" so certain he was that Napoleon would make his intimate alliance with the Emperor Francis, the means of an attack upon Russia; and so acute was he in seeing the germs of future and more desperate wars, in a union from which more shortsighted politicians were looking for the blessings of peace.

CHAPTER LI.

Almost all the foreign French Settlements fall into the hands of the British.—French Squadron destroyed at the Isle of Aix, by Lord Cochrane,—and at the Isle of Rosas, by Lord Collingwood.—Return to the Proceedings in Spain. —Soult takes Oporto.—Attacked and Defeated by Sir Arthur Wellesley.—Ferrol and Corunna retaken by the Patriots.—Battle of Talavera, gained by Sir Arthur Wellesley.—Created Lord Wellington.—The French Armies take many Towns and strong Places.—Supreme Junta retreat to Cadiz.—The Guerilla System.—Growing disappointment of Buonaparte.—His immense exertions.—Battle of Busaco.—Lord Wellington's famous Retreat on Torres Vedras.

NOTWITHSTANDING the credit which Napoleon had acquired, by dictating to the House of Austria the triumphant treaty of Schoenbrun, and also by allying himself with that ancient Imperial House which had, on different occasions, showed towards him the signs of persevering enmity, this period of his history did not pass without his experiencing several reverses of fortune. The few foreign settlements which hitherto remained united to France, were now successively taken by the British. Cayenne, Martinico, Senegal, and Saint Domingo, were conquered and occupied in the West Indies; while Lord Collingwood, with troops

furnished from Sicily, occupied the islands of Cephalonia, Zante, Ithaca, and Cerigo.

A French squadron of men-of-war being blockaded in the roadstead of the isle of Aix, the determined valour of Lord Cochrane was employed for their destruction. Fire-ships were sent against the French vessels, and though the execution was less complete than had been expected, owing to some misunderstanding between Lord Cochrane and Admiral Gambier, who commanded in chief, yet the greater part of the French ships were burnt, or driven ashore and destroyed. Lord Collingwood also destroyed an important French convoy, with the armed vessels who protected it, in the isle of Rosas. Every thing announced that England retained the full command of what has been termed her native element; while the transactions in Spain showed, that, under a general who understood at once how to gain victories, and profit by them when obtained, the land forces of Britain were no less formidable than her navy. This subject draws our attention to the affairs of the Peninsula, where it might be truly said "the land was burning."

The evacuation of Corunna by the army of the late Sir John Moore, and their return to England, which their disastrous condition rendered indispensable, left Soult in seeming possession of Galicia, Ferrol and Corunna having both surrendered to him. But the strength of the Spanish cause did not lie in walls and ramparts, but in the indomitable courage of the gallant patriots. The Galicians continued to distinguish themselves by a war of

posts, in which the invaders could claim small advantages; and when Soult determined to enter Portugal, he was obliged to leave Ney, with considerable forces, to secure his communication with Spain.

Soult's expedition began prosperously, though it was doomed to terminate very differently. He defeated General Romano, and compelled him to retreat to Senabria. The frontier town of Chaves was taken by Soult, after some resistance, and he forced his way towards Oporto. But no sooner had the main body of Soult's army left Chaves, than, in spite of the efforts of the garrison, the place was relieved by an insurrectionary army of Portuguese, under General Silviera. The invader, neglecting these operations in his rear, continued to advance upon Oporto, carried that fine city by storm, after a desultory defence of three days, and suffered his troops to commit the greatest cruelties, both on the soldiers and unarmed citizens.[1]

But when Marshal Soult had succeeded thus far, his situation became embarrassing. The Galicians, recovering their full energy, had retaken Vigo and other places; and Silviera, advancing from Chaves to the bridge of Amarante, interposed betwixt the French general and Galicia, and placed himself in communication with the Spaniards.

[1] ["It was in vain that Soult strove with all his power to stop the slaughter. The frightful scene of rape, pillage, and murder, closed not for many hours, and what with those who fell in battle, those who were drowned, and those sacrificed to revenge, it is said that 10,000 Portuguese died on that unhappy day! The loss of the French did not exceed 500 men"—Napier, vol. ii. p. 207. See also Southey, vol. iii. p. 249.]

While Soult was thus cooped up in Oporto, the English Ministry, undaunted by the failure of their late expedition, resolved to continue the defence of the Portuguese, and to enter into still closer alliance with the Supreme Junta of Spain. Consulting their own opinion and the public voice, all consideration of rank and long service was laid aside, in order to confer the command of the troops which were to be sent to the continent, on Sir Arthur Wellesley, whose conduct in the battle of Vimeiro, and the subsequent explanations which he afforded at the Court of Enquiry, had taught all Britain to believe, that if Portugal could be defended at all, it must be by the victor of that day. He was scarce landed at Lisbon [April 22] ere he fully justified the good opinion of his countrymen. He crossed the Douro at different points with a celerity for which the French were unprepared, and, after a brilliant action under the walls of Oporto, compelled Soult to evacuate that city, and commence a retreat, so disastrous as to resemble that of Sir John Moore. In this retrograde movement, the French left behind them cannon, equipments, baggage—all that can strengthen an army, and enable it to act as such; and, after all these sacrifices, their leader could hardly make his escape into Galicia, with scarce three-fourths of his army remaining, where he found great difficulty in remodelling his forces. Ney, whom he had left as governor of that province, was hard pressed by the patriots, who defeated the French in several battles, and eventually retook the towns of Ferrol and Corunna.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was prevented from com-

pleting Soult's defeat by pursuing him into Galicia, because, after the Spaniards had sustained the severe defeat of Tudela, the French had penetrated into Andalusia in great strength, where they were only opposed by an ill-equipped and dispirited army of 40,000 men, under the rash and ill-starred General Cuesta. It was evident, that Marshal Victor, who commanded in Andalusia, had it in his power to have detached a considerable part of his force on Lisbon, supposing that city had been uncovered, by Sir Arthur Wellesley's carrying his forces in pursuit of Soult. This was to be prevented, if possible. The English general formed the magnificent plan, for which Napoleon's departure to the Austrian campaign afforded a favourable opportunity, of marching into Andalusia, uniting the British forces with those of Cuesta, and acting against the invaders with such vigour, as might at once check their progress in the South, and endanger their occupation of Madrid. Unhappily an ill-timed jealousy seems to have taken possession of Cuesta, which manifested itself in every possible shape, in which frowardness, and a petty obstinacy of spirit, could be exhibited. To no one of the combined plans, submitted to him by the English general, would he give assent or effectual concurrence; and when a favourable opportunity arrived of attacking Victor, before he was united with the forces which Joseph Buonaparte and Sebastiani were bringing from Madrid to his support, Cuesta alleged he would not give battle on a Sunday.[1]

[1] [Southey, vol. iv. p. 10.]

The golden opportunity was thus lost; and when the allies were obliged to receive battle instead of giving it, on the 28th July, 1809, it was without the advantages which the former occasion held out. Yet the famous battle of Talavera de la Reina, in which the French were completely defeated, was, under these unfavourable circumstances, achieved by Sir Arthur Wellesley. The event of this action, in which the British forces had been able to defend themselves against double their own number, with but little assistance from the Spanish army, became, owing to the continued wilfulness of Cuesta, very different from what such a victory ought to have produced. The French troops, assembling from every point, left Sir Arthur no other mode of assuring the safety of his army, than by a retreat on Portugal; and for want of means of transport, which the Spanish general ought to have furnished, more than fifteen hundred of the wounded were left to the mercy of the French.[1] They were treated as became a courteous enemy, yet the incident afforded a fine pretext to contest the victory, which the French had resigned by flying from the field.

The assertions of the bulletins in the *Moniteur* could not deceive men on the true state of affairs. The Spanish Junta were sensible of the services rendered by the English general, and, somewhat of the latest, removed Cuesta from the command,

[1] ["Victor sent soldiers to every house, with orders to the inhabitants immediately to receive and accommodate the wounded of the two nations, who were lodged together, one English and one Frenchman; and he expressly directed that the Englishman should always be served first."—SOUTHEY, vol. iv. p. 49.]

to manifest their disapprobation of his unaccountable conduct. At home, Sir Arthur Wellesley was promoted to the peerage, by the title of Lord Wellington, who was destined to ascend, with the universal applause of the nation, as high as our constitution will permit. But Buonaparte paid the greatest compliment to the victor of Talavera, by the splenetic resentment with which he was filled by the news. He had received the tidings by his private intelligence, before the officer arrived with the regular despatches. He was extremely ill received by the Emperor; and, as if the messengers had been responsible for the tidings they brought, a second officer, with a duplicate of the same intelligence, was treated still more harshly, and for a time put under arrest. This explosion of passion could not be occasioned by the consequences of the action, for the experienced eye of Napoleon must have discriminated the circumstances by which the effects of victory were in a great measure lost to the allied armies; but he saw in the battle of Talavera, an assurance given to both English and Spanish soldiers, that, duly resisted, the French would fly from them. He foresaw, also, that the British Government would be tempted to maintain the contest on the continent, and that the Spaniards would be encouraged to persevere in resistance. He foresaw, in short, that war of six desperate and bloody campaigns, which did not terminate till the battle of Tholouse, in 1814.

But it needed no anticipation to fill Napoleon's mind with anxiety on the subject of Spain. It is

true, fortune seemed every where to smile on his arms. Zaragossa, once more besieged, maintained its former name, but without the former brilliant result. After a defence as distinguished as in the first siege, the brave garrison and citizens, deprived of means of defence, and desperate of all hope of relief, had been compelled to surrender some months before.[1]

Gerona, Tarragona, Tortosa, though still vigorously defended, were so powerfully invested, that it seemed as if Catalonia, the most warlike of the Spanish departments, was effectually subdued; and, accordingly, these fortresses also were afterwards obliged to capitulate.

Andalusia, the richest province which sustained the patriot cause, certainly was conquered, in consequence of a total defeat encountered by the Spanish grand army, under Areizaga, at Ocana, November 1809, after the English troops had retreated to the Portuguese frontier.[2] Joseph Buonaparte, whose road was cleared by this last success, entered Cordoba in triumph upon the 17th of January, 1810, and proud Seville itself upon the 1st of February following. Yet the chief prize of victory had not yet been gained. The Supreme Junta had effected their retreat to Cadiz, which city, situated in an island, and cut off from the mainland, on one side by a canal, and on the other three by the ocean, was capable of the most strenuous defence.

Cadiz contained a garrison of 20,000 men,

[1] [Southey, vol. iii. p. 168.] [2] [*Ibid*, vol. iv. p. 139.]

English, Spanish, and Portuguese, under the command of General Graham, a distinguished officer, whose merits, like those of Buonaparte, had been first distinguished at the siege of Toulon. Marshal Soult, as first in command in Spain, disposed himself to form the siege of this city, the capture of which would have been almost the death-knell to the cause of the patriots.

But although these important successes read well in the *Moniteur*, yet such was the indomitable character of the Spaniards, which Napoleon had contrived fully to awaken, that misfortunes, which would have crushed all hope in any other people, seemed to them only an incentive to further and more desperate resistance. When they talked of the state of their country, they expressed no dismay at their present adverse circumstances. It had cost their ancestors, they said, two centuries to rid themselves of the Moors; they had no doubt that in a shorter time they should free themselves of the yoke of France; but they must reckon on time and opportunity, as well as valour. The events of the war in many respects gave credit to their hopes. The Spaniards, often found weak where they thought themselves strongest, proved sometimes most powerful, where, to all human appearance, they seemed weakest. While they lost Andalusia, believed to be so defensible, the mountainous province of Galicia, through which the French had so lately marched triumphantly in pursuit of the British, taking in their progress the important maritime towns of Corunna and Ferrol, was wrenched from the conquerors by the exertions of Romana,

assisted by the warlike natives of the country, and at the head of an undisciplined and ill-equipped army.

In Catalonia, too, the French had hardly time to accomplish the conquest of towns and fortresses to which we have alluded, when they found themselves checked, baffled, and sometimes defeated, by the Catalans, under Lacy, O'Donnell, and D'Eroles, who maintained the patriotic cause at the head of those energetic marksmen, the Somatenes, or Miquelets. Nay, while the French were extending their seeming conquests to the Mediterranean Sea, and thundering at the gates of Cadiz, so little were they in peaceful possession of Navarre, and the other provinces adjoining to France, that not an officer with despatches could pass from Burgos to Bayonne without a powerful escort, and bands of Spaniards even showed themselves on the French frontier, and passed it for the purpose of skirmishing and raising contributions. Such being the case on the frontiers nearest to France, it may be well supposed, that the midland provinces were not more subordinate. In fact, through the whole Peninsula the French held no influence whatever that was not inspired by the force of the bayonet and sabre; and where these could not operate, the country was in universal insurrection.

The basis of this extensive and persevering resistance was laid in the general system of Guerilla, or partisan warfare, to which the genius of the Spanish people, and the character of their country, are peculiarly fitted, and which offered a resistance to the invaders more formidable by far than that

of regular armies, because less tangible, and less susceptible of being crushed in general actions. It was with the defenders of Spain, as with the guardian of the enchanted castle in the Italian romance. An armed warrior first encountered the champion who attempted the adventure, and when he had fallen under the sword of the assailant, the post which he had occupied appeared manned by a body of pigmies, small in size, but so numerous and so enterprising as to annoy the knight-errant far more than the gigantic force of his first adversary. The qualities of a partisan, or irregular soldier, are inherent in the national character of the Spaniard. Calm, temperate, capable of much fatigue, and veiling under a cold demeanour an ardent and fiery character, they are qualified to wait for opportunities of advantage, and are not easily discouraged by difficulty or defeat. Good marksmen in general, and handling the lance, sword, and dagger with address, they are formidable in an ambush, and not less so in a close mêlée, where men fight hand to hand, more as nature dictates than according to the rules of war. The obstinacy of the Castilian character, also, had its advantages in this peculiar state of warfare. Neither promises nor threats made any impression on them; and the severities executed in fulfilment of menaces, only inflamed the spirit of hostility by that of private revenge, to which the Spaniard is far more accessible than either to the voice of caution or persuasion.

Neither were the officers less qualified for the task than the men. The command of a guerilla

was of a character not to be desired by any who did not find himself equal to, and in some measure called upon to accept, the dangerous pre-eminence. There were few Spanish officers possessed of the scientific knowledge of war, and of course few adequate to lead armies into the field; but the properties necessary for a guerilla leader are imprinted in the human mind, and ready for exercise whenever they are required. These leaders were, as it chanced: some of them men of high birth and military education; some had been smugglers or peasants, or had practised other professions; as was discovered from their noms-de-guerre, as the Curate, the Doctor, the Shepherd, and so forth.[1] Many of their names will be long associated with the recollection of their gallant actions; and those of others, as of Mina and the Empecinado,[2] will, at the same time, remind us of the gross ingratitude with which their heroic efforts have been rewarded.

These daring men possessed the most perfect knowledge of the passes, strengths, woods, mountains, and wildernesses, of the provinces in which

[1] [Napier, vol. ii. p. 349; Southey, vol. iii. p. 511.]

[2] ["Various explanations have been offered of this name. One account says, that upon finding his family murdered by the French, Juan Martin Diaz smeared his face with pitch and made a solemn vow of vengeance. Another, that he was so called because of his swarthy complexion. But in the account of his life it is said, that all the inhabitants of Castrillo de Duero, where he was born, have this nickname indiscriminately given them by their neighbours, in consequence of a black mud, called *pecina*, deposited by a little stream which runs through the place; and the appellation became peculiar to him from his celebrity."—Southey, vol. iii. p. 511.]

they warred; and the exact intelligence which they obtained from the peasantry, made them intimately acquainted with the motions of the enemy. Was too weak a French detachment moved, it ran the risk of being cut off; was the garrison too feeble at the place which it left, the fort was taken. The slightest as well as the most important objects, met the attention of the guerillas; a courier could not move without a large escort, nor could the intrusive King take the amusement of hunting, however near to his capital, unless, like Earl Percy in the ballad, attended by a guard of fifteen hundred men. The Juramentados, those Spaniards that is, who had sworn allegiance to King Joseph, were of course closely watched by the guerillas, and if they rendered themselves inconveniently or obnoxiously active in the cause they had espoused, were often kidnapped and punished as traitors; examples which rendered submission to, or active co-operation with the French, at least as imprudent as boldly opposing the invaders.

The numbers of the guerillas varied at different times, as the chiefs rose or declined in reputation, and as they possessed the means of maintaining their followers. Some led small flying armies of two thousand and upwards. Others, or the same chiefs under a reverse of fortune, had only ten or twenty followers. The French often attempted to surprise and destroy the parties by which they suffered most, and for that purpose detached movable columns from different points, to assemble on the rendezvous of the guerilla. But, notwithstanding all their activity and dexterity on such expeditions,

they rarely succeeded in catching their enemy at unawares; or if it so happened, the individuals composing the band broke up, and dispersed by ways only known to themselves; and when the French officers accounted them totally annihilated, they were again assembled on another point, exercising a partisan war on the rear, and upon the communications, of those who lately expected to have them at their mercy. Thus invisible when they were sought for, the guerillas seemed every where present when damage could be done to the invaders. To chase them was to pursue the wind, and to circumvent them was to detain water with a sieve.

Soult had recourse to severity to intimidate these desultory but most annoying enemies, by publishing a proclamation [May 9], threatening to treat the members of the guerillas, not as regular soldiers, but as banditti taken in the fact, and thus execute such of them as chanced to be made prisoners. The chiefs, in reply to this proclamation, published a royal decree, as they termed it, declaring that each Spaniard was, by the necessity of the times, a soldier, and that he was entitled to all military privileges when taken with arms in his hands. They therefore announced, that, having ample means of retaliation in their power, they would not scruple to make use of them, by executing three Frenchmen for every one of their followers who should suffer in consequence of Soult's unjust and inhuman proclamation.[1] These

[1] [Southey, vol. iv. p. 405.]

threats were fulfilled on both sides. It is said, a horrid example of cruelty was given by a French general, who in a manner crucified, by nailing to trees, eight prisoners, whom he had taken from the guerillas of the Empecinado. The daring Spaniard's passions were wound up too high to listen either to pity or fear; he retaliated the cruelty by nailing the same number of Frenchmen to the same trees, and leaving them to fill the forest of Guadarama with their groans. But these excesses became rare on either side; for the mutual interest of both parties soon led them to recur to the ordinary rules of war.

We have given a slight sketch of the peculiar character of this singular warfare, which constitutes a curious and interesting chapter in the history of mankind, and serves to show how difficult it is to subject, by the most formidable military means, a people who are determined not to submit to the yoke. The probability of the case had not escaped the acute eye of Buonaparte himself, who, though prescient of the consequences, had not been able to resist the temptation of seizing upon this splendid sovereignty, and who was still determined, as he is said to have expressed himself, to reign at least over Spain, if he could not reign over the Spanish people. But even this stern wish, adopted in vengeance rather than in soberness of mind, could not, if gratified, have removed the perplexity which was annexed to the affairs of the Peninsula.

Buonaparte, in the spirit of calculation which was one of his great attributes, had reckoned that Spain, when in his hands, would retain the same

channels of wealth which she had possessed from her South American provinces. Had he been able to carry into execution his whole plan—had the old king really embarked for Peru or Mexico, it might have happened, that Napoleon's influence over Charles, his Queen, and her favourite Godoy, could have been used to realize these expectations. But, in consequence of the rupture which had taken place, the Spanish colonies, at first taking part with the patriots of the mother country, made large remittances to Cadiz for the support of the war against the French; and when afterwards, adopting another view of the subject, the opportunity appeared to them favourable for effecting their own independence, the golden tide which annually carried tribute to Old Spain was entirely dried up.

This Buonaparte had not reckoned upon, and he had now to regret an improvident avidity, similar to that of Esop's boy, who killed the bird which laid eggs of gold. The disappointment was as great as unexpected. Napoleon had, from his private treasure, and the means he possessed in France, discharged the whole expense of the two large armies, by whom the territory of Spain was first occupied; and it was natural for him to suppose, that in this, as in so many other cases, the French troops should, after this first expedition, be paid and maintained at the expense of the provinces in which they were quartered. This was the rather to be expected, when Andalusia, Grenada, Valencia, fertile and rich provinces, were added to the districts overrun by the invading army. But, so

general was the disinclination to the French, so universal the disappearance of specie, so uninter-mitting the disturbances excited by the guerillas, that both King Joseph, his court, and the French army, were obliged to have constant recourse to Napoleon for the means of supporting themselves; and such large remittances were made for these purposes, that in all the countries occupied by the French, the Spanish coin gradually disappeared from the circulation, and was replaced by that of France. The being obliged, therefore, to send supplies to the kingdom from which he had expect-ed to receive them, was a subject of great mortifi-cation to Napoleon, which was not, however, the only one connected with the government he had established there.

In accepting the crown of Spain at the hands of Napoleon, Joseph, who was a man of sense and penetration, must have been sufficiently aware that it was an emblem of borrowed and dependent sove-reignty, gleaming but with such reflected light as his brother's Imperial diadem might shed upon it. He could not but know, that in making him King of Spain, Napoleon retained over him all his rights as a subject of France, to whose Emperor, in his regal as well as personal capacity, he still, though a nominal monarch, was accounted to owe all vas-salage. For this he must have been fully prepared. But Joseph, who had a share of the family pride, expected to possess with all others, save Buona-parte, the external appearance at least of sove-reignty, and was much dissatisfied with the proceedings of the marshals and generals sent by

his brother to his assistance. Each of these, accustomed to command his own separate corps d'armée, with no subordination save that to the Emperor only, proceeded to act on his own authority, and his own responsibility, levied contributions at pleasure, and regarded the authority of King Joseph as that of a useless and ineffective civilian, who followed the march along with the impediments and baggage of the camp, and to whom little honour was reckoned due, and no obedience. In a word, so complicated became the state of the war and of the government, so embarrassing the rival pretensions set up by the several French generals, against Joseph and against each other, that when Joseph came to Paris to assist at the marriage of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, he made an express demand, that all the French troops in Spain should be placed under his own command, or rather that of his Major-General; and in case this was declined, he proposed to abdicate the crown, or, what was equivalent, that the French auxiliaries should be withdrawn from Spain. Buonaparte had, on a former occasion, named his brother generalissimo of the troops within his pretended dominions; he now agreed that the French generals serving in Spain should be subjected, without exception, to the control of Marshal Jourdan, as Major-General of King Joseph. But as these commanders were removed from Buonaparte's immediate eye, and were obliged to render an account of their proceedings both to the intrusive king and to Napoleon, it was not difficult for them to contrive to play off the one

against the other, and in fact to conduct themselves as if independent of both.

These very embarrassing circumstances were increased by the presence of the English army, which, having twice driven the French from Portugal, showed no intention of returning to their ships, but lay on the frontiers of the latter kingdom, ready to encourage and assist the continued resistance of Spain. It was not the fault of the commander-in-chief that their duties were, for the present, in a great measure limited to those of an army of observation. If the troops which assisted in the ill-advised Walcheren expedition had been united to those under the command of Lord Wellington, they would, at a loss infinitely less, and yet greatly more honourably incurred, have driven the French beyond the Ebro, or more probably, have compelled them to evacuate Spain. But the British Cabinet, though adopting new and more bold, as well as more just ideas of the force of the country, could not be expected perhaps all at once, and amid the clamour of an Opposition who saw nothing but reckless desperation in whatever measures were calculated to resist France, to hazard so much of the national force upon one single adventure, although bearing in their own eyes a promising aspect. Statesmen, and even those of no mean character, are apt to forget, that where a large supply of men and money is necessary to ensure the object aimed at, it is miserable policy to attempt to economize either; and that such ill-timed thrift must render the difficulties attending the expedi-

tion either altogether insurmountable, or greatly add to the loss which must be encountered to overcome them.

In the mean time, Buonaparte, with respect to the Peninsula, convulsed as it was by civil war in every province,—half-subdued and half-emancipated,—causing him an immense expense, as well as endless contradiction and mortification,—stood much in the condition, to use a popular simile, of one, who, having hold of a wolf, feels it equally difficult to overpower the furious animal, and dangerous to let him go. His power over the general mind, however, rested a great deal on the opinion commonly received, that he was destined to succeed in whatever enterprise he undertook. He himself entertained some such ideas concerning the force of his own destiny; and as it was no part either of his temper or his policy to abandon what he had once undertaken, he determined to make a gigantic effort to drive the Leopards and their Sepoy general, as the French papers called the British and Lord Wellington, out of Portugal; to possess himself of Lisbon; and to shut that avenue against foreign forces again attempting to enter the Peninsula.

In obedience to the Emperor's commands, an army, to be termed that of Portugal, was assembled, on a scale which the Peninsula had scarcely yet seen. It was called by the French themselves 110,000 men, but certainly rather exceeded than fell short of the number of 80,000. This large force was put under the command of Massena, Prince of Essling, the greatest name in the French army,

after that of Napoleon, and so favoured by fortune, that his master was wont to call him the Spoilt Child of Victory.[1]

Lord Wellington's British troops did not exceed 25,000 in number, and there were among them so many invalids, that his motions were necessarily entirely limited to the defensive. He had, however, a subsidiary force under his command, consisting of 30,000 Portuguese, in whom other generals might have rested little confidence; but they were receiving British pay and British allowances, were disciplined in the British manner, and commanded by British officers; and Lord Wellington, who had seen the unwarlike Hindu behave himself in similar circumstances, like a companion not unworthy of the English soldier, had little doubt of being able to awaken the dormant and suppressed, but natural ardour of the natives of Portugal. This force had been, in a great measure, trained under the auspices of Marshal Beresford, an officer who has eternal claims on the gratitude of his country, for the generous manner in which he devoted himself to a labour, which had at first little that was flattering or promising; and for the very great perfection to which, by dint of skill, good temper, and knowledge of human nature, he was able to bring his task to completion at such an important crisis.

It was, however, of the utmost importance to avoid trusting too much to the Portuguese troops, which were so recently levied and trained, until

[1] [Southey, vol. iv. p. 415.]

they had acquired something of the practice, as well as the theory, of the military profession.

Thus, between the weak state of the British, and the imperfect discipline of the Portuguese, Lord Wellington was reduced to temporary inactivity, and had the mortification to see the frontier places of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida taken almost in the presence of his army. The fears of the British nation were as usual excited in an unreasonable degree by these two sinister events; but they had both come within the calculations of Lord Wellington, whose advance to the frontier was without the intention of incurring any risk for the preservation of those places, but merely, by inducing the garrisons to hold out, to protract as long as possible a defence, the duration of which must be equally advantageous to the allies, and wasteful to the French.

The position on which he meant to maintain the defence of Portugal, had been long since fixed upon, and the fortifications had been as long in progress. It was that of Torres Vedras, where, as appears from his own evidence before the Cintra Court of Enquiry, he had expected Junot to make a defence, after the battle of Vimeiro. All Lord Wellington's previous movements were adjusted carefully, for the purpose of drawing the enemy from his supplies and communications to that point, beyond which he proposed the invader should pass no farther.

Admirably as Lord Wellington's premises were connected with the conclusion he aimed at, chance, or rather the presumption of the French general,

favoured him with an unexpected opportunity of adding glory to a retreat, which was dictated by prudence. Massena, if he did justice to British courage, thought himself entitled to set the military skill of their general at utter defiance. He saw, indeed, their retrograde movements, from the banks of the Coa towards Lisbon, conducted with all the deliberate and guarded caution of a game at chess; but still these movements were retrograde, nor could he resist the temptation, by a bold and sudden attack, to attempt to precipitate the retreat of the British, and drive them, if not into the sea, at least into their ships, to which he doubted not they were ultimately bound.

This led to the battle of Busaco, which was fought on the 27th of September, 1810. Upon that memorable day the British army was assembled on the Sierra, or ridge of the hills called Busaco. Massena, by turning the extremity of the ridge, might have compelled the English general to recommence his retreat; but he meditated a direct attack on the position. It was made by five strong divisions of the French. Two attacked on the right, one of which, forcing its way to the top of the ridge, was bayoneted and driven headlong down; the other, suffering great loss from the fire, gave way before reaching the top. Three divisions attacked on the left, with nearly the same fate. Defeated upon such unfavourable ground, the enemy lost, it was computed, at least 2000 men slain, besides very many wounded. The moral effect of the battle of Busaco was immense. It assured both the English themselves, and the people

of Portugal, that the retreat of Lord Wellington's army was not the effect of fear, but of a deliberate choice. It evinced, also, what degree of trust might be securely reposed in the Portuguese levies. "They had shown themselves worthy of contending," said Lord Wellington, in his official despatch, "in the same ranks with British troops;" and they felt their own confidence rise as their merits became acknowledged.[1]

The French army, declining any farther attack on the Sierra, proceeded to turn its extremity, and move upon Lisbon by the way of Coimbra. Here Massena established a strong rear-guard with his hospitals and wounded, but the inspiration occasioned by the victory of Busaco had not yet subsided among the Portuguese. Colonel Trant, a British officer, who commanded a body of Portuguese militia, rushed gallantly into Coimbra, and carried the place by a sudden attack. About 5000 men, many of course wounded, with all the French hospital stores, fell into the hands of the Portuguese; and Massena, who could not recover the place, suffered all the loss of stores and provisions which that city afforded as a depôt, and which the fertile district in the neighbourhood might have enabled him to collect.

Great was the surprise of both armies, when the retreat of the British, and advance of the French, suddenly terminated. The former entered a regular position, which, by the utmost exertion of skill and labour, had been rendered almost impregnable,

[1] [Southey, vol. iv. p. 482.]

being most formidably protected by field-works and heavy guns. They found that the Tagus and port of Lisbon afforded them assurance of subsistence, even in plenty, and that their inferiority in numbers was completely made up to them by the strength of their position.

The French, on the contrary, who had fondly expected to enter Lisbon as conquerors, found themselves in a country wasted by the hands of its cultivators; without hospitals or magazines in their rear; in front a foe, of whom they had lately felt the strength; and around, a hostile population, for the greater part in arms. If, in such a situation, Massena could be said to besiege Lisbon, he was, nevertheless, in the utmost danger of suffering those extremities of famine which usually fall to the lot of the beleaguered party. He seemed, by some strange transmutation, to have changed lots with the natives of Lisbon, and to suffer all the evils which he expected to inflict.

The war now paused on both sides. Lord Wellington had reached the point of his defence. Massena seemed at a loss where to commence his attack. The deer was turned to bay, but the dog sprung not. The eyes of all Europe were rested upon the Tagus, on whose banks were to be decided the pretensions to superiority asserted by two great generals in the name of two mighty nations. But that event was suspended for several months, during which it is fitting that we should resume the narrative of other matters.

CHAPTER LII.

Change in Napoleon's Principles of Government.—Becomes suspicious of Talleyrand and Fouché—Fouché endeavours, without the knowledge of Napoleon, to ascertain the Views of England with respect to Peace—His Plan is defeated by a singular collision with a similar one of Napoleon—and Fouché is sent away as Governor-General of Rome.—His Moral and Political Character. Murmurings of the People against the Austrian Alliance. —Continental System.—Ignorance of Napoleon of the Actual Political Feelings of Great Britain—The License System.—Louis Buonaparte—Endeavours in vain to defend Holland from the Effects of the Continental System —He abdicates the Throne, and retires to Gratz in Styria.—Holland is annexed to the French Empire.

Since Buonaparte obtained, in 1804, the absolute rule of the French Republic, a change had been gradually taking place in his principles of government, and in the character of the statesmen whom he employed as his ministers and advisers. For the first two years, and more, he had governed on the principle of a limited monarch, who avails himself of the best talents he can find among his subjects, and shows a deference to those who are distinguished, either for the political part which they have performed, or the share they possess in the good opinion of the public. Among his advisers

at this period, we find many of the leading men of the Revolution; persons who, though they had been induced, from various motives, to see the rise of Napoleon with equanimity, and even to aid him, then their equal, in his attempt to climb to supreme power, yet still remembered in what relation he and they had originally stood to each other. In counselling an Emperor, these statesmen did it with the more freedom, that they remembered a period when they were on a level with him, nay, perhaps, when they stood a good deal higher.

This period of his reign, during which Napoleon suffered the wild and powerful flights of his own ambition to be, in some degree, restrained and directed by the judgment of others, formed the most laudable and useful certainly, if not the most brilliant part of his career. But, gradually as his power became augmented and consolidated, the Emperor began to prefer that class of complaisant ministers, who would rather reflect his own opinions, prefaced with additional recommendations and arguments, than less courteously attempt to criticise and refute them.

The history of Napoleon justifies, or at least excuses him, for falling into this natural error. He felt, and justly, that he was the sole projector of his gigantic plans, and also, in a great measure, the agent who carried them through; and he was led to believe, that, because he did so much, he might as well do the whole. The schemes which he had himself originally formed, were executed by his own military genius; and thus it seemed as if the advice of counsellors, so indispensable to other

princes, might be unnecessary to a sovereign who had shown himself all-sufficient alike in the cabinet and in the field. Yet this, though a plausible, was a delusive argument, even though it appeared to be borne out by the actual fact. It may be true, that in Buonaparte's councils, few measures of consequence were suggested by his ministers, and that he himself generally took the lead in affairs of importance. But still it was of great consequence that such plans, having been proposed, should be critically weighed, and canvassed by men of too much experience to be deceived by appearances, and too much courage to be prevented from speaking their mind. The advice of such men as Talleyrand and Fouché, operated as a restraint upon schemes hastily adopted, or opinionatively maintained; and their influence, though unseen and unheard, save in the Imperial cabinet, might yet be compared to the keel of a vessel, which, though invisible, serves to steady her among the waves, and regulate the force by which she is propelled by her swelling canvass; or to the pendulum of a timepiece, which checks and controls the mainspring of the machinery. Yet, though Buonaparte must have been sensible of these advantages, he was still more accessible to the feelings of jealousy, which made him suspect that these statesmen were disposed rather to establish separate interests for themselves in the government and nation, than to hold themselves completely dependent on the Imperial authority.

The character of both Talleyrand and Fouché, indeed, authorized some such suspicion. They had

been distinguished in the French Revolution before Napoleon's name had been heard of, were intimately acquainted with all the springs which had moved it, and retained, as Buonaparte might suspect, the inclination, and even the power, to interfere at some possible state-crisis more effectually than accorded with his views of policy. He had gorged them indeed with wealth; but, if he consulted his own bosom, he might learn that wealth is but an indifferent compensation for the loss of political power. In a word, he suspected that the great services which Talleyrand rendered him with regard to foreign relations, and Fouché as minister of police, were calculated to raise them into necessary and indispensable agents, who might thus become, to a certain degree, independent of his authority. He doubted, moreover, that they still kept up relations with a political society called Philadelphes, consisting of old republicans and others, of different political creeds, but who were united in their views of obtaining some degree of freedom, either by availing themselves of such slender means of restraint as the constitution, so carefully purged of every means of opposing the Imperial will, might yet afford, or by waiting for some disaster befalling Napoleon which might render their voice potential.[1]

The suspicions with which Buonaparte regarded his ministers did not rest on vague conjecture. While he was in Spain, he received information, appearing to indicate that a party was forming it-

[1] [Southey, vol. iii. p. 405; Fouché, t. i. p. 339.]

self in the Legislative Assembly, the bond connecting which was opposition to the Imperial will. That body voted, it must be remembered, by ballot; and great was the surprise and alarm of the assembly, when black balls, disapproving a measure suggested to their consideration by government, were counted to the number of an hundred and twenty-five, being a full third of the members present.[1]

An official note, dated from Valladolid, 4th December, instantly recalled the presumptuous dissentients to a sense that the power of rejecting the laws laid before them in the Emperor's name, which they had attempted thus boldly to exercise, was only intrusted to them for show, but was meant to contain no really effectual power of control. The words of Napoleon, the friend, as has been pretended, of liberal institutions, are well worthy of remark. "Our evils," he said, "have arisen in part from an exaggeration of ideas, which has tempted the Legislative Body to consider itself as representing the nation; an idea which is chimerical and even criminal, since implying a claim of representation which is vested in the Emperor alone. The Legislative Body ought to be called the Legislative Council—it does not possess the right of making laws, since it has not the right of propounding them. In the constitutional hierarchy, the Emperor, and the ministers his organs, are the first representatives of the nation. If any other pretensions, pretending to be constitutional, should

[1] [Fouché, t. i. p. 329.]

pervert the principles of our monarchical constitution, every thing is undone."[1]

This is all very intelligible, and shows that in principle, if not in practice, the monarchical constitution of France rested upon the same basis of despotism which supports the monarchical constitution of Constantinople, where the Ulemats, or men of law, have an ostensible title to resist the Grand Signor's edicts, and are only exposed to the penalty of being pounded to death in a mortar, should they presume to exercise it. Yet, a member of the French Legislative Body might have been pardoned for being inquisitive on two subjects. 1st, He might wish to know, if that body, chosen by the people, though indeed not directly, did not represent their electors, whom was it that they did represent? 2dly, What was their real authority in the state, since they were not to enjoy the power of rejecting the overtures which the constitution contended should be laid before them, before they were passed into laws?

Buonaparte entertained strong suspicion that this recalcitrating humour, so suddenly testified by so complaisant an assembly, must have had the countenance of Talleyrand and of Fouché. So soon as he returned to Paris, therefore, he sounded the latter minister on the revolt in the Legislative Body, and desired his opinion on the sort of measures by which he had repressed it. Fouché had been too long a spy upon the private thoughts of others, to be capable of the weakness of betraying

[1] [Fouché, t. i. p. 329.]

his own. He expatiated, in a tone of panegyric, on the decisive tone of the official note, affirmed that this was the only way to govern a kingdom, and added, that if any constitutional body arrogated the right of national representation, the sovereign had no choice but instantly to dissolve it. "If Louis XVI. had acted thus," said the minister, "he might have been alive, and King of France at this day." Astonished at the zeal and promptitude of this reply, Buonaparte looked for an instant with wonder at his minister, who thus avouched sentiments so different from those which had governed the earlier part of his political life. "And yet, Duke of Otranto," said the Emperor to the ex-jacobin, "methinks you were yourself one of those whose voices sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold?"—"I was," answered the supple statesman, without confusion or hesitation; "and it was the first service which I had the honour to render to your Majesty."[1]—This courtly answer saved the minister for the moment; but Napoleon did not the less continue to see in Fouché an object of suspicion and apprehension, whose power, owing to his having been so long at the head of the police, was immense; whose duplicity was unfathomable, and who evinced many indications of desiring to secure some separate individual authority, either by being too necessary to be dismissed, or too formidable to be offended.

Fouché himself has, indeed, admitted, that he endeavoured to regulate the duties of his office, so

[1] [Mémoires de Fouché, t. i. p. 331.]

as to secure as much power to himself as possible, and was anxious, out of a desire of popularity, as well as from respect for the virtue which he did not himself possess, to execute those duties with the least possible harm to individuals. His mode of transacting business with the Emperor was thus characteristically described by himself. A person of rank, one of the *détenus*, desirous of escaping from the durance in which he was confined, had been fortunate enough to engage the interest of Fouché in his behalf. He had received more than one intimation from this statesman, that his passport would certainly be granted, but still it never received the Imperial signature; and Fouché, who began to fear that his own sincerity might be called in question, commenced one morning, in the presence of our informer, and of one of the distinguished generals of the empire, the following oblique explanation of the cause of his failure. "You no doubt think yourself a brave man?" said he, addressing the general.—"Bah!" replied the other, entering into the same vein of raillery,—"Brave? brave as an hundred lions."—"But I," continued the statesman, "am much braver than you. Look you, I desire some favour, the liberation of a friend or the like; I watch the happy moment of access, select the moment of persuasion, am insinuating,—eloquent,—at length, by argument or importunity, I am successful. Next day, the paper which should ratify the boon which I had requested, is rejected when offered, torn perhaps, or flung beneath a heap of petitions and supplications. Now, herein is displayed my courage, which consists in daring again

and again to recommence the unacceptable suit, and, what is perhaps the last verge of audacity, to claim it as a promise, which, being once pledged, can only be redeemed by specific performance." In this confession we read the account of a minister, still possessing influence, but declining in favour, and already become the object of his sovereign's jealousy; to whose personal request a favour cannot be decently refused, although a promise, reluctantly conceded to importunity, is willingly forgotten, or at length tardily and disobligingly granted.

Standing on these terms with a master at once watchful and jealous, we cannot be surprised at the audacity of Fouché, who feared not to affect a sort of independence, by anticipating the desires of Napoleon in the public service, and even in the Imperial family. A striking instance of the last occurred in his intrigue with Josephine on the subject of the divorce;[1] and perhaps it was his escape out of that former involvement,[2] without loss of power or credit, which urged him to a second interference of a more public and national character, by which he endeavoured to sound the possibility of accomplishing a peace with England.

We may discover more than one motive for Fouché's proceeding in this most important business without either the knowledge or consent of

[1] [Fouché, t. i. p. 32.]

[2] ["It is well known that Josephine never spoke to the Emperor otherwise than in favourable terms of all those who were about his person; she was even of service to M. Fouché, though he had attempted to become the instrument for bringing about her divorce."—Savary, t. ii. p. 178.]

Napoleon. He was aware that his master might have rendered it, in his way of treating, impossible even at starting, to discover on what terms Great Britain would conclude peace, by stating as preliminaries certain concessions which it was probable would not be granted, but from which, once stated, Napoleon could not himself recede. If, therefore, Fouché could find some secret mode of ascertaining upon what terms a treaty with England might really be obtained, he was doing a service to France, to Britain, to Napoleon himself, and to the world. It is not the Duke of Otranto, however, in particular, whom we would expect to incur disgrace, and even personal hazard, on mere public grounds. But, besides the pleasure which those who have long engaged in political intrigues find in carrying them on, until the habit becomes as inveterate as that of the gambler, we can see that Fouché might reasonably propose to himself an important accession of influence by the success of such a negotiation. If he could once acquire a knowledge of the price at which Napoleon might obtain that peace for which the world sighed in vain, he would become possessed of an influence over public opinion, both at home and abroad, which could not but render him a person of extreme importance; and if he was able to become the agent in turning such knowledge to advantage, and negotiating such an important treaty, he might fix himself even on Napoleon, as one of those ministers frequently met with in history, whom their sovereign may have disliked, but could not find means to dismiss.

Acting upon such motives, or on others which

we can less easily penetrate, Fouché anxiously looked around, to consider what concessions France might afford to make, to soothe the jealousy of England; trusting it would be possible to come to some understanding with the British Ministry, weakened by the loss of Mr Canning, and disheartened by the defeats sustained by the Spanish patriots, and the sinister event of the Walcheren expedition. The terms which he would have been willing to have granted, comprehended an assurance of the independence of the two kingdoms of Holland and Spain (as if such a guarantee could have availed any thing while these kingdoms had for sovereigns the brothers of Napoleon, men reigning as his prefects, and, we shall presently see, subject to removal at his pleasure), together with the acknowledgment of the Sicilian monarchy in the present King, and that of Portugal in the House of Braganza. M. Ouvrard, a gentleman who had been permitted to go to London on commercial business, was employed by Fouché to open this delicate and furtive negotiation with the Marquis of Wellesley. But the negotiation was disconcerted by a singular circumstance.[1]

[1] ["Although Sir Walter Scott does not mention me, I am able to speak pertinently to this affair: the following is the truth. I went to Paris in 1809, against my inclination, to comply with the wish of the principal Dutch, who imagined that I could prevent, or at least adjourn by my presence in Paris, and my immediate efforts, the evident intention of seizing upon Holland. During my stay at Paris, I was persuaded that all the tricks, the attacks, and ill-treatment of which I was the object, had not for their real end the union of Holland, since it was the interest of France to aggrandise that kingdom, but that it was a political stratagem, to induce the English Government to repeal

The idea of endeavouring to know on what terms peace could be obtained, had occurred to Napoleon as well as to Fouché; and the sovereign, on his part, unsuccessful as he had been on two occasions in his attempt to open a personal correspondence with the King of England, had followed the steps of his minister, in making M. Labouchère, a commercial person, agent of a great Dutch mercantile establishment, the medium of communication with the British Government. The consequence was, that Ouvrard, and the agent of the Emperor, neither of whom knew of the other's mission, entered about the

its decrees of council, and to conclude the peace; and I was therefore prevailed upon while at Paris to send M. Labouchère from Amaterdam to London with instructions to make known to the Marquis Wellesley, that if England did not withdraw its decrees of council, the union of Holland with France was inevitable. The reply of the marquis proved at once how favourable my government in Holland had been to France, since the English Government declared, 'that the fate of Holland could not fail to occasion much interest in England; but that, in the present state of that country, the influence of France was so entire there, that the political change spoken of, must have some weight in the determination of the British Cabinet.' This attempt having proved useless, I could only succeed in delaying the union of Holland, the decree for which being prepared beforehand, and always in readiness, was often placed before me,—by sacrificing Brabant and Zealand. After my return to Amsterdam, I was requested to allow M. Ouvrard a passage to England. I consented to this the more willingly, as I imagined that it was in consequence of the step I had already taken in sending M. Labouchère to London. A short time after the Emperor visited Antwerp. Whilst conversing with him there, I assured him that there had been no communication with England except that which had taken place through M. Ouvrard, according to his request. My astonishment was extreme on learning, that not only it was without his request, but that he was ignorant of it, and from that moment he determined on the discharge of M. Fouché, who had allowed so singular a proceeding.'—Louis Buonaparte, p. 65.]

same time into correspondence with the Marquis Wellesley, who, returned from his Spanish mission, was now secretary at war. The British statesman, surprised at this double application, became naturally suspicious of some intended deception, and broke off all correspondence both with Ouvrard and his competitor for the office of negotiator.[1]

Napoleon must naturally have been so highly incensed with Fouché for tampering without his consent[2] in a matter of such vital consequence, that one is almost surprised to find him limiting the effects of his resentment to disgracing the minister. He sent for Fouché [June 2], and having extorted from him an avowal of his secret negotiation, he remarked, "So, then, you make peace or war without my leave?"[3] The consequence was, that the Duke of Otranto was deprived of his office of minister of police, in which he was succeeded by Savary; and he was shortly after sent into a species of honourable exile, in the character of Governor-general of Rome.[4] It cost Buonaparte no little

[1] [Fouché, t. i. p. 354; Savary, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 208.]

[2] ["Ah, Fouché! how well the Emperor knew you, when he said, that your ugly foot was sure to be thrust in every body's shoes."—Las Cases, t. ii. p. 18.]

[3] ["Napoleon left the council, and gave orders to Savary to arrest M. Ouvrard; at the same time, I was forbidden to have any communication with the prisoner. The next day the portfolio of the police was given to Savary. This time it was a real disgrace."—Fouché, t. i. p. 358.]

[4] ["The decree constituting Fouché Governor-general of Rome, bears date June 3, 1810. 'This nomination,' says Fouché, 'was nothing but an honourable veil woven by Napoleon's policy, in order to conceal and mitigate, in the eyes of the public, my disgrace, of which his intimates alone had the secret."—*Mémoires*, t. ii. p. 7.]

trouble to redeem from the clutches of his late minister the confidential notes which he had himself written to him upon affairs of police. For a long time Fouché pretended that he had consigned these important documents to the flames; and it was not until he had before his eyes the alternative of submission or a dungeon, that he at length delivered up the Imperial warrants, containing, no doubt, much that would have been precious to history. Dismissed at present from the stage, we shall again meet with this bold statesman at other periods of our history, when, as is observed of some kinds of sea fowl, his appearance seldom failed to announce danger and tempest.

The character of Fouché, in point of principle or morality, could scarcely be accounted even tolerable; but he had high talents, and in many points the soundness of his judgment led him to pursue and recommend moderate and beneficent measures, out of policy, if not from a higher motive. On other accounts, also, many of the French had some partiality to him; especially those who cast their eyes backward upon their national history, and regretted the total loss of that freedom, so eagerly longed for, so briefly possessed, and which they could never be properly said to have enjoyed; and to the recovery of which, in part at least, Fouché was understood to be favourable as far as he could or dared. The remnant of the sterner Republicans might despise him as a time server, yet they respected him, at the same time, as a relic of the Revolution, and on different occasions experienced his protection. To the Royalists also he had been

courteous, and so decidedly so, as encouraged one of the boldest agents of the Bourbons to penetrate to his presence, and endeavour to bring him over to the cause of the exiled family. Fouché dismissed him, indeed, with a peremptory refusal to listen to his proposal; but he did not deliver him to the police, and he allowed him twenty-four hours to leave the kingdom. These various feelings occasioned to many, alarm and regret at the dismissal of the Duke of Otranto.

The discharge of this able minister seemed the more portentous, that shortly before it occurred, the terrible charge of which he was about to be deprived, had received an alarming extension of jurisdiction. The number of state prisons was extended from one, being the old tower of Vincennes, to no less than six, situated in different parts of France.[1] These Bastiles, chiefly old Gothic castles, were destined to be the abode of captives, whom the Government described as persons who could not be convicted of any crime perpetrated, but whom, as entertaining dangerous thoughts, and principles, it was not safe to permit to remain at large. The *lettre de cachet*, by authority of which these victims of political suspicion were to be secluded from liberty, was to consist in a decree of the Privy Council, which might have been as well termed the pleasure of the Emperor. This measure was adopted on the 3d of March, 1810, upon a report made to the Council of State in the name of Fouché, and agreed to by them; but it

[1] Saumur, Ham, Landskaone, Pierre-Châtel, and Fennestrelles.

was well understood, that, in this and similar instances, the individual at the head of any department was obliged to father the obloquy of such measures as Napoleon desired to introduce into it. The minister of police was therefore held guiltless of recommending an extension of the Government's encroachments upon public liberty; which, in fact, were the exclusive device of Napoleon and his Privy Council.[1]

It was another unfortunate circumstance for Napoleon, that the observers of the times ascribed the dismissal of the old Republican counsellors, and the more rigorous measures adopted against political malecontents, to the influence of the Austrian alliance. With many persons in France, Buonaparte, as the Heir of the Revolution, might, like Danton, Robespierre, and others, have exercised the most despotic authority, providing he claimed his right to do so by and through the Revolution. But they could not endure to see the Emperor Napoleon, while exercising the same authority with a thousand times more lenity, attempt to improve his right to the submission of his subjects by an alliance with one of the ancient houses of Europe, against whom the principles of the Revolution had declared eternal war. Every class of politicians has its fanatics, and in that of the ancient Jacobins were many who would rather have perished by the short, sharp terrors of the Republican guillotine, than survived to linger in a dungeon during the pleasure of a son-in-law of the

[1] [Fouché, t. i. p 352.]

Emperor of Germany. Such ideas, inconsistent as they were in themselves, and utterly irreconcilable with the quiet, gentle, and irreproachable character of Maria Louisa, who could never be justly accused of even attempting to influence her husband upon any political subject, circulated, nevertheless, and were even accredited in political society. There was indeed this argument in their favour, that no other motive could be assigned for Buonaparte's sparing Austria when she was lying at his mercy, and choosing a partner out of her royal family, than the desire of allying himself with the House of Hapsburg, and of gaining such access as could be attained by such an alliance to a share in the rights and privileges of the most ancient hereditary dynasty of Europe. But in approaching to that fraternal alliance with legitimate royalty, Napoleon proportionally abandoned those revolutionary principles and associates, by whose means he had first climbed to power; and by this change, rather of the basis of his authority than of the authority itself, he offended many of the Republicans, without effectually gaining the aristocrats, to whom his new connexion might have seemed a recommendation. Indeed, when his right to sovereignty was considered without reference to his possession, and his power to maintain it, Napoleon was in some measure censured like the bat in the fable. The democrats urged against him his matrimonial alliance with a house of the ancient régime; while the aristocrats held him disqualified, on account of the origin of his power under the revolutionary system.

But although such objections existed among the

zealots of both political factions, the great body of the French people would have cared little on what principle Napoleon had ascribed his title to the Imperial crown, providing he had but been contented to allow the subject and himself the advantage of a short repose from wars and conquests. This tranquillity, however, was becoming every day less probable, for new incidents seemed to dictate new acquisitions to the empire; and, unhappily for his own and other countries, the opportunity of aggrandizement was with Buonaparte all that it wanted to recommend it, and the pressure of the occasion was always a complete justification of any measure which the time rendered expedient.

That which now chiefly occupied him, since the overtures for peace with England had been rendered abortive by the collision of his own confidential emissary with that of Fouché, was the destruction of the strength, and the sapping of the resources of that country, by dint of enforcing and extending what he called the European Continental System; which consisted of the abolition of all commerce, and the reducing each nation, as in the days of primitive barbarism, to remain satisfied with its own productions, however inadequate to the real or artificial wants to which its progress in society had gradually given rise.

Like most foreigners, Napoleon understood little or nothing of the constitutional opinions, or influential principles, belonging to England. He was well acquainted with human character, as modified by the governments and customs of France and Italy; but this experience no more qualified him to judge

of the English character, than the most perfect acquaintance with the rise and fall of the Mediterranean, amounting to five or six inches in height, would prepare a navigator to buffet with the powerful tides which burst and foam on the shores of the British islands. The information which he received from that hostile country, Buonaparte construed according to his wishes; and when it was supplied by private intelligencers, they were of course desirous of enhancing the value of what they told, by exaggerating its importance. It was, indeed, no difficult task to impose on a statesman, ignorant enough of the present state of North Britain to believe, that he could, even at this time of day, have disturbed the security of the reigning family, by landing in Scotland some candidate, having pretensions to the crown through the House of Stuart. With the same inaccuracy, he concluded every warm speech in Parliament a summons to revolt—every temporary riot or testimony of popular displeasure, from whatever cause, a commencement of open rebellion. He could not be convinced, that from the peculiarity of the English constitution, and the temper of her people, such disturbances and such violent debates must frequently exist; and although, like eruptions on the human body, they are both unpleasant and unseemly, they are yet the price at which sound internal health is preserved.

Actuated by such erroneous views as we have stated, Napoleon conceived that in 1810 he saw in England the important results of his Continental

System, or interdiction of British commerce with the continent.

The associations of the Luddites, as they were called, were at this time giving great disturbance in the manufacturing districts of England. These, it is well known, were framed to prevent the introduction of looms wrought by machinery, or power-looms, to the superseding the ordinary looms wrought by hand. The cause would have equally existed, and the discontent also, if the Continental System had never been heard of; for such discontent must and will exist in every trade where a number of men are suddenly thrown out of employment by the introduction of abbreviated means of labour. Yet Napoleon never doubted that these heart-burnings, and the violence of the Parliamentary debates, arose entirely from the new mode he had found of striking at Great Britain by the destruction of her commerce. He, therefore, as we shall presently see, examined all Europe, with the intention of shutting every creek and fishing-port, through which cargoes of muslins or cotton goods could by possibility penetrate; and the absolute authority which he could exercise over the whole continent, with the exception of Russia, and of the "still vexed" Peninsula, entitles us to compare him to the heedful governor of a jail, who traverses his gloomy dominions at stated hours, striking with his hammer every bar to ascertain that it rings sound, and proving every lock, to see that no secret means of communication exists with the free part of humanity. Thus commerce, the silken tie which binds nations to each other, whose influence

is so salutary to all states, so essential to the very existence of many, was in danger of being totally abrogated, unless in as far as it was carried on by a system of licenses.

The adoption of this system, which went in a great measure to counteract the effects of that very Continental System which he made it such an especial point to press and enforce upon all neutral powers, was a singular sacrifice made by Napoleon, partly to necessity, partly to the desire of accumulating treasure.

The license system was a relaxation of the continental blockade, of which England had set the example by giving protections to such neutral vessels, as, clearing out from a British port, had a certain proportion of their cargo made up of British goods or colonial produce. This was what, in mercantile language, is termed a real transaction —the British merchandise was purchased by such as designed to make a profit, by selling it again upon any part of the continent to which they might be able to introduce it. Buonaparte, in like manner, granted Imperial licenses, purchased for large sums of money, by which trading vessels were permitted to import a certain quantity of colonial produce, on condition of exporting an equal proportion of French manufactures. This system differed from that of England, in this important respect, that the demand for articles of the French manufactures was entirely simulated. The goods were not wanted in Britain, could not be re-sold there without payment of heavy duties, and were often thrown into the sea in preference to dis-

charging the English duties upon them. Editions of books, a commodity thus exported, and thus disposed of, were wittily said to be *ad usum Delphini*. The prime cost at which these French goods had been purchased, in compliance with Buonaparte's regulations, was of course laid upon the colonial goods, which were the only actual subject of trade. Thus, if the French manufacturers derived any profit from the transaction, it was raised, not by their goods being exported and sold in foreign countries, in the usual course of trade, but by the prime cost being imposed as a tax upon the colonial produce imported; and the price was paid, of course, not by the foreign market, which the goods seldom reached, but by the French consumers of sugar, rum, and coffee.

The real temptation for continuing this attempt to force a trade, was, as we have seen, the impossibility of dispensing with colonial produce entirely, and the large revenue accruing to the French government from these licenses, who, in this manner, exercising a complete monopoly in a trade which they interdicted to all others, made immense additions to the treasure which almost choked the vaults of the pavilion Marsan, in the Tuileries. The language held by the minister of Napoleon to the powers thus affected, amounted therefore to the following proposition:—"You shall shut your ports against British commodities; for without your doing so, it will be impossible for the Emperor Napoleon to humble the Mistress of the Seas. But while you are thus deprived of all commerce, whether passive or active, Napoleon reserves to

himself, by the system of license, the privilege of purchasing and dealing in the commodities of Britain and her colonies, which reaching your country by any other mode than through his permission, will be subject to confiscation, nay, to destruction."

At a later period, Buonaparte greatly regretted that he had suffered the emolument derived from the license-trade, to seduce him into relaxing his Continental System.[1] He seems to lament having relinquished his supposed advantage, as a vindictive freebooter might regret his having been reduced to let go his hold on his enemy's throat, by the tempting opportunity of plunging his hand into the pocket of a bystander. The injustice which thus imposed on neutrals the necessity of abstaining from a lucrative commerce, which France, the belligerent power, reserved to herself the privilege of carrying on in such degree as she might find convenient, was of so crying a description, that, at any other time than during the irresistible ascendency of Napoleon, the very mention of it would have revolted all Europe. And even as times stood, the non-compliance with terms so harsh and unjust, cost the fall of two European thrones, ere it became the means of undermining that of Napoleon himself.

The first of the royal sufferers was the brother of Napoleon, Louis Buonaparte, who had been created King of Holland. By every account which we have been able to collect, Louis was an amiable, well-intentioned, and upright man, of a romantic disposition, and a melancholic complexion, which he had increased by studying the sentimental phi-

[1] [Las Cases, t. ii. p. 283.]

losophy of Rousseau.[1] But he was, in his brother's language, an ideologist; that is, one who is disposed to do that which is right according to principle, rather than that which circumstances render expedient. He was embarrassed by some family disputes, and lived on indifferent terms with his wife,[2] who was a greater favourite with Napoleon than was Louis himself. Since he had been under the necessity of accepting the crown of Holland, he had endeavoured to afford that country all the protection which could be derived from his near relationship to Napoleon; and if he could not save his subjects entirely from the evils of a conquered and dependent state, he endeavoured to diminish these as much as his means permitted. The Dutch, a calm and deliberate people, gave Louis full credit for his efforts, and, in general, regarded him as their friend and protector. But at the period we treat of, the evils which approached their state were far beyond Louis' power to avert or even to modify. Other countries may have more or less of a commercial character, but Holland exists by commerce entirely. It was the influence of commerce which

[1] [See *ante*, vol. x. *n.* p. 321. "Louis had been spoiled by reading the works of Rousseau."—NAPOLEON, *Las Cases*, t. ii. p. 306.]

[2] ["As Louis and Hortensia had lived almost always separate since their marriage, except three short periods of a few months, they each demanded of the family council a separation, presently after Louis arrived at Paris, in 1809. But after a meeting of the said council was granted, the separation was refused, though it had long existed in point of fact. He was informed of the refusal verbally: no document whatever was transmitted to him on a result, on which however depended the ease, condition, and fame of a man of honour."—LOUIS BUONAPARTE, *La Hollande*, t. iii. p 199.]

gained her amphibious territory from the waves, and, were that influence withdrawn, her fair towns must again become fishing villages; her rich pastures must return to their original state of salt-water marshes, shallows, and sand-banks. The French exactions already paid, to the amount of one hundred millions of francs, had purchased, as the natives of Holland fondly imagined, some right to exert the small means of commerce which remained to them, and which, under King Louis' sanction, were almost entirely engaged in traffic with England, now declared contraband.

Napoleon used threats and commands to induce Louis to bring his subjects to a more rigorous observance of the Continental System, while Louis employed expostulation and entreaty in behalf of the nation over whom he had been called to rule. Each brother grew more obstinate in his opinion, and at length, as the Emperor began to see that neither fear nor favour could induce Louis to become the agent of oppression in Holland, his removal from that country was distinctly pointed at as the consequence of his obstinacy. It was intimated, in a report by Champagny, the Duke de Cadore, that the situation of Louis on the throne of Holland was rendered critical, by his feelings being divided betwixt the imprescriptible duties which he owed to France, and to his family, and the interest which it was natural he should take in the welfare of Dutch commerce. To terminate this strife in his brother's mind, the report informed the public that Napoleon meant to recall the prince of his blood whom he had placed on the Dutch throne, since the

first duty of a French prince having a place in the succession to that monarchy, was to France exclusively; and it was intimated, that Holland, divested of her King, and her nominal independence, would be reduced to the condition of a province of France, occupied by French troops, and French officers of the revenue; and thus deprived of the means of thwarting the Continental System, so necessary for the subjugation of Britain, by the obstinate continuance of commercial intercourse with a nation under the ban of the empire.[1]

This report is peculiarly interesting, as explanatory of Buonaparte's views respecting the rights and regal authority of the sovereigns whom he created and displaced at pleasure, as the interests of France, or rather as his own, required, or seemed to require. Either, however, Napoleon became, for the moment, ashamed to acknowledge this fact so broadly; or he thought that such a contradiction of his repeated declarations might have a bad effect upon the Westphalian subjects of Jerome, and upon the Spaniards, whom he desired to become those of Joseph; or, perhaps, the remonstrances of Louis produced some temporary effect upon his mind; for he stopped short in his full purpose, and on the 16th March concluded a treaty with Louis, the terms of which were calculated, it was said, to arrange disputed points betwixt the sovereigns, and render the independence of Holland consistent with the necessary conformity to the Continental System.

[1] [Documens Historiques sur la Hollande, t. iii. p. 238.]

By this treaty, Zealand, Dutch Brabant, and the whole course of the Rhine, as well the right as the left bank, were transferred from Holland to France. French officers of the customs were to be placed in all the Dutch harbours; 18,000 troops were to be maintained by the kingdom of Holland, of whom 6000 were to be French; a fleet was to be fitted out by the same kingdom for the service of France; English manufactures were to be prohibited by the Dutch Government; and other restrictions were subscribed to by Louis,[1] in hopes his brother's stern resolution might be so far softened as to leave the remaining portions of the territories of Holland in a state of nominal independence. But he was soon made sensible that this was no part of Napoleon's intentions. Instead of 6000 French troops, 20,000 were assembled at Utrecht, with the purpose of being poured into Holland. Instead of this foreign soldiery being stationed on the coasts, where alone their presence could be requisite to prevent the contraband trade, which was the sole pretext of introducing them at all, Louis was informed, that they were to take military possession of the whole country; and that the headquarters of this army, which was totally independent of his authority, were to be established at Amsterdam, his capital. July 1.

Seeing himself thus deprived by his brother of all power in the kingdom which was still called his, Louis generously refused to play the pageant part

[1] ["This treaty, which was rather a capitulation, was imposed by the Emperor, signed by Verhueil, and ratified conditionally by the King, who added the words, '*as far as possible.*'" —Louis Buonaparte, *Documens Hist.* t. iii. p. 248.]

of a monarch, who could neither exert his rights nor protect his subjects. On the 1st of July he executed a deed of abdication in favour of his son, then a minor, expressing an affectionate hope, that though he himself had been so unhappy as to offend his brother the Emperor, he would not, nevertheless, visit with his displeasure his innocent and unoffending family. In a letter from Haarlem, dated the 1st July, Louis enlarged on the causes of his abdication, in a manner honourable to his head and his heart, and with a moderation, when he spoke of his brother, which gave weight to his just complaints. "He could not," he said, "consent to retain the mere title of King, separated from all real authority in his kingdom, his capital, or even his palace. He should be in such a case the witness of all that passed, without the power of influencing the current of events for the good of his people, yet remaining responsible for evils which he could neither remedy nor prevent. He had long foreseen the extremity to which he was now reduced, but could not avoid it without sacrificing his most sacred duties, without ceasing to bear at heart the happiness of his people, and to connect his own fate with that of the country. This," he said, "was impossible. Perhaps," he continued, "I am the only obstacle to the reconciliation of Holland with France. Should that prove the case, I may find some consolation in dragging out the remainder of a wandering and languishing life, at a distance from my family, my country, and the good people of Holland, so lately my subjects." [1]

[1] [Documens Historiques, t. iii. p. 310]

Having finished his vindication, and adjusted means for making it public, which he could only do by transmitting it to England, the Ex-King of Holland entertained a chosen party of friends at his palace at Haarlem until near midnight, and then throwing himself into a plain carriage which was in attendance, left behind him the kingly name and the kingly revenue, rather than hold them without the power of discharging the corresponding duties of a sovereign. Louis retired to Gratz, in Styria, where he lived in a private manner, upon a moderate pension,[1] amusing his leisure with literature.[2] His more ambitious consort, with a much more ample revenue, settled herself at Paris, where her wit and talents, independent of her connexion with Napoleon, attracted around her the world of fashion, of which she was a distinguished ornament.

Buonaparte, as was to have been expected, paid no regard to the claim of Louis's son, in whose

[1] [" This is not correct. I did not, nor could not, receive a pension from any one: my revenue was derived principally from the sale of my decorations and jewels, and the interest of the obligations I had taken upon me, in order to encourage the loan from Holland to Prussia at the time of the greatest misfortunes of the virtuous sovereign of that country, who, in spite of all opposition and every political consideration, was anxious to acquit himself towards me with scrupulous exactitude."—LOUIS BUONAPARTE, p. 69.]

[2] [In 1808, Louis gave to the world a sentimental romance, called " Marie, ou les Peines de l'Amour," of which a second edition appeared in 1814, under the title of " Marie, ou les Hollandaises." A distinguished critic describes the royal production as " a farrago of dulness, folly, and bad taste."—(*Quart. Rev.* vol. xii. p. 391.) His treatise entitled " Documens Historiques, et Réflexions sur le Gouvernement de la Hollande," is an unpresuming account of his administration in Holland.]

favour his father had abdicated. He created that young person Grand Duke of Berg, and, although he was yet a child, he took an opportunity to make him a speech, which we have elsewhere adverted to, in which, after inculpating the conduct of his brother, the tenor of which he stated could be accounted for by *malady* alone,[1] he explained in few words the duties incurred by his satellite sovereigns. "Never forget, that whatever position you may be required to occupy, in order to conform to my line of politics, and the interest of my empire, your first duty must always regard ME, your second must have reference to France. All your other duties, even those towards the countries which I commit to your charge, are secondary to these primary obligations."

Thus was the leading principle clearly announced, upon which the nominal independence of kingdoms allied to France was in future to be understood as resting. The monarchs, to whom crowns were assigned, were but to be regarded as the

[1] ["The conduct of your father grieves me to the heart: his disorder alone can account for it. When you are grown up you will pay his debt and your own."—*Documens Hist.* t. iii. p. 326; and *Moniteur*, July 23, 1810. "When Napoleon received the news of his brother's abdication, he was struck with astonishment: he remained silent for a few moments, and after a kind of momentary stupor, suddenly appeared to be greatly agitated. His heart was ready to burst, when he exclaimed, 'Was it possible to suspect so mischievous a conduct in the brother most indebted to me? When I was a mere lieutenant of artillery, I brought him up with the scanty means which my pay afforded me; I divided my bread with him; and this is the return he makes for my kindness!' The Emperor was so overpowered by his emotion, that his grief was said to have vented itself in sobs."—SAVARY, t. ii. pt. ii. p. 239.]

lieutenants of the kingdoms in which they ruled; and whatever part the interest of their dominions might call upon them to act, they were still subject, in the first instance, to the summons and control of their liege lord the Emperor, and compelled to prefer what his pleasure should term the weal of France, to every other call of duty whatever.

The fate of Holland was not long undecided. Indeed, it had probably been determined on as far back as Champagny's first report, in which it had been intimated, that Holland, with all its provinces, was to become an integral part of France. This was contrary to the pledge given by Napoleon to the Senate, that the Rhine should be considered as the natural boundary of France; nor was it less inconsistent with his pretended determination, that the independence of Holland should be respected and maintained. But both these engagements yielded to the force of the reasoning used by his mouth-piece Champagny, in recommending the union of Holland with the French empire, and with France itself. They are worth quoting, were it only to show how little men of sense are ashamed to produce the weakest and most inconsistent arguments, when they speak as having both the power and the settled purpose to do wrong. "Holland," said the minister, whose very effrontery renders his arguments interesting; "is in a manner an emanation from the territory of France, and is necessary to the full complement of the empire. To possess the entire Rhine," (which had been proposed as the natural boundary of France,) "your majesty must extend the fron-

tier to the Zuyder-Zee. Thus the course of all the rivers which arise in France, or which bathe her frontier, will belong to her as far as the sea. To leave in the hands of strangers the mouths of our rivers, would be, Sire, to confine your power to an ill-bounded monarchy, instead of extending its dominions to the natural limits befitting an imperial throne." On such precious reasoning (much on a par with the claim which Napoleon set up to Great Britain as the natural appendage of France, along with the isle of Oleron), Holland was, 9th July, 1810, declared an integral part of the French empire.

But the usurpation was not unavenged. It cost Buonaparte a greater declension in public opinion than had arisen even from his unprincipled attempts on Spain. It is true, none of the bloody and extensively miserable consequences had occurred in Holland, which had been occasioned by the transactions at Bayonne. But the seizure of Holland brought Buonaparte's worst fault, his ambition, before the public, in a more broad and decided point of view.[1]

There were people who could endure his robbing strangers, who were yet shocked that he, so fond of his kindred, and in general so liberal to them, should not have hesitated to dethrone his own brother, merely for entertaining sentiments becoming the rank to which he had been raised by himself; to disinherit his nephew; to go nigh taxing so near

[1] [Napoleon acknowledged at St Helena, that the "annexation of Louis' kingdom to his own was a measure which contributed to ruin his credit in Europe."—Las Cases, t. ii. p. 307.]

a relation with mental imbecility; and all on so slight a provocation;—for the only real point of difference, that, viz. respecting the English commerce, had been yielded by Louis in the treaty which Napoleon had signed, but only, it seemed, for the purpose of breaking it. It was observed, too, that in the manly, but respectful opposition made by Louis to his brother's wishes, there appeared nothing to provoke the displeasure of Napoleon, though one of the most irritable of men on subjects with which his ambition was implicated. It seemed a species of gratuitous violence, acted as if to show that no circumstance of relationship, family feeling, or compassion (to make no mention of justice or moderation), could interfere with or check the progress of Napoleon's ambition; and whilst the more sanguine prophesied, that he who ran so rashly, might one day run himself to a close, all agreed that his empire, composed of such heterogeneous parts, could not, in all probability, survive the mortal date of the founder, supposing it to last so long. In the mean time it was evident, that the condition of no state, however solemnly guaranteed by Buonaparte himself, could be considered as secure or free from change while it was subject to his influence. To conclude the whole, the Dutch were informed by the Emperor with bitter composure, that "he had hoped to unite them to France as allies, by giving them a prince of his own blood as a ruler; that his hopes, however, had been deceived; and that he had shown more forbearance than consisted with his character, or than his rights required;"—thus intimating some farther

and unexpressed severity, which he might have felt himself justified in adding to the virtual exile of his brother, and the confiscation of his late dominions; and insinuating, that the Dutch had escaped cheaply with the loss of their separate national existence.

CHAPTER LIII.

Gustavus IV. of Sweden is Dethroned and succeeded by his Uncle.—The Crown Prince killed by a fall from his horse.—Candidates proposed for the Succession.—The Swedes, thinking to conciliate Napoleon, fix on Bernadotte.—Buonaparte reluctantly acquiesces in the choice.—Parting Interview between Bernadotte and Napoleon.—Subsequent attempts of the latter to bind Sweden to the policy of France.—The Crown Prince unwillingly accedes to the Continental System.—Napoleon makes a Tour through Flanders and Holland—returns to Paris, and takes measures for extending the Continental System.—Seizure of the Valois.—Coast along the German Ocean annexed to France.—Protest by the Czar against the appropriation of Oldenburg.—Russia allows the importation, at certain Seaports, of various articles of British Commerce.—Negotiations for Exchange of Prisoners between France and England; and for a general Peace, broken off by Buonaparte's unreasonable Demands.

In the destruction of the kingdom of Holland, a new sceptre, and that of Napoleon's own forming, was broken, as he wrenched it out of the hands of his brother. In the case of Sweden, and in hopes of ensuring the patronage of the French Emperor, or averting his enmity, a diadem was placed on the brows of one, who, like Napoleon himself, had commenced his career as a soldier of fortune.

We have repeatedly observed, that the high spirit and intrepid enterprise of Gustavus IV., unsupported as they were either by distinguished military abilities, or by effectual power, seemed as if he aped the parts of Gustavus Adolphus or Charles XII., without considering the declined condition of the country he governed, or the inferiority of his own talents. Sweden had suffered great losses by the daring manner in which this prince maintained the ancient principles of aristocracy against the overwhelming power of France.

Pomerania, being the only dominion belonging to Sweden on the south side of the Baltic, had been taken possession of by France in the war of 1806-7; and Russia, who had been a party to that war, and who had encouraged Gustavus to maintain it, had, since changing her politics at the treaty of Tilsit, herself declared war against Sweden, for the sole and undisguised purpose of possessing herself of Finland, which she had succeeded in appropriating. Sweden had, therefore, lost, under this ill-fated monarch, above one-third of her territories, and the inhabitants became anxious to secure, even were it by desperate measures, the independence of that which remained. There were fears lest Russia should aspire to the conquest of the rest of the ancient kingdom—fears that France might reward the adhesion and the sufferings of Denmark, by uniting the crown of Sweden with that of Denmark and Norway, and aiding the subjugation of the country with an auxiliary army. While these calamities impended over their ancient state, the Swedes felt confident that Gustavus was

too rash to avert the storm by submission, too weak, and perhaps too unlucky, to resist its violence. This conviction led to a conspiracy, perhaps one of the most universally known in history.

The unfortunate king was seized upon and made prisoner in March, 1809, without any other resistance than his own unassisted sword could maintain; and so little were the conspirators afraid of his being able to find a party in the state desirous of replacing him in the government, that they were content he should have his liberty and a suitable pension on his agreeing to consider himself as an exile from Sweden;[1] in which sentence of banishment, with little pretence to justice, his wife, sister of the Empress of Russia, and his children, comprehending the heir of his crown, were also included.[2]

The Duke of Sudermania, uncle of the dethroned prince, was called to the throne, and the succession of the kingdom was destined to Christian of Augustenberg, a prince of the house of Holstein. Peace was made by the new King with Russia, at the expense of ceding Finland and the isle of Aland to that power. Soon afterwards a treaty was signed

[1] [Annual Register, vol. li. p. 745.]

[2] ["A conspiracy of no common kind tore him from the throne, and transported him out of his states. The unanimity evinced against him is, no doubt, a proof of the wrong she had committed. I am ready to admit, that he was inexcusable and even mad; but it is, notwithstanding, extraordinary and unexampled, that, in that crisis a single sword was not drawn in his defence, whether from affection, from gratitude, from virtuous feeling, or even from mere simplicity, if it must be so; and truly, it is a circumstance which does little honour to the atmosphere of kings."—Napoleon, *Las Cases*, t. iii. p. 169.]

at Paris, by which Charles XIII. promised to adhere to the Continental System, and to shut his ports against all British commerce, with certain indulgences on the articles of salt and colonial produce. In requital, Napoleon restored to Sweden her continental province of Pomerania, with the isle of Rugen, reserving, however, such dotations or pensions as he had assigned to his soldiers or followers, upon those territories. But though the politics of Sweden were thus entirely changed, its revolution was destined to proceed.

The King being aged, the eyes of the people were much fixed on the successor, or Crown Prince, who took upon himself the chief labour of the government, and appears to have given satisfaction to the nation. But his government was of short duration. On the 28th of May, 1810, while reviewing some troops, he suddenly fell from his horse, and expired on the spot, leaving Sweden again without any head excepting the old King. This event agitated the whole nation, and various candidates were proposed for the succession of the kingdom.

Among these was the King of Denmark, who, after the sacrifices he had made for Buonaparte, had some right to expect his support. The son of the late unfortunate monarch, rightful heir of the crown, and named like him Gustavus, was also proposed as a candidate. The Duke of Oldenburg, brother-in-law of the Emperor of Russia, had partisans. To each of these candidates there lay practical objections. To have followed the line of lawful succession, and called Gustavus to the throne

(which could not be forfeited by his father's infirmity, so far as he was concerned), would have been to place a child at the head of the state, and must have inferred, amid this most arduous crisis, all the doubts and difficulties of choosing a regent. Such choice might, too, be the means, at a future time, of reviving his father's claim to the crown. The countries of Denmark and Sweden had been too long rivals for the Swedes to subject themselves to the yoke of the King of Denmark; and to choose the Duke of Oldenburg would have been, in effect, to submit themselves to Russia, of whose last behaviour towards her Sweden had considerable reason to complain.

In this embarrassment they were thought to start a happy idea, who proposed to conciliate Napoleon by bestowing the ancient crown of the Goths upon one of his own field-marshals, and a high noble of his empire, namely, John Baptiste Julian Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo. This distinguished officer was married to a sister of Joseph Buonaparte's wife (daughter of a wealthy and respectable individual, named Cléry), through whom he had the advantage of an alliance with the Imperial family of Napoleon, and he had acquired a high reputation in the north of Europe, both when governor of Hanover, and administrator of Swedish Pomerania. On the latter occasion, Bernadotte was said to have shown himself in a particular manner the friend and protector of the Swedish nation; and it was even insinuated, that he would not be averse to exchange the errors of Popery for the reformed tenets of Luther The Swedish

nation fell very generally into the line of policy which prompted this choice. Humiliating as it might, at another period, have been to a people proud of their ancient renown, to choose for their master a foreign soldier, differing from them in birth and religious faith, such an election yet promised to place at the head of the nation a person admirably qualified to comprehend and encounter the difficulties of the time; and it was a choice, sure, as they thought, to be agreeable to him upon whose nod the world seemed to depend.

Yet, there is the best reason to doubt, whether, in preferring Bernadotte to their vacant throne, the Swedes did a thing which was gratifying to Napoleon. The name of the Crown Prince of Sweden elect, had been known in the wars of the Revolution, before that of Buonaparte had been heard of. Bernadotte had been the older, though certainly not therefore the better soldier. On the 18th Brumaire, he was so far from joining Buonaparte in his enterprise against the Council of Five Hundred, notwithstanding all advances made to him, that he was on the spot at St Cloud armed and prepared, had circumstances permitted, to place himself at the head of any part of the military, who might be brought to declare for the Directory. And although, like every one else, Bernadotte submitted to the Consular system, and held the government of Holland under Buonaparte, yet then, as well as under the empire, he was always understood to belong to a class of officers, whom Napoleon employed indeed, and rewarded, but without loving them, or perhaps relying on them

more than he was compelled to do, although their character was in most instances a warrant for their fidelity.

These officers formed a comparatively small class, yet comprehending some of the most distinguished names in the French army, who, in seeing the visionary Republic glide from their grasp, had been, nevertheless, unable to forget the promises held out to them by the earlier dawn of the Revolution. Reconciled by necessity to a state of servitude which they could not avoid, this party considered themselves as the soldiers of France, not of Napoleon, and followed the banner of their country rather than the fortunes of the Emperor. Without being personally Napoleon's enemies, they were not the friends of his despotic power; and it was to be expected, should any opportunity occur, that men so thinking would make a stand, for the purpose of introducing some modifications into the arbitrary system which the Emperor had established.

Napoleon, always deeply politic, unless when carried off by sudden bursts of temperament, took, as already mentioned, great care, in his distribution of duties and honours, at once to conceal from the public the existence of a difference in opinion among his general officers, and also to arm the interests of those patriots themselves against their own speculative opinions, by rendering the present state of things too beneficial to them for their being easily induced to attempt any change. Still it may nevertheless be conceived, that it was not out of this class of lukewarm adherents he would have volun-

tarily selected a candidate for a kingdom, which, being removed at some distance from the influence of France, he would more willingly have seen conferred on some one, whose devotion to the will of his Emperor was not likely to be disturbed by any intrusion of conscientious patriotism.

But, besides the suspicion entertained by Napoleon of Bernadotte's political opinions, subjects of positive discord had recently arisen between them. Bernadotte had been blamed by the Emperor for permitting the escape of Romana and the Spaniards, as already mentioned. At a later period, he was commander of the Saxon troops in the campaign of Wagram; and, notwithstanding a set of very scientific manœuvres, by which he detained General Bellegarde on the frontiers of Bohemia, when his presence might have been essentially useful to the Archduke Charles, he was censured by Napoleon as tardy in his movements.

The landing of the English at Walcheren induced Fouché, as has been already said, with the concurrence of Clarke, then minister at war, to intrust Bernadotte with the charge of the defence of Flanders and Holland. But neither in this service had he the good fortune to please the Emperor. Fouché, at whose instance he had accepted the situation, was already tottering in office; and the ill-selected expression, "that however necessary Napoleon was to the glory of France, yet his presence was not indispensable to repel invasion,"[1] was interpreted into a magnifying of themselves at the expense of

[1] [Fouché, t. i. p. 337.]

the Emperor. Napoleon made his displeasure manifest by depriving Bernadotte of the command in Belgium, and sending him back to the north of Germany; and it is said that the general, on his part, was so little inclined to make a secret of his resentment, that he was remarked as a fiery Gascon, who, if he should ever have an opportunity, would be likely to do mischief.

But while such were the bad terms betwixt the Emperor and his general, the Swedes, unsuspicious of the true state of the case, imagined, that in choosing Bernadotte for successor to their throne, they were paying to Buonaparte the most acceptable tribute. And, notwithstanding that Napoleon was actually at variance with Bernadotte, and although, in a political view, he would much rather have given his aid to the pretensions of the King of Denmark,[1] he was under the necessity of reflecting, that Sweden retained a certain degree of independence; that the sea separated her shores from his armies; and that, however willing to conciliate him, the Swedes were not in a condition absolutely to be compelled to receive laws at his hand. It was necessary to acquiesce in their choice, since he could not dictate to them; and by doing so he might at the same time exhibit another splendid example of the height to which his service conducted his generals, of his own desire to assist their promotion, and of that which might be much more

[1] ["The real king," he said, "according to my political system and the true interests of France, was the king of Denmark; because I should then have governed Sweden by the influence of my simple contact with the Danish provinces."]

doubtful than the two first propositions,—of his willingness to pay deference to the claims of a people in electing their chief magistrate. When, therefore, Bernadotte, protesting that he would be exclusively guided by Napoleon's wishes in pursuing or relinquishing this important object, besought him for his countenance with the States of Sweden, who were to elect the Crown Prince, Buonaparte answered, that he would not interfere in the election by any solicitations or arguments, but that he gave the Prince of Ponte Corvo his permission to be a candidate, and should be well pleased if he proved a successful one. Such is Napoleon's account of the transaction.[1] We have, however, been favoured with some manuscript observations, in which a very different colour is given to Napoleon's proceedings, and which prove distinctly, that while Napoleon treated the Crown Prince Elect of Sweden with fair language, he endeavoured by underhand intrigues to prevent the accomplishment of his hopes.[2]

[1] ["I, the elected monarch of the people, had to answer, that I could not set myself against the elections of other people. It was what I told Bernadotte, whose whole attitude betrayed the anxiety excited by the expectation of my answer. I added, that he had only to take advantage of the good-will of which he had been the object; that I wished to be considered as having had no weight in his election, but that it had my approbation and my best wishes. I felt, however, shall I say it, a secret instinct, which made the thing disagreeable and painful. Bernadotte was, in fact, the serpent, which I nourished in my bosom."—Napoleon, *Las Cases*, t. iii. p. 171.]

[2] See Reflections on the Conduct of Napoleon towards the Crown Prince of Sweden, in the Appendix to this Volume.

The Swedes, however, remained fixed in their choice, notwithstanding the insinuations of Desaugier, the French envoy, whom Napoleon afterwards affected to disown and recall, for supporting in the diet of Orebro, the interest of the King of Denmark, instead of that of Bernadotte.

Napoleon's cold assent, or rather an assurance that he would not dissent, being thus wrung reluctantly from him, Bernadotte, owing to his excellent character among the Swedes, and their opinion of his interest with Napoleon, was chosen Crown Prince of Sweden, by the States of that kingdom, 21st August, 1810. Napoleon, as he himself acknowledges, was enabled to resist, though with difficulty, a strong temptation to retract his consent, and defeat the intended election. Perhaps this unfriendly disposition might be in some degree overcome by the expectation, that by their present choice the Emperor of France would secure the accession of Sweden to the anti-commercial system; whereas, by attempting a game which he was not equally sure of winning, he might, indeed, have disappointed a man whom he loved not, but by doing so must run the risk of throwing the States of Sweden, who were not likely to be equally unanimous in behalf of any other French candidate, into the arms of England, his avowed foe; or of Russia, who, since the treaty of Schoenbrun, and Napoleon's union with the House of Austria, could only be termed a doubtful and cloudy friend.

But he endeavoured to obtain from Bernadotte some guarantee of his dependence upon France and its Emperor. He took the opportunity of

making the attempt when Bernadotte applied to him for letters of emancipation from his allegiance to France, which could not decently be withheld from the Prince Royal of another country. "The expediting of the letters patent," said Napoleon, "has been retarded by a proposal made by the Council, that Bernadotte should previously bind himself never to bear arms against Napoleon." Bernadotte exclaimed against a proposal which must have left him in the rank of a French general. The Emperor was ashamed to persist in a demand so unreasonable, and dismissed him with the almost prophetic words,—"Go—our destinies must be accomplished." He promised the Prince Royal two millions of francs as an indemnity for the principality of Ponte Corvo, and other possessions which had been assigned to him in Holland, and which he restored on ceasing to be a subject of France. It is singular enough that Napoleon, while at St Helena, permitted himself to assert that he had made a present of this money (of which only one million was ever paid), to enable Bernadotte to take possession of his new dignity with becoming splendour.

To bring the affairs of Sweden to a close for the present, we may here add, that, though that nation were desirous to escape the renewal of the desperate and hopeless struggle with France, they were most unwilling, nevertheless, to lose the advantages of their commerce with England. The conduct of the national business soon devolved entirely upon the Crown Prince, the age and infirmities of the King not permitting him to conduct them any

longer. It became Bernadotte's, or, as he was now named, Charles John's difficult and delicate task, to endeavour at once to propitiate France, and to find excuses which might dispose Buonaparte to grant some relaxation on the subject of the Continental System. But as it was impossible for the Prince of Sweden to disguise his motive for evading a cordial co-operation in Napoleon's favourite measure, so the latter, about three months after the accession of his former companion in arms to supreme power, grew impatient enough to overwhelm the Swedish minister, Baron Lagerbjelke, with a tirade similar to his celebrated attack on Lord Whitworth. He discoursed with the utmost volubility for an hour and a quarter, leaving the astonished ambassador scarce an opening to thrust in a word by way of observation, defence, or answer. "Do they believe in Sweden that I am to be so easily duped? Do they think I will be satisfied with this half state of things? Give me no sentiments! it is from facts we form our opinions. You signed the peace with me in the beginning of the year, and engaged yourself then to break off all communication with Britain; yet you retained an English agent till late in the summer, and kept the communication open by way of Gottenburg. Your small islands are so many smuggling magazines; your vessels meet the English and exchange freights. I have not slept an hour to-night on account of your affairs; yet you ought to suffer me to take repose, I have need of it. You have vessels in every port in England. You talk of the necessity of buying salt, forsooth. Is it for salt you go into the Thames?

—You talk of suffering, by superseding the trade. Do you not believe that I suffer? That Germany, Bourdeaux, Holland, and France suffer? But it must all be ended. You must fire on the English, and you must confiscate their merchandise, or you must have war with France. Open war, or constant friendship—this is my last word, my ultimate determination. Could they think in Sweden that I would modify my system, because I love and esteem the Prince Royal? Did I not love and esteem the King of Holland? He is my brother, yet I have broken with him: I have silenced the voice of nature to give ear to that of the general interest." These, and many violent expressions to the same purpose, Buonaparte poured out in an elevation of voice that might be heard in the adjoining apartments.

The Emperor's remonstrances, transmitted by the ambassador, were seconded at the Court of Stockholm by the arguments of Denmark and Russia; and the Crown Prince was at last obliged to give the national adherence of Sweden to the Continental System, and to declare war against England.[1] The British Government were fully sensible of the constraint under which Sweden acted, and, so far from acting hostilely towards that kingdom, did not seem to make any perceptible change in the relations which had before subsisted between the countries.

In the mean time, Bernadotte and Napoleon, for a time, veiled under the usual forms of courtesy

[Annual Register, vol. lii. p. 518.]

their mutual dislike and resentment. But the Crown Prince could not forgive the Emperor for an attempt to lord it over him like a superior over a vassal, and compelling him, notwithstanding his entreaties, to distress his subjects, and to render his government unpopular, by sacrificing a lucrative trade. Napoleon, on the other hand, was incensed that Bernadotte, whose greatness he considered as existing only by his own permission, should affect to differ in opinion from him, or hesitate betwixt obliging France and injuring Sweden.

On other occasional differences betwixt the sovereigns, it appeared that there was no eager desire on the part of the Crown Prince of Sweden to oblige the Emperor of France. Repeated demands for sailors and soldiers to be engaged in the French service, were made by Napoleon. These Bernadotte always contrived to evade, by referring to the laws of Sweden, as a limited monarchy, which did not permit him, like the absolute Majesty of Denmark, to dispose of her sailors at pleasure; and by enlarging on the nature of the Swedes, who, bold and willing soldiers at home, were too much attached to their own climate and manners, to endure those of any other country. In these, and such like excuses, no one could read more readily than Napoleon, a fixed resolution on the part of his old companion in arms, not to yield to the influence of France in any point in which he could avoid it. And though an outward show of friendship was maintained between the countries, and even between the sovereigns, yet it was of that insincere kind which was sure to be broken off on the slight-

est collision of their mutual interests. It remained, however, undisturbed till the eventful year of 1812.—We return to the affairs of France.

The Emperor undertook a tour through the provinces of Flanders and Holland with his young Empress, with the view of enforcing his views and purposes in church and state. In the course of this journey, one or two remarkable circumstances took place. The first was his furious reproaches to the clergy of Brabant, who, more rigorous Papists than in some other Catholic countries, had circulated among their congregations the bull of excommunication fulminated by the Pope against Napoleon. The provocation was certainly considerable, but the mode of resenting it was indecently violent. He was especially angry that they appeared without their canonical dresses. "You call yourselves priests," he said; "where are your vestments? Are you attorneys, notaries, or peasants? You begin by forgetting the respect due to me; whereas, the principle of the Christian Church, as these gentlemen" (turning to the Protestant deputies) "can teach you, is, as they have just professed, to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. But you—you will not pray for your sovereign, because a Romish priest excommunicated me. But who gave him such a right? Perhaps it is your wish to bring back tortures and scaffolds, but I will take care to baffle you. I bear the temporal sword, and know how to use it. I am a monarch of God's creation, and you reptiles of the earth dare not oppose me. I render an account of my government to none save God and Jesus Christ. Do you think I am one formed to

kiss the Pope's slipper? Had you the power, you would shave my head, clap a cowl on me, and plunge me in a cloister. But if you preach not the Gospel as the Apostles did, I will banish you from the empire, and disperse you like so many Jews.—And, Monsieur le Préfet, see that these men swear to the Concordat; and take care that the orthodox Gospel be taught in the ecclesiastical seminaries, that they may send out men of sense, and not idiots like these." Thus closed this edifying admonition.

The Dutch were under the necessity of assuming the appearance of great rejoicing; yet even the danger of indulging their blunt humour, could not altogether restrain these downright merchants. When the Emperor made a stir about establishing a Chamber of Commerce at Amsterdam, one of the burgomasters gravely observed, there was no need of a chamber, since a closet would hold all the commerce left them. In like manner, when Napoleon was vaunting, that he would soon have a fleet of two hundred sail; "And when you have got them," said a plain-spoken citizen, "the English will have double the number."

But, more formidable than blunt truths and indifferent jests, there appeared, while Buonaparte was in Holland, one of those stern invocations exciting the people against foreign tyranny, which have often occasioned the downfall of unjust power, and always rendered those who possess it unhappy and insecure. "People of Holland," said this singular paper (which may be compared to the tract called Killing no Murder, which drove sleep from

Cromwell's pillow), "why do you fear your oppressor?—he is one, you are many. Appeal to his very soldiers; their desertions in Spain show how they hate him; and even his generals would abandon him, could they secure their own rank and grandeur independent of his. But above all, arise to the task of your own redemption; rise in the fulness of national strength. A general revolt of the Continent will ensue; the oppressor will fall, and your triumph will be a warning to tyrants, and an example to the world." This address produced no perceptible effect at the time, but, with other papers of the kind, it made a profound impression on the public mind.

On his return to Paris, Napoleon set himself still farther to impose the extension of the Continental System, which he was induced to attempt by the appropriation of Holland, and the revolution in Sweden. Holding his plan as much more decisive than it could have been, even if his power and his spleen had been adequate to effect his purpose, he cast his eyes in every direction, to close every aperture, however small, through which British commerce, the victim he hoped entirely to smother, might draw ever so slight a gasp of breath.

It was a feature of Buonaparte's ambition—as indeed it is of inordinate ambition in general—that whatever additions were made to his Empire extended his wish of acquisition. Holland, whose traders were princes, and she herself the Queen of Commerce, had been already devoured, with her ample sea-coast and far-famed harbours. But other cities, less wealthy and famed, yet still venerable

from their ancient importance, must become a part of France, ere Buonaparte thought his blockade against British commerce complete and impervious.

The seizure of the poor regions called the Valais, which had hitherto been suffered to exist as a free republic, gave France the absolute command of the road over the Simplon; the property, and perhaps the command of which passage, it being the great means of communication betwixt France and Italy, Napoleon did not incline should remain with a petty republic. It was a sufficient reason, at this unhappy period, for depriving any country of its independence, that France was to be benefited by the change. It was not in this case a bloodless one. The poor mountaineers drew to arms, and it required some fighting before they were compelled to submission, and their barren mountains were annexed to France.

But it was of much greater importance, in Napoleon's eye, to prevent the commerce which he had expelled from Holland from shifting its residence to the trading towns of the north of Germany, composing what was called the Hanseatic League. A new appropriation of territory, therefore, united to France the whole sea-coast along the German Ocean, comprehending the mouths of the Scheldt, the Meuse, and the Rhine; the Ems, the Weser, and the Elbe. And it was the Emperor's proposal to unite these maritime territories to France by a canal, which was to join the Baltic ocean to the Seine. A considerable proportion of the kingdom of Westphalia, and of the Grand Duchy of Berg, both principalities of Napoleon's own crea-

tion, fell under this appropriation, and formed another example, had not that of Holland been sufficient, to show how little respect Napoleon was disposed to pay even to those rights which emanated from himself, when they interfered with fresher plans and wider prospects of ambition.

Had Prussia retained her ancient influence as protector of the North, Hamburgh, Bremen, and Lubeck, would not have been thus unceremoniously melted down and confounded with the French Empire. But while these venerable and well-known free cities sunk without protection or resistance under a despotism which threatened to become universal, a petty state of far less consequence, scarce known as having an independent existence by any who was not intimate with the divisions of the north of Germany, found a patron, and a powerful one. This was Oldenburg, a dukedom, the present prince of which was related to the Emperor of Russia, as both were descended of the House of Holstein Gottorp, and was, moreover, Alexander's brother-in-law. This state of Oldenburg had been studiously excepted from the changes made in the North of Germany, after the treaty of Tilsit, which made the present confiscation of its territory an act of more marked slight towards the court of Russia. A formal expostulation being transmitted to Napoleon, he proposed to repair the injury of the Duke of Oldenburg, by assigning to him the town and territory of Erfurt, with the lordship of Blankenheim. But the duke felt himself too strongly supported to be under the necessity of surrendering his dominions, and re-

ceiving others in exchange. The offer of indemnity was haughtily rejected; France persevered in her purpose of usurping Oldenburg; and the Emperor Alexander, in a protest, gravely but temperately worded, a copy of which was delivered to every member of the diplomatic body, intimated that he did not acquiesce in the injury done to a prince of his family, although he continued to adhere to that great line of political interest which had occasioned the alliance between France and Russia.

The real truth was, that Napoleon, secure of the friendship of Austria by the late alliance, had not, it would seem, regarded Russia as any longer worthy of the same observance which he had originally found it politic to pay to the Emperor Alexander. The Czar himself felt this; and the very large proportion of his subjects composing the party of Old Russians, as they termed themselves, who were favourable to the English alliance, and detested the connexion with France, improved the opportunity by pointing out the evils which all classes in the country endured, from the Czar's having, in complaisance to the plans of Napoleon, decreed the abolition of English commerce. They showed that this compliance with the views of France had been attended with great detriment to his own subjects, who could neither sell their commodities, and the produce of their estates, for which Britain always offered a market, nor acquire the colonial produce and British manufactured goods, which the consumption of Russia almost peremptorily demanded.

An ukase was issued on the 31st of December,

1810, which was drawn up with considerable art; for while in words it seemed to affirm the exclusion of British manufactures from the empire in general, it permitted importations to be made at Archangel, Petersburgh, Riga, Revel, and five or six other seaports, where various articles of merchandise, and, in particular, colonial produce, unless proved to belong to Britain, might be freely imported. So that, while appearing to quote and respect the Continental System, Napoleon could not but be sensible that Russia virtually renounced it. But as Alexander had not ventured to avail himself of the seizure of Oldenburg as a reason for breaking off his alliance with France, so Napoleon, on his part, though the changed tone of Russian policy could not escape him, paused, nevertheless, in coming to a final rupture with an enemy so powerful, upon the subject of the ukase of December 1810.

Mean time the French Emperor became probably sensible that peace with England was the surest ground upon which he could secure his throne. In the month of April, 1810, some attempt at obtaining terms of pacification had been made during the mission of Mr Mackenzie, who was sent to Morlaix as agent on the part of the British Government. It had been not the least cruel peculiarity of this inveterate war, that no cartel for exchange of prisoners had been effected on either side, and, of course, that those unhappy persons whom chance had thrown into the power of the enemy, had no visible alternative but to linger out their lives in a distant and hostile country, or at least remain cap-

tives till the conclusion of hostilities, to which no one could presume to assign a date. The original impediment to such an exchange, which has in all civilized countries been considered as a debt indispensably due to soften the rigours of war and lessen the sufferings of its victims, was a demand of Napoleon that the persons possessing no military character, whom he had made prisoners contrary to the law of nations at the commencement of hostilities, should be exchanged against French sailors and soldiers. The British ministers for a long time resisted so unusual an application, to which policy, indeed, forbade them to accede. At length, however, the sufferings of individuals, and of their families, induced the British government to allow the French Emperor the advantage of his oppressive act in detaining these unfortunate persons, and agree that they should be included in the proposed cartel. But when the commissioners met at Morlaix, Mr Mackenzie found himself as far from approaching an agreement as ever. The number of French prisoners in Britain was more by many thousands than that of the British in France; and Buonaparte, who seldom made a bargain in which he did not secure the advantage to himself, insisted that the surplus of French prisoners should be exchanged for Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, or others who should be captive in France.

This was readily agreed to, so far as regarded foreign troops in British pay; but it was equally unreasonable and contrary to usage to require that we should restore to France her native subjects, whose services she might use to augment her mili-

tary force, while we received in exchange foreigners, unconnected with us by service or allegiance, and who, perhaps, when set at liberty, might be as apt to join the French ranks, as those of the nation in whose name they had obtained freedom.

After much wrangling and dispute, Mr Mackenzie, to show the sincere desire which the British government entertained of releasing the prisoners on both sides, made a proposal that the exchange should commence by liberating as many French prisoners as could be balanced by British captives in the French prisons; that after this, captives of every nation should be exchanged indifferently on both sides; and whatever number of prisoners might remain on either side, after the general balance had been struck, should also be set at liberty, upon an engagement not to serve till regularly exchanged. To this proposal—a more liberal one could hardly be made—the French only answered by starting new demands, and making new objections. Among these, perhaps, it will scarcely be believed, that Moustier, the French commissioner, had the modesty to propose that Lord Wellington and his army, lying in the lines at Torres Vedras, should be reckoned as French prisoners in the proposed cartel! Mr Mackenzie answered with becoming spirit, that he would neither be the medium through which his Government should be insulted by such a proposal, nor would he proceed in the negotiation until this impertinence were atoned for.

It is needless to proceed farther in the elusory detail of a treaty, which Napoleon had previously

determined should be brought to no useful issue. He had calculated which country could best support the absence of their prisoners, or rather to whom their services were of most consequence. He felt that he himself, by the conscription, as well as by the auxiliary troops which he could summon at pleasure from his neighbours or dependents, could always command a sufficiency of men even for his gigantic undertakings; while to Britain, whose soldiers could only be obtained by a high bounty, the deliverance of her prisoners was proportionally more valuable. Whatever was his view in establishing the negotiation, which was probably only to satisfy the French army, by evincing a seeming interest in the unfortunate portion of their brethren in arms who were immured in English prisons, they gave way to the consideration, that while things remained as they were, Britain suffered more in proportion than France.

Some proposals for a general peace had been made during the conferences at Morlaix; and the British Government had stated three different principles, any of which they expressed themselves willing to admit as a basis. These were, first, the state of possession before the war; or, secondly, the present state of possession; or, thirdly, a plan of reciprocal compensations. But none of these principles suited the French Government to act upon; so that the treaty for a general peace, and that for restoring, taking into calculation the prisoners on both sides, upwards of a hundred thousand human beings to liberty, their country, and

their home, proved both of them altogether nugatory.

The note of defiance was therefore resumed, so soon as it had been ascertained that Britain would reject any terms of peace which were not founded on equal and liberal principles. An oration of Count Semonville demonstrated, that it was all owing to the persevering ambition of England that Buonaparte had been obliged to possess himself of the sea-coast of Europe—that all his encroachments on the land were the necessary consequences of her empire of the seas. He then demanded, in prophetic fury, to know what in future would be the bounds of possibility. "It is the part of England," he said, "to reply. Let her turn her eyes on the past, and learn to judge from thence the events of the future. France and Napoleon will never change."

CHAPTER LIV.

View of Napoleon's gigantic Power.—The Empress Maria Louisa delivered of a Son—Criticism on the Title given him, of King of Rome—Speculations in regard to the advantages or disadvantages arising from this Event.—Retrospect.—Ex-Queen of Etruria—Her severe and unjustifiable Treatment by Napoleon.—Lucien Buonaparte is invited to England, where he writes Epic Poetry.—Attempt to deliver Ferdinand, defeated.—Operations in Portugal.—Retreat of Massena.—Battles of Fuentes d'Onoro fought by Lord Wellington—On the South Frontier of Portugal, by Lord Beresford—Of Barossa, by General Graham.—Enterprise of Arroyo-Molinas.—Spaniards defeated under Blake—Valencia captured by the French, and he and his Army made Prisoners of War.—Disunion among the French Generals.—Joseph wishes to abdicate the Throne of Spain.

THE natural consequences of an overgrown empire were already sapping that of Napoleon; for extent of territory does not constitute power, any more than corpulence in the human frame constitutes strength or health; and Napoleon's real authority was in truth greater some years before, than now when his dominion was so much enlarged. The war in Spain, maintained at such an expense of blood and treasure, was a wasting and consuming sore. The kingdom of Holland had afforded him

supplies more readily, and had more the means of doing so, when under the dominion of his brother Louis, than the Dutch now either showed or possessed, when ranked as a constituent part of the French empire. The same might be said of the states and free towns in the north of Germany; where, in many instances, strong bands of smugglers, dressed and armed as guerilla parties, maintained a desultory war with the officers of the French customs; and, moved equally by national hatred and the love of gain won by desperate risks, made in some districts a kind of petty civil war. Yet, though such cankerworms gnawed the root of the tree, the branches and foliage, to all outward appearance, extended a broader shade than ever. It was especially when a formal annunciation, both in France and Austria, called the good subjects of both realms to rejoice in the prospect that Maria Louisa would soon give an heir to Napoleon, that men who opened the map of Europe saw with fear and wonder the tremendous inheritance to which the expected infant was likely to succeed.

The actual dominions of France, governed by Napoleon in his own proper right as Emperor of the French, had gradually attained the following extravagant dimensions. They extended, from north-east to south-west, from Travemunde, on the Baltic ocean, to the foot of the Pyrenees; and, from north-west to south-east, from the port of Brest to Terracina, on the confines of the Neapolitan territories. A population of forty-two millions of people, fitted in various ways to secure the prosperity of a state, and inhabiting, for wealth,

richness of soil, and felicity of climate, by far the finest portion of the civilized earth, formed the immediate liege subjects of this magnificent empire.

Yet, to stop here were greatly to undervalue the extent of Napoleon's power. We have to add to his personal empire Carniola and the Illyrian provinces, and also the fine kingdom of Italy. Then, in his character of Mediator of the Helvetian Republic, the Emperor exercised an almost absolute authority in Switzerland, which furnished him, though unwillingly, with several fine regiments of auxiliaries. The German confederation of the Rhine, though numbering kings among their league, were at the slightest hint bound to supply him each with his prescribed quota of forces, with a readiness and an affectation of zeal very different from the slack and reluctant manner in which they formerly supplied their paltry contingents to the Emperor of Germany.

Murat, with his kingdom of Naples, was at his brother-in-law's disposal; and if, as Buonaparte's hopes whispered, the Peninsula should ultimately prove unable to resist the war he waged, then Spain and Portugal would be added to his immense empire, being now in the state of sturdy and contumacious rebels, whose resistance seemed in the speedy prospect of being finally subdued. Thus, an empire of 800,000 square miles, and containing a population of 85 millions, in territory one-fifth part, and in the number of inhabitants one-half, of united Europe, was either in quiet subjection to Napoleon's sceptre, or on the point, as was supposed, of becoming so.

Of those who shared amongst them the residue of Europe, and still maintained some claim to independence, Britain might make the proud boast, that she was diametrically in opposition to the Ruler of the world; that, in the long-continued strife, she had dealt him injuries as deep as she had ever received, and had disdained, under any circumstances, to treat with him on less terms than those of equality. Not to that fair land be the praise, though she supported many burdens and endured great losses; but to Providence, who favoured her efforts and strengthened her resolutions; who gave her power to uphold her own good cause, which, in truth, was that of European independence, and courage to trust in the justice of Heaven, when the odds mustered against her seemed, in earthly calculation, so dreadful as to deprive the wise, of the head to counsel; the brave, of the heart to resist!

Denmark, so powerful was the voice which France had in her councils, might almost be accounted humbled to one of the federative principalities.

Sweden had but a moderate and second-rate degree of power. She felt, as other German nations, the withering blight of the Continental, or Anti-social System; but, circumstanced as she was, with the possession of Swedish Pomerania dependent on French pleasure, she had no other remedy than to wait her opportunity.

Still more was this the case with Prussia, through all her provinces the mortal enemy of the French name, but whom the large garrisons which France

had planted in her dominions, and the numerous forces which she maintained there, compelled for the time to be as submissive as a handmaiden. It was true that the court were, as noiselessly as possible, endeavouring to revive their military establishment; that they were dismissing the villains who had sold and betrayed their country, and replacing them by age which had been tried, or youth which had witnessed the agony of their country, and been trained up in thinking, that to avenge her was their dearest duty. True it was, also, that the people in Prussia, and many other parts of Germany, waited as for the day dawning, for the hope of winning back their freedom; but outward appearances indicated nothing of these smothered hopes, wishes, and preparations; and the general eye saw in Prussia only a nation resigned to her bondage, without, apparently, any hope of redemption.

Austria, besides the terrible losses which the last war had brought upon her, was now fettered to Napoleon by a link which gave the proud House of Hapsburg an apology for the submission, or at least the observance, which she paid to the son-in-law of her Emperor.

Turkey, though she would have had her turn, had the tide of fortune continued to keep the course in which it had so long flowed, was not yet in the way of being comprehended in Napoleon's plan of politics.

Russia was waging with the Porte an impolitic war of acquisition, to realize some of the selfish plans of aggrandizement which Napoleon had assented to, or perhaps suggested, at Tilsit and Er-

furt. But he now witnessed them without wishing them success, and listened to the complaints of Austria, who unwillingly saw the ambitious views of Russia in these provinces. Of all the continental states, therefore, assuming even the semblance of independence, Russia seemed alone to possess it in reality; and from late acts of estrangement, such as the protest on the subject of the Duchy of Oldenburg, and the reception of British ships and merchandise into her ports, it certainly appeared that a different spirit was in the councils of this great empire than had ruled them during the meetings at Tilsit and Erfurt. Yet there were but few who thought that Russia, in opposition to the whole continent of Europe, would dare confront Napoleon; and still fewer, even of the most sanguine politicians, had any deep-grounded hope that her opposition would be effectual. Out of such a Cimmerian midnight, to all human views, was the day-spring of European liberty destined to arise.

America, happy in the Atlantic which severed her from Europe, now an almost universal scene of war or slavery, looked on in conscious security, and by reviving at this crisis disputed claims upon Britain, seemed to listen more to the recollection of recent enmity, than of mutual language, manners, and descent.

Within a year after her marriage with Napoleon, the young Empress was announced to have been taken with the pains of labour. The case was a difficult and distressing one; and the professional person employed lost courage, and was afraid to do what was necessary. Napoleon appeared in the

apartment, and commanded him to proceed as if the patient were the wife of an ordinary burgess. She was at length successfully and safely delivered of a fine boy, which Buonaparte, with feelings, doubtless, as highly strung as after a battle gained, carried into the next apartment, and exhibited in triumph to the great officers and courtiers, by whom he was unanimously hailed King of Rome, the dignity which had been destined to the heir of the French Republic.

The title did not, indeed, pass uncriticised. Some said, that taking the regal designation from a city where the very name of king had been accounted unlucky, had an ominous presage. Catholics objected to it, as it necessarily carried with it the recollection of the sacrilegious violence which had stripped the Pope of his temporal possessions. And lastly, it was asked, what chance there ever was of the execution of that part of the Italian constitution, which, after Napoleon's death, guaranteed the succession in the kingdom of Italy to some one different from the Emperor of France, when the title of King of Rome was assumed as that of the heir of the French empire?[1]

[1] Jests, as well as serious observations, were made on this occasion. "Have you any commands for France?" said a Frenchman at Naples to an English friend; "I shall be there in two days."—"In France?" answered his friend, "I thought you were setting off for Rome."—"True; but Rome, by a decree of the Emperor, is now indissolubly united to France."—"I have no news to burden you with," said his friend; "but can I do any thing for you in England? I shall be there in half an hour."—"In England?" said the Frenchman, "and in half

Such ominous remarks, however, only circulated among the disaffected, or passed with anti-imperial jests, satires, and calembourgs, through such saloons of the Faubourg St Germain, as were still tenanted by the ancient and faithful adherents of the House of Bourbon. The city of Paris made as general a show of rejoicing as they ever testified when an heir was born to one of their most beloved sovereigns; deputations with addresses came from public bodies of every description; and, that flattery might sound the very base string of humility, the fashionable colour of dress for the season bore a name alluding to the young King of Rome, which delicacy, if not pride, ought to have rejected. But, perhaps, the strangest circumstance of the whole was, that the old dethroned King of Spain, and his consort, undertook a journey, for the purpose of carrying their personal congratulations on the birth of an heir, to one who had deposed, and was detaining in prison their own lineage, and had laid Spain, their native dominions, in blood, from the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules.

Napoleon, and his more devoted admirers, rejoiced in this happy incident, as that which was most likely, in their eyes, to sustain the Empire of France, when fate should remove him by whom it was founded. The protection of the House of Austria, and the charm flung around the child by the high fame of the father, could not, it was thought, but ensure a peaceful accession to the

an hour!"—"Yes," said his friend, "within that time I shall be at sea, and the sea has been indissolubly united to the British empire."

throne, and an undisturbed security in possessing it. His life, too, was ensured in future against such fanatics as that of Schoenbrun; for what purpose would it serve to cut off the Emperor, when the empire was to survive, and descend in all its strength upon his son and heir?

Others there were, who pretended that the advantages arising from the birth of the King of Rome, were balanced by corresponding inconveniences. These asserted, that several of the French great generals had followed the fortunes of Napoleon, in hopes that, upon his death in battle, or upon his natural decease, they, or some of them, might, like the successors of Alexander the Great, share amongst them the ample succession of kingdoms and principalities which were likely to become the property of the strongest and bravest, in the lottery which might be expected to take place on the death of the great favourite of Fortune. These great soldiers, it was surmised, being cut short of this fair prospect, would no longer have the same motives for serving the living Napoleon, whose inheritance at his death was now to descend, like the patrimony of a peasant or burgess, in the regular and lawful line of inheritance. But the politicians who argued thus, did not sufficiently regard the pitch of superiority which Napoleon had attained over those around him; his habit of absolute command, theirs of implicit obedience; and the small likelihood there was of any one who served under him venturing to incur his displeasure, and the risk of losing the rank and fortune which most had actually obtained, by showing any marks of cold-

ness or dissatisfaction, on account of the disappointment of distant and visionary hopes.

There were others who augured different consequences, from the effect of the same event on the feelings of Buonaparte's enemies, both open and unavowed. It had been a general belief, and certainly was founded on probability, that the immense but ill-constructed empire which Napoleon had erected would fall to pieces, so soon as it was not kept steady and compact by the fear and admiration of his personal talents. Hence the damp cast by persons affecting a wise caution, upon the general desire to shake off the yoke of France. They enlarged upon the invincible talent, upon the inevitable destinies of Napoleon personally; but they consoled the more impatient patriots, by counselling them to await his death, before making a daring attempt to vindicate their freedom. Such counsels were favourably listened to, because men are, in spite of themselves, always willing to listen to prudent arguments, when they tend to postpone desperate risks. But this species of argument was ended, when the inheritance of despotism seemed ready to be transmitted from father to son in direct descent. There was no termination seen to the melancholy prospect, nor was it easy for the most lukewarm of patriots to assign any longer a reason for putting off till Napoleon's death the resistance which to day demanded. Under these various lights was the birth of the King of Rome considered; and it may after all remain a matter of doubt, whether the blessing of a son and heir, acceptable as it must necessarily have been to his domestic feelings, was

politically of that advantage to him which the Emperor of France unquestionably expected.

And now, before we begin to trace the growing differences betwixt France and Russia, which speedily led to such important consequences, we may briefly notice some circumstances connected with Spain and with Spanish affairs, though the two incidents which we are to mention first, are rather of a detached and insulated nature.

The first of these refers to the Ex-Queen of Etruria, a daughter, it will be remembered, of Charles, King of Spain, and a sister of Ferdinand. Upon this princess and her son Buonaparte had settled the kingdom of Etruria, or Tuscany. Preparatory to the Bayonne intrigue, he had forcibly deprived her of this dignity, in order to offer it as an indemnification to Ferdinand for the cession, which he proposed to that unhappy prince, of the inheritance of Spain. Having contrived to obtain that cession without any compensation, Buonaparte reserved Etruria to himself, and retained the late Queen as a hostage. For some time she was permitted to reside with her parents at Compeigne; but afterwards, under pretext of conducting her to Parma, she was escorted to Nice, and there subjected to the severe vigilance of the police. The princess appears to have been quicker in her feelings than the greater part of her family, which does not, indeed, argue any violent degree of sensibility. Terrified, however, and alarmed at the situation in which she found herself, she endeavoured to effect an escape into England. Two gentlemen of her retinue were sent to Holland, for the purpose

of arranging her flight, but her project was discovered. On the 16th April, 1811, officers of police and gendarmes broke into the residence of the Queen at Nice, seized her person and papers, and, after detaining her in custody for two months, and threatening to try her by a military tribunal, they at length intimated to her a sentence, condemning her, with her daughter (her son had been left very much indisposed at Compeigne), to be detained close prisoners in a monastery at Rome, to which she was compelled to repair within twenty-four hours after the notice of her doom. Her two agents, who had been previously made prisoners, were sent to Paris. They were condemned to death by a military commission, and were brought out for that purpose to the plain of Gresnelle. One was shot on the spot, and pardon was extended to his companion when he was about to suffer the same punishment. The mental agony of the poor man had, however, affected the sources of life, and he died within a few days after the reprieve. The severity of this conduct towards a princess,—a Queen indeed,—who had placed her person in Napoleon's hands, under the expectation that her liberty at least should not be abridged, was equally a breach of justice, humanity, and gentlemanlike courtesy.[1]

It is curious, that about the same time when Napoleon treated with so much cruelty a foreign and independent princess, merely because she expressed a desire to exchange her residence from

[1] [See Mémoires de Savary, t. iii. pt. 1. p. 37.]

France to England, his own brother Lucien was received with hospitality in that island, so heartily detested, so frequently devoted to the fate of a second Carthage. Napoleon, who was always resolute in considering the princes of his own blood as the first slaves in the state, had become of late very urgent with Lucien to dismiss his wife, and unite himself with some of the royal families on the continent, or at least to agree to bestow the hand of his daughter upon young Ferdinand of Spain, who had risen in favour by his behaviour on an occasion immediately to be mentioned. But Lucien, determined at this time not to connect himself or his family with the career of his relative's ambition, resolved to settle in America, and place the Atlantic betwixt himself and the importunities of his Imperial brother. He applied to the British minister at Sardinia for a pass, who was under the necessity of referring him to his Government. On this second application, he was invited to England, where he was permitted to live in freedom upon his parole, one officer only having a superintendence of his movements and correspondence.[1] These were in every respect blameless; and the ex-statesman, who had played so distinguished a part in the great revolutionary game, was found able to amuse himself

[1] [Lucien landed at Portsmouth in December, 1810, and was conveyed to Ludlow, which he soon after quitted for an estate called Thorngrove, fifteen miles from that town. Restored to personal liberty by the peace of Paris in 1814, he reached Rome in May; and was received by the sovereign pontiff on the very night of his arrival. The holy father immediately conferred on him the dignity of a Roman prince; and on the next day all the nobles came to salute him, by the title of Prince of Canino.]

with the composition of an epic poem on the subject of Charlemagne;[1]—somewhat more harmlessly than did his brother Napoleon, in endeavouring

[1] [Lucien's poem of "Charlemagne, ou l'Eglise Delivrée," an epic in twenty-four books, commenced at Tusculum, continued at Malta, and completed in England, appeared in 1814. It was translated into English by Dr Butler and Mr Hodgson. From the eighteenth canto, which was written at Malta, and which opens with a digression personal to the poet, we shall make a short extract:

"Je n'oublirai jamais ta bonté paternelle
Favori du très-haut, Clermont, Pontife-roi!
Au nouvel hémisphère entraîné loin de toi,
Je t'y conserverai le cœur le plus fidèle:
Confiant à la mer et ma femme et mes fils
Sur des bords ennemis,
J'espérai vainement un asile éphémère,
Par un triste refus rejetté sur les flots,
Après avoir long temps erré loin de la terre,
Mélite dans son port enferma nos vaisseaux.

"De la captivité je sens ici le poids!
Rien ne plait en ces lieux à mon ame abbattue;
Rien ne parle à mon cœur; rien ne s'offre à ma vue
Accourez, mes enfants: viens, épouse chérie,
Doux charme de ma vie,
D'un seul de tes regards viens me rendre la paix.
Il n'est plus de désert, où brille ton sourire,
Fuyez, sombres chagrins, souvenirs inquiets,
Sur ce roc Africain, je resaisis ma lyre."

"Prince Pontiff! loved of heaven—O, Clermont say,
What filial duties shall thy cares repay?
E'en on the shores that skirt the western main,
Still shall this heart its loyal faith maintain.
My precious freight confiding to the deep,
Children and wife, I left Frescati's steep,
And ask'd a short retreat,—I sought no more,—
But vainly sought it on a hostile shore.
Thence by refusal stern and harsh repell'd,
O'er the wide wat'ry waste my course I held,
In sufferings oft, and oft in perils cast,
Till Malta's port received our ships at last.

"Here sad captivity's dull weight I find;
Nought pleases here, nought soothes my listless mind;
Nought here can bid my sickening heart rejoice,
Speak to my soul, or animate my voice.

again to rebuild and consolidate the vast empire of the son of Pepin.

Another intrigue of a singular character, and which terminated in an unexpected manner, originated in an attempt of the English Ministry to achieve the liberty of Ferdinand, the lawful King of Spain. A royal and a popular party had begun to show themselves in that distracted country, and to divert the attention of the patriots from uniting their efforts to accomplish the object of most engrossing importance, the recovery, namely, of their country, from the intruding monarch and the French armies. The English Government were naturally persuaded that Ferdinand, to whose name his subjects were so strongly attached, would be desirous and capable of placing himself, were he at liberty, at their head, putting an end to their disputes by his authority, and giving their efforts an impulse, which could be communicated by no one but the King of Spain, to the Spanish nation. It is no doubt true, that, had the Government of England known the real character of this prince, a wish for his deliverance from France, or his presence in Spain, would have been the last which they would have formed. This misapprehension, however, was natural, and was acted upon.

A Piedmontese, of Irish extraction, called the Baron Kolli (or Kelly), the selected agent of the British government, was furnished with some dia-

> Run to my knees, my children! cherish'd wife,
> Come, softest charm and solace of my life
> One look from thee shall all my peace restore:
> Where beams thy smile, the desert is no more.
> Hence, restless memory,—hence, repinings vain!—
> On Afric's rock I seize my lyre again."

monds and valuable articles, under pretext of disposing of which he was to obtain admission to the Prince, then a prisoner at Valençay, where his chief amusement, it is believed, was embroidering a gown and petticoat, to be presented to the Virgin Mary. Kolli was then to have informed the Prince of his errand, effected Ferdinand's escape by means of confederates among the royalist party, and conveyed him to the coast, where a small squadron awaited the event of the enterprise, designed to carry the King of Spain to Gibraltar, or whither else he chose. In March, 1810, Kolli was put ashore in Quiberon bay, whence he went to Paris, to prepare for his enterprise. He was discovered, however, by the police,[1] and arrested at the moment when he was setting out for Valençay. Some attempts were made to induce him to proceed with the scheme, of which his papers enabled the police to comprehend the general plan, keeping communication at the same time with the French minister. As he disdained to undertake this treacherous character, Kolli was committed close prisoner to the castle of Vincennes, while a person—the same who betrayed his principal, and whose exterior in some degree answered the description of the British emissary—was sent to represent him at the castle of Valençay.

But Ferdinand, either suspicious of the snare

[1] ["He was discovered by his always drinking a bottle of the best wine, which so ill corresponded with his dress and apparent poverty, that it excited a suspicion amongst some of the spies, and he was arrested, searched, and his papers taken from him." —NAPOLEON, *Voice, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 119.]

which was laid for him, or poor-spirited enough to prefer a safe bondage to a brave risk incurred for liberty, would not listen to the supposed agent of Britain, and indeed denounced the pretended Kolli to Barthemy, the governor of the castle. The false Kolli, therefore, returned to Paris, while the real one remained in the castle of Vincennes till the capture of Paris by the allies. Ferdinand took credit, in a letter to Buonaparte, for having resisted the temptation held out to him by the British Government, who had, as he pathetically observed, abused his name, and occasioned, by doing so, the shedding of much blood in Spain. He again manifested his ardent wish to become the adopted son of the Emperor; his hope that the author and abettors of the scheme to deliver him might be brought to condign punishment; and concluded with a hint, that he was extremely desirous to leave Valençay, a residence which had nothing about it but what was unpleasant, and was not in any respect fitted for him. The hint of Ferdinand about a union with Buonaparte's family, probably led to the fresh importunity on the Emperor's part, which induced Lucien to leave Italy. Ferdinand did not obtain the change of residence he desired, nor does he seem to have profited in any way by his candour towards his keeper, excepting that he evaded the strict confinement, or yet worse fate, to which he might have been condemned, had he imprudently confided in the false Baron Kolli.[1]

In Portugal, the great struggle betwixt Massena

[1] [See "Report concerning Kolli's Plan for liberating Ferdinand, King of Spain," Annual Register, vol. lii. p. 497.]

and Wellington, upon which, as we formerly observed, the eyes of the world were fixed, had been finally decided in favour of the English general. This advantage was attained by no assistance of the elements,—by none of those casual occurrences which are called chances of war,—by no dubious, or even venturous risks,—by the decision of no single battle lost or won; but solely by the superiority of one great general over another, at the awful game in which neither had yet met a rival.

For more than four months, Massena, with as fine an army as had ever left France, lay looking at the impregnable lines with which the British forces, so greatly inferior in numerical strength, were covering Lisbon, the object of his expedition. To assail in such a position troops, whose valour he had felt at Busaco, would have been throwing away the lives of his soldiers; and to retreat, was to abandon the enterprise which his master had intrusted to him, with a confidence in his skill and his good fortune, which must, in that case, have been thereafter sorely abated. Massena tried every effort which military skill could supply, to draw his foe out of his place of advantage. He threatened to carry the war across the Tagus—he threatened to extend his army towards Oporto; but each demonstration he made had been calculated upon and anticipated by his antagonist, and was foiled almost without an effort. At length, exhausted by the want of supplies, and the interruption of his communications, after lying one month at Alenquer, Massena retreated to Santa-

rem, as preferable winter-quarters; but, in the beginning of March, he found that these were equally untenable, and became fully sensible, that if he desired to save the remnant of a sickly and diminished army, it must necessarily be by a speedy retreat.

This celebrated movement, decisive of the fate of the campaign, commenced about the 4th of March. There are two different points in which Massena's conduct may be regarded, and they differ as light and darkness. If it be considered in the capacity of that of a human being, the indignant reader, were we to detail the horrors which he permitted his soldiers to perpetrate, would almost deny his title to the name. It is a vulgar superstition, that when the Enemy of mankind is invoked, and appears, he destroys in his retreat the building which has witnessed the apparition. It seemed as if the French, in leaving Portugal, were determined that ruins alone should remain to show they had once been there. Military license was let loose in its most odious and frightful shape, and the crimes which were committed embraced all that is horrible to humanity. But if a curtain is dropped on these horrors, and Massena is regarded merely as a military leader, his retreat, perhaps, did him as much honour as any of the great achievements which formerly had made his name famous. If he had been rightly called Fortune's favourite, he now showed that his reputation did not depend on her smile, but could be maintained by his own talents, while she shone on other banners. In retreating through the north of Portugal, a rugged and

mountainous country, he was followed by Lord Wellington, who allowed him not a moment's respite. The movements of the troops to those who understood, and had the calmness to consider them, were as regular consequences of each other, as occur in the game of chess.[1]

The French were repeatedly seen drawn up on ground where it seemed impossible to dislodge them; and as often the bayonets of a British column, which had marched by some distant route, were observed twinkling in the direction of their flank, intimating that their line was about to be turned. But this was only the signal for Massena to recommence his retreat, which he did before the English troops could come up; nor did he fail again to halt where opportunity offered, until again dislodged by his sagacious and persevering pursuer. At length the French were fairly driven out of the Portuguese territory, excepting the garrison in the frontier town of Almeida, of which Lord Wellington formed first the blockade, and afterwards the siege.

So soon as he escaped from the limits of Portugal, Massena hastened to draw together such reinforcements as he could obtain in Castile, collected once more a large force, and within about a fortnight after he had effected his retreat, resumed the offensive, with the view of relieving Almeida, which was the sole trophy remaining to show his triumphant advance in the preceding season. Lord Wellington did not refuse the battle, which took

[1] [Savary, t. iii. pt. i. p. 53.]

place on the 5th of May, near Fuentes d'Onoro. The conflict was well disputed, but the French general sustained a defeat, notwithstanding his superiority of numbers, and particularly of cavalry. He then retreated from the Portuguese frontier, having previously sent orders for the evacuation of Almeida by the garrison, which the French commandant executed with much dexterity.[1]

On the more southern frontier of Portugal, Lord Beresford fought also a dreadful and sanguinary battle. The action was in some measure indecisive, but Soult, who commanded the French, failed in obtaining such a success as enabled him to accomplish his object, which was the raising of the siege of Badajos. In Portugal, therefore, and along its frontiers, the British had been uniformly successful, and their countrymen at home began once more to open their ears to the suggestions of hope and courage.

Cadiz, also, the remaining bulwark of the patriots, had been witness to a splendid action. General Graham, with a body of British troops, had sallied out from the garrison in March 1811, and obtained a victory upon the heights of Barossa, which, had he been properly seconded by the Spanish General Lapena, would have been productive of a serious influence upon the events of the siege; and which, even though it remained

[1] ["The Emperor recalled Massena, who was quite exhausted by fatigue, and unable to bestow that attention to his troops which was necessary for restoring them to their former state of efficiency; and he selected for his successor in the command Marshal Marmont, the Governor of Illyria."—SAVARY, t. iii. pt. i. p. 54.]

imperfect, gave heart and confidence to the besieged, and struck a perpetual damp into the besiegers, who found themselves bearded in their own position. There had been much fighting through Spain with various results. But if we dare venture to use such an emblem, the bush, though burning, was not consumed, and Spain continued that sort of general resistance which seemed to begin after all usual means of regular opposition had failed, as Nature often musters her strength to combat a disease which the medical assistants have pronounced mortal.

Catalonia, though her strongholds were lost, continued under the command of De Lacy and D'Eroles, to gain occasional advantages over the enemy; and Spain saw Figueras, one of her strongest fortresses, recovered by the bold stratagem of Rovira, a doctor of divinity, and commander of a guerilla party. Being instantly besieged by the French, and ill supplied with provisions, the place was indeed speedily regained; but the possibility of its being taken, was, to the peculiarly tenacious spirit of the Spaniards, more encouraging than its recapture was matter of dismay.

But chiefly the auxiliary British, with the Portuguese, who, trained by the care of Lord Beresford, were fit to sustain their part in line by the side of their allies, showed that they were conducted in a different spirit from that which made their leaders in former expeditions stand with one foot on sea and one on land, never venturing from the sight of the ocean, as if they led amphibious creatures, who

required the use of both elements to secure their existence; and the scheme of whose campaign was to rout and repel, as they best could, the attacks of the enemy, but seldom to venture upon anticipating or disconcerting his plans. To protect Galicia, for example, when invaded by the French, Lord Wellington, though with a much inferior army than he was well aware could be brought against him, formed the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo; thus compelling the enemy to desist from their proposed attempt on that province, and to concentrate their forces for the relief of that important place. Such a concentration could not, in the condition of the French armies, be effected without much disadvantage. It afforded breathing space for all the guerillas, and an opportunity which they never neglected, of acting with their usual courage and sagacity against small parties and convoys of the French, as well as that of seizing upon any posts which the enemy might have been obliged to leave imperfectly defended. And when the French had collected their whole force to overwhelm the British general and his forces, Marmont had the mortification to see the former withdraw from the presence of a superior enemy, with as much calmness and security as if marching through a peaceful country.

Nothing remained for the French general, save to detail in the pages of the *Moniteur*, what must have been the fate of the English but for their hasty and precipitate flight, when the well-concerted and boldly-executed enterprise of Arroyo-Molinos, convinced him to his cost that a retreat was

no rout. In this village upwards of 1400 French were taken prisoners, at a moment when they least expected to be attacked. This little action showed a spirit of hazard, a disposition to assume the offensive, which the French did not expect from the British forces; and they were, for the first time, foiled in their own military qualities of vigilance, enterprise, and activity. In Britain, also, the nation perceived that their army showed the same courage and the same superiority, which had been considered as the exclusive property of their gallant sailors. The French were defeated under the rock of Gibraltar by the Spanish General Ballasteros, and their general, Godinet, blew out his own brains, rather than face the account, to which Soult, his commander-in-chief, was about to summon him. Tarifa, in the same quarter, was defended successfully by a garrison of mingled Spaniards and British, and the French were computed to have lost before it about two thousand five hundred men.

On the other hand, the French discipline continued to render them superior over the patriots, wherever the latter could be brought to face them in any thing resembling a pitched battle. Thus Blake, after a gallant action, was totally defeated near Murviedro, and that town itself fell into possession of the enemy. A more severe consequence of the battle of Ocana, as that disastrous action was termed, was the capture of Valencia, where Blake and the remainder of his army were made prisoners.

But amid those vicissitudes of good or bad fortune, Spain continued to Buonaparte the same

harassing and exhausting undertaking, which it had been almost from the commencement. Sickness and want made more ravages amongst the French troops than the sword of the enemy, though that did not lie idle. Many of the districts are unhealthy to strangers; but of these, as well as others, it was necessary for the invaders to retain possession. There, while numerous deaths happened among the troops, the guerillas watched the remnant, until sickness and fatigue had reduced the garrisons to a number insufficient for defence, and then pounced upon them like birds of prey on a fallen animal, upon whom they have been long in attendance.

Besides, disunion continued to reign among the French generals. Joseph, although in point of power the very shadow of what a king ought to be, had spirit enough to resent the condition in which he was placed amid the haughty military chiefs, who acknowledged no superior beside the Emperor, and listened to no commands save those emanating from Paris. He wrote to his brother a letter, accompanying a formal abdication of the throne of Spain, unless he was to be placed in more complete authority than even the orders of Napoleon himself had hitherto enabled him to attain. But the prospect of a northern war approaching nearer and nearer, Napoleon was induced to postpone his brother's request, although so pressingly urged, and Spain was in some measure left to its fate during the still more urgent events of the Russian campaign.[1]

[1] [Fouché, t. ii. p. 71.]

CHAPTER LV.

Retrospect of the Causes leading to the Rupture with Russia —originate in the Treaty of Tilsit.—Russia's alleged Reasons of Complaint.—Arguments of Napoleon's Counsellors against War with Russia—Fouché is against the War—Presents a Memorial to Napoleon upon the Subject—His Answer.—Napoleon's Views in favour of the War, as urged to his various Advisers.

We are now approaching the verge of that fated year, when Fortune, hitherto unwearied in her partiality towards Napoleon, turned first upon himself, personally, a clouded and stormy aspect. Losses he had sustained both by land and sea, but he could still remark, as when he first heard of the defeat at Trafalgar,—"I was not there—I could not be every where at once." But he was soon to experience misfortunes, to the narrative of which he could not apply this proud commentary. The reader must be first put in remembrance of the causes of the incipient quarrel betwixt the empire of France and that of Russia.

Notwithstanding the subsequent personal intimacy which took place betwixt the two sovereigns, and which for five years prevented the springing up of any enmity betwixt Alexander and Napoleon, the seeds of that quarrel were, nevertheless, to be

found in the treaty of pacification of Tilsit itself.[1] Russia, lying remote from aggression in every other part of her immense territory, is open to injury on that important western frontier by which she is united with Europe, and in those possessions by virtue of which she claims to be a member of the European republic. The partition of Poland, unjust as it was in every point of view, was a measure of far greater importance to Russia than either to Austria or Prussia; for, while that state possessed its former semi-barbarous and stormy independence, it lay interposed in a great measure betwixt Russia and the rest of Europe, or, in other words, betwixt her and the civilized world. Any revolution which might restore Poland to the independence, for which the inhabitants had not ceased to sigh, would have effectually thrust the Czar back upon his forests, destroyed his interest and influence in European affairs, and reduced him comparatively to the rank of an Asiatic sovereign. This liberation of their country, and the reunion of its dismembered provinces under a national constitution, was what the Poles expected from Buonaparte. For this they crowded to his standard after the battle of Jena; and although he was too cautious to promise any thing explicitly concerning the restoration of Poland to its rank among nations, yet most of his measures indicated a future purpose of accomplishing that work. Thus, when those Polish provinces which had fallen to the portion of Prussia, were formed into the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, as an independent principality, and the sovereignty was conferred, not without a secret

[1] [Fouché, t. ii. p. 71.]

meaning, on the King of Saxony, a descendant of the ancient monarchs of Poland, what could this be supposed to indicate, save the commencement of an independent state, to which might be added, as opportunity occurred, the remaining districts of Poland which had been seized upon by Austria and Russia? "To what purpose," asked those statesmen, who belonged to the old Russian or Anti-Gallican party in the empire, "are those stipulations for a free military road and passage of troops from Saxony to Warsaw and its territory, through Silesia, if it is not that France may preserve the means of throwing an overpowering force into the duchy, so soon as it shall be her pleasure to undo the work of the sage Catherine, by depriving Russia of those rich Polish provinces, which her policy had added to the empire? Wherefore," asked the same persons, "should there have been a special article in the same treaty of Tilsit, that France should retain Dantzic until a maritime peace, unless it was to serve as a place of arms in the event of a new war with Russia, the probability of which Napoleon, therefore, must certainly have calculated upon, even at the very moment when he cultivated such close personal intimacy with the Emperor Alexander?"

These suspicions were considerably increased by the articles of peace concluded with Austria at Schoenbrun. By that treaty all Western Galicia, together with the city of Cracow, and other territories, were disjoined from Austria, and added to the dukedom of Warsaw, marking, it was supposed, still farther, the intention of Napoleon, at one

time or another, to restore in its integrity the ancient kingdom of Poland, of which Russia alone now held the full share allotted to her by the partition treaties.

Other causes led to the same conclusion. The old Russians, a numerous and strong party in the empire, which comprehended the greater part of the large landholders, felt, as they had done under the Emperor Paul, much distress, national and personal, from the interruption of the British trade by Buonaparte's Continental System. Their timber, their pitch, their potash, their hemp, and other bulky and weighty commodities, the chief produce of their estates, for which the British had been ready customers, remained on their hands, while they were deprived of the colonial produce and manufactures of Britain, which they were wont to receive in exchange for those articles, with mutual profit and convenience to both parties. It was in vain that, to reconcile them to this state of interdiction, they saw in the speeches and decrees of Buonaparte, tirades about the freedom of the seas, and the maritime tyranny of England. It seemed an ill-omened species of liberation, which began by the destruction of their commerce and impoverishment of their estates; and the Russian Boyards could no more comprehend the declamation of Buonaparte against the English, than the millers of the Ebro could be made to understand the denunciation of Don Quixote against their customers. These magnates only saw that the Ruler of France wished them to submit to great commercial distress and inconvenience, in order to accele-

rate his plan of ruining Great Britain, after which achievement he might find it a more easy undertaking to destroy their own natural importance as a European power, by re-establishing Poland, and resuming the fertile provinces on the western boundary; thus leading the Russian Cabinet, if the French interest should remain paramount there, by a very disadvantageous road to a still more disastrous conclusion.

There was, besides, spread through the Russian nation generally, a sense that France was treating their Emperor rather on the footing of an inferior. It is a thing entirely unknown in diplomacy, that one government should pretend a right to dictate to another who is upon terms of equality, the conditions on which she should conduct her commerce; and the assuming such a right, seconded by threatening language in case of non-compliance, has been always held a legitimate cause of war. Indeed, the opinion that the French league disgraced the Russian nation, plunged their country into embarrassments, and was likely to occasion still farther misfortunes to them, became so general, that the Emperor must have paid some attention to the wishes of his people, even if his own friendship with Buonaparte had not been cooled by late occurrences.

The alliance with Austria was of a character calculated to alarm Alexander. Russia and Austria, though they had a common interest to withstand the overpowering strength of Buonaparte, had been in ordinary times always rivals, and sometimes enemies. It was the interference of Austria,

which, upon several occasions, checked the progress of the Russians in Turkey, and it was Austria also which formed a barrier against the increase of their power in the south of Europe. The family connexion, therefore, formed by Buonaparte with the House of Hapsburg, made him still more formidable to Russia, as likely to embrace the quarrels and forward the pretensions of that power against the Czar, even if France herself should have none to discuss with him.

But there was no need to have recourse to remote causes of suspicion. Russia had, and must always have had, direct and immediate cause of jealousy, while France or her Emperor claimed the permanent right of thinking and deciding for her, as well as other nations, in the relations of commerce and others, in which every independent state is most desirous of exercising the right of deliberating for herself. This was the true state of the case. To remain the ally of Buonaparte, Alexander must have become his vassal; to attempt to be independent of him, was to make him his enemy; and it can be no wonder that a sovereign so proud and powerful as the Czar, chose rather to stand the hazard of battle, than diminish the lustre, or compromise the independence, of his ancient crown.

The time, too, for resistance, seemed as favourable as Russia could ever expect. The war of Spain, though chequered in its fortune, was in no respect near a sudden end. It occupied 250,000 of the best and oldest French troops; demanded also an immense expenditure, and diminished, of course, the power of the French Emperor to carry

on the war on the frontiers of Russia. A conclusion of these wasting hostilities would have rendered him far more formidable with respect to the quality, as well as the number, of his disposable forces, and it seemed the interest of Russia not to wait till that period should arrive.

The same arguments which recommended to Russia to choose the immediate moment for resisting the extravagant pretensions of France, ought, in point of prudence, to have induced Napoleon to desist from urging such pretensions, and to avoid the voluntarily engaging in two wars at the same time, both of a character decidedly national, and to only one of which he could give the influence of his own talents and his own presence. His best and wisest generals, whom he consulted, or, to speak more properly, to whom he opened his purpose, used various arguments to induce him to alter, or at least defer his resolution. He himself hesitated for more than a year, and was repeatedly upon the point of settling with Russia the grounds of disagreement betwixt them upon amicable terms.

The reasons of complaint, on the part of the Czar, were four in number.

I. The alarm given to Russia by the extension of the grand duchy of Warsaw by the treaty of Schoenbrun, as if it were destined to be the central part of an independent state, or kingdom, in Poland, to which those provinces of that dismembered country, which had become part of Russia, were at some convenient time to be united. On this point the Czar demanded an explicit engagement, on the part of the French Emperor, that the

kingdom of Poland should not be again established. Napoleon declined this form of guarantee, as it seemed to engage him to warrant Russia against an event which might happen without his co-operation; but he offered to pledge himself that he would not favour any enterprise which should, directly or indirectly, lead to the re-establishment of Poland as an independent state. This modified acquiescence in what was required by Russia fell considerably short of what the Czar wished; for the stipulation, as at first worded, would have amounted to an engagement on the part of France to join in opposing any step towards Polish independence; whereas, according to the modification which it received at Paris, it only implied that France should remain neuter if such an attempt should take place.

II. The wrong done by including the duchy of Oldenburg, though guaranteed by the treaty of Tilsit to its prince, the Czar's near relative and ally, in the territory annexed to France, admitted of being compensated by an indemnification. But Russia desired that this indemnification should be either the city of Dantzic, or some equally important territory, on the frontiers of the grand duchy of Warsaw, which might offer an additional guarantee against the apprehended enlargement of that state. France would not listen to this, though she did not object to compensation elsewhere.

III. The third point in question, was the degree to which the Russian commerce with England was to be restricted. Napoleon proposed to grant some relaxation on the occasions where the produce of

Russia was exported in exchange for that of England, to be effected by the way of mutual licenses.

IV. It was proposed to revise the Russian tariff of 1810, so as, without injuring the interests of Russia, it might relax the heavy duties imposed on the objects of French commerce.

From this statement, which comprehends the last basis on which Napoleon expressed himself willing to treat, it is quite evident, that had there not been a deeper feeling of jealousy and animosity betwixt the two Emperors, than those expressed in the subjects of actual debate betwixt them, these might have been accommodated in an amicable way. But as it was impossible for Napoleon to endure being called to account, like a sovereign of the second rate, or at least in the tone of an equal, by the Emperor of Russia; so the latter, more and more alarmed by the motions of the French armies, which were advancing into Pomerania, could not persuade himself, that, in agreeing to admit the present grounds of complaint, Napoleon meant more than to postpone the fatal struggle for superiority, until he should find a convenient time to commence it with a more absolute prospect of success.

In the mean time, and ere the negotiations were finally broken off, Buonaparte's counsellors urged him with as much argument as they dared, to desist from running the hazard of an enterprise so remote, so hazardous, and so little called for. They contended, that no French interest, and no national point of honour, were involved in the disagreement which had arisen. The principles upon which the

points of dispute might be settled, being in a manner agreed upon, they argued that their master should stop in their military preparations. To march an army into Prussia, and to call forth the Prussians as auxiliaries, would, they contended, be using measures towards Russia, which could not but bring on the war which they anxiously deprecated. To submit to menaces supported by demonstrations of open force, would be destructive of the influence of Russia, both at home and abroad. She could not be expected to give way without a struggle.

These advisers allowed, that a case might be conceived for justifying an exertion to destroy the power of Russia, a case arising out of the transactions between France and the other states of Europe, and out of the apprehension that these states, aggrieved and irritated by the conduct of France, might be tempted to seek a leader, patron, and protector, in the Emperor Alexander. But this extremity, they alleged, could not exist so long as France had the means of avoiding a perilous war, by a mitigation of her policy towards her vassals and auxiliaries; for if the states whose revolt (so to call it) was apprehended, could be reconciled to France by a more lenient course of measures to be adopted towards them, they would lose all temptation to fly to Russia as a protector. In such case the power of Russia would no longer give jealousy to France, or compel her to rush to a dubious conflict, for the purpose of diminishing an influence which could not then become dangerous to the southern empire, by depriving France of her clientage.

It might have been added, though it could not be so broadly spoken out, that in this point of view nothing would have been more easy for France, than to modify or soften her line of policy in favour of the inferior states, in whose favour the Russian interference was expected or apprehended. That policy had uniformly been a system of insult and menace. The influence which France had gained in Europe grew less out of treaty than fear, founded on the recollection of former wars. All the states of Germany felt the melancholy consequences of the existence of despotic power vested in men, who, like Napoleon himself, and the military governors whom he employed, were new to the exercise and enjoyment of their authority; and, on the other hand, the French Emperor and his satellites felt, towards the people of the conquered, or subjected states, the constant apprehension which a conscious sense of injustice produces in the minds of oppressors, namely, that the oppressed only watch for a safe opportunity to turn against them. There was, therefore, no French interest, or even point of honour, which called on Napoleon to make war on Alexander; and the temptation seems to have amounted solely to the desire on Napoleon's part to fight a great battle,—to gain a great victory —to occupy, with his victorious army, another great capital,—and, in fine, to subject to his arms the power of Russia, which, of all the states on the continent, remained the only one that could be properly termed independent of France.

It was in this light that the question of peace and war was viewed by the French politicians of

the day; and it is curious to observe, in the reports we have of their arguments, the total absence of principle which they display in the examination of it. They dwell on the difficulty of Napoleon's undertaking, upon its dangers, upon its expense, upon the slender prospect of any remuneration by the usual modes of confiscation, plunder, or levy of contributions. They enlarge, too, upon the little probability there was that success in the intended war would bring to a conclusion the disastrous contest in Spain; and all these various arguments are insinuated or urged with more or less vehemence, according to the character, the station, or the degree of intimacy with Napoleon, of the counsellor who ventured to use the topics. But among his advisers, none that we read or hear of, had the open and manly courage to ask, Where was the justice of this attack upon Russia? What had she done to merit it? The Emperors were friends by the treaty of Tilsit, confirmed by personal intimacy and the closest intercourse at Erfurt. How had they ceased to be such? What had happened since that period to place Russia, then the friend and confessed equal of France, in the situation of a subordinate and tributary state? On what pretence did Napoleon confiscate to his own use the duchy of Oldenburg, acknowledged as the property of Alexander's brother-in-law, by an express article in the treaty of Tilsit? By what just right could he condemn the Russian nation to all the distresses of his Anti-commercial System, while he allowed them to be a free and independent state?—Above all, while he considered them

as a sovereign and a people entitled to be treated with the usual respect due between powers that are connected by friendly treaties, with what pretence of justice, or even decency, could he proceed to enforce claims so unfounded in themselves, by introducing his own forces on their frontier, and arming their neighbours against them for the same purpose? Of these pleas, in moral justice, there was not a word urged; nor was silence wonderful on this fruitful topic, since to insist upon it would have been to strike at the fundamental principle of Buonaparte's policy, which was, never to neglect a present advantage for the sake of observing a general principle. "Let us hear of no general principles," said Buonaparte's favourite minister of the period. "Ours is a government not regulated by theory, but by emerging circumstances."

We ought not to omit to mention that Fouché, among others, took up a testimony against the Russian war. He had been permitted to return to his chateau of Ferrières, near Paris, under the apology that the air of Italy did not agree with his constitution. But Napoleon distrusted him, and the police were commissioned to watch with the utmost accuracy the proceedings of their late master. Fouché was well aware of this; and, desirous that his remonstrance with the Emperor should have all the force of an unexpected argument, he shut himself up in the strictest seclusion while engaged in composing a production, which perhaps he hoped might be a means of recalling him to recollection, if not to favour.[1]

[1] [Fouché, t. ii. p. 80.]

In an able and eloquent memorial, Fouché reminded Buonaparte, that he was already the absolute master of the finest empire the world had ever seen; and that all the lessons of history went to demonstrate the impossibility of attaining universal monarchy. The French empire had arrived, according to the reasoning of this able statesman, at that point when its ruler should rather think of securing and consolidating his present acquisitions, than of achieving farther conquests, since, whatever his empire might acquire in extent, it was sure to lose in solidity. Fouché stated the extent of the country which Napoleon was about to invade, the poverty of the soil, the rigour of the climate, and the distance which each fresh victory must remove him from his resources, annoyed as his communications were sure to be by nations of Cossacks and Tartars. He implored the Emperor to remember the fate of Charles XII. of Sweden. "If that warlike monarch," he said, "had not, like Napoleon, half Europe in arms at his back, neither had his opponent, the Czar Peter, four hundred thousand soldiers, and fifty thousand Cossacks. The invader, it was stated, would have against him the dislike of the higher ranks, the fanaticism of the peasantry, the exertions of soldiers accustomed to the severity of the climate. There were besides to be dreaded, in case of the slightest reverse, the intrigues of the English, the fickleness of his continental allies, and even the awakening of discontent and conspiracy in France itself, should an idea generally arise, that he was sacrificing the welfare

of the state to the insatiable desire of fresh enterprises and distant conquests."

Fouché presented himself at the Tuileries and requested an audience of the Emperor, hoping, doubtless, that the unexpected circumstance of his appearing there, and the reasoning in his memorial, would excite Napoleon's attention. To his great surprise, Napoleon, with an air of easy indifference, began the audience. "I am no stranger, Monsieur le Duc, to your errand here. You have a memorial to present me—give it me—I will read it, though I know already its contents. The war with Russia is not more agreeable to you than that of Spain."—"Your Imperial Majesty will pardon my having ventured to offer some observations on this important crisis?" said the statesman, astonished to find himself anticipated, when he believed he had laboured in the most absolute secrecy.

"It is no crisis," resumed Napoleon; "merely a war of a character entirely political. Spain will fall when I have annihilated the English influence at St Petersburg. I have 800,000 men; and to one who has such an army, Europe is but an old prostitute, who must obey his pleasure. Was it not yourself who told me that the word *impossible* was not good French? I regulate my conduct more on the opinion of my army than the sentiments of you grandees, who are become too rich; and while you pretend anxiety for me, only are apprehensive of the general confusion which would follow my death. Don't disquiet yourself, but consider the Russian war as a wise measure, demanded by the true interests of France, and the general security.

Am I to blame, because the great degree of power I have already attained forces me to assume the dictatorship of the world? My destiny is not yet accomplished—my present situation is but a sketch of a picture which I must finish. There must be one universal European code, one court of appeal. The same money, the same weights and measures, the same laws, must have currency through Europe. I must make one nation out of all the European states, and Paris must be the capital of the world. At present you no longer serve me well, because you think my affairs are in danger; but before a year is over you will assist me with the same zeal and ardour as at the periods of Marengo and Austerlitz. You will see more than all this—it is I who assure you of it. Adieu, Monsieur le Duc. Do not play the disgraced courtier, or the captious critic of public affairs; and be so good as to put a little confidence in your Emperor." [1]

He then turned his back on Fouché, and left him to reflect by what means he, who so well knew all the machinations of the police, could himself have become exposed to their universal vigilance, with some cause, perhaps, to rejoice, that his secret employment, though unpleasing to Buonaparte, was not of a character to attract punishment as well as animadversion.[2]

[1] [Mémoires de Fouché, t. ii. p. 90.]

[2] [Fouché afterwards remembered, that an individual in his neighbourhood, mayor of a municipality, and whom he himself had employed in matters of police, had one morning intruded rather hastily on him in his study, under pretext of pleading the cause of a distressed tenant; and concluded, that while he was searching for the papers concerning his visitor's ostensible busi-

As Napoleon discountenanced and bore down the remonstrances of the subtle Fouché, so he represented to his various advisers the war upon which he was unalterably determined, in the light most proper to bring them over to his own opinion. To the army in general the mere name of war was in itself a sufficient recommendation. It comprehended preferment, employment, plunder, distinction, and pensions. To the generals, it afforded mareschals' batons,—to the mareschals, crowns and sceptres;—to the civilians, he urged, as to Fouché, that it was a war of policy,—of necessity,—the last act in the drama, but indispensably requisite to conclude the whole; to his most intimate friends he expressed his conviction that his fortune could not stand still; that it was founded on public opinion; and that if he did not continue to advance he must necessarily retrograde. To his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, he used a still more extraordinary argument. This prelate, a devout Catholic, had begun to have compunction about his nephew's behaviour towards the Pope; and these sentiments mingled like an ominous feeling with the alarms excited by the risks of this tremendous undertaking. With more than usual freedom he conjured his kinsman to abstain from tempting Providence. He entreated him not to defy heaven and earth, the wrath of man, and the fury of the elements, at the same time; and expressed his apprehension

ness, Mr Mayor had an opportunity to glance at the sheets on his scrutoire, where the repetition of V. M. I. and R. M. (intimating your Imperial and Royal Majesty), betrayed that he was drawing up a memorial to Napoleon, and a word or two of the context explained its purport.]

that he must at length sink under the weight of the enmity which he incurred daily.[1] The only answer which Buonaparte vouchsafed, was to lead the cardinal to the window, and, opening the casement, and pointing upwards, to ask him, "If he saw yonder star?"—"No, Sire," answered the astonished cardinal. "But I see it," answered Buonaparte; and turned from his relation as if he had fully confuted his arguments.

This speech might admit of two meanings;—either that Napoleon wished in this manner to express that his own powers of penetration were superior to those of the cardinal, or it might have reference to a certain superstitious confidence in his predestined good fortune, which we have already observed he was known to entertain. But as it was not Napoleon's fashion, whatever reliance he might place on such auguries, to neglect any means of ensuring success within his power, we are next to enquire what political measures he had taken to carry on the proposed Russian war to advantage.

[1] It is not unworthy of notice, that the Emperor's mother (Madame Mère, as she was termed) always expressed a presentiment, that the fortunes of her family, splendid as they were, would be altered before her death; and when ridiculed by her children for her frugal disposition, she used to allege she was saving money for them in their distress; and in fact she lived to apply her hoards to that purpose.

APPENDIX.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CONDUCT OF NAPOLEON TOWARDS THE PRINCE-ROYAL OF SWEDEN.

(Translated from the original French.)

[See p. 346.]

It was Napoleon himself, who, by his insupportable pretensions, forced Sweden to take a part in opposition to him. From the period of the election of the Prince of Ponte Corvo, the only discussions the Prince had with the Emperor consisted in refusals, on the Prince's part, to enter into engagements hostile to the interests of the nation who had chosen him to be her ruler.

When the first overtures respecting his election in Sweden were made to him by a Swedish nobleman, and by General Count de Wrede, he went immediately to St Cloud, to inform the Emperor, who said to him :—"I cannot be of any use to you—let things take their course," &c. The Prince went to Plombières. At his return, he paid his respects to the Emperor, who, addressing him in presence of a good many persons, asked if he had lately had any news from Sweden? "Yes, Sire."—"What do they say?" replied the Emperor. — "That your Majesty's *chargé d'affaires* at Stockholm opposes my election, and says publicly, that your Majesty prefers the King of Denmark."—The Emperor answered with surprise, "It is not possible;" and changed the subject. It was, however, in consequence of secret instructions given to M. Désaguiers, that he had presented a note in favour of the King of Denmark; but Napoleon, in order not to commit himself in an affair of such delicacy, and in which a check would have been a proof of the decline of his political ascendency, disavowed the conduct of M. Désaguiers. When this

agent was recalled a short time afterwards, the Duc de Cadore frankly confessed to M. de Lagerbjelke, the Swedish minister at Paris, "*that they had sacrificed an innocent person.*"

The Emperor had expressed himself in the most friendly manner to King Charles XIII., as well as to the Prince of Ponte Corvo, consenting that the Prince should accept the succession to the throne of Sweden. The act of election had been published in the *Moniteur*, and ten days had elapsed without the Emperor's having said any thing about the Prince-Royal's departure. Having finished the preparations for his journey, and seeing that the Emperor still remained silent on the subject, the Prince determined to apply to him for letters-patent, emancipating him (the Prince) from his allegiance. To this formal application, the Emperor replied, that the expediting of these letters had been retarded only by the proposal made by a member of the privy-council, of a preliminary condition.—"What is it?" said the Prince.—"It is, that you are to come under an engagement never to bear arms against me." The Prince-Royal, greatly surprised, answered, that his election by the Diet of Sweden, and the consent to it already given by the Emperor, both to himself and to King Charles XIII., had already made him a Swedish subject; and that, in that quality, he could not subscribe this engagement.—Here the Emperor frowned, and appeared embarrassed. "Your Majesty tells me," added he, "that this is the proposal of a member of the council. I am very sure it never could have come from yourself, Sire; it must have come from the Arch-Chancellor, or the Grand Judge, who were not aware to what a height this proposal would raise me."—"What do you mean?"—"If you prevent me from accepting a crown, unless I come under an engagement never to fight against you, Sire,—is not this, in fact, placing me in your line as a general?" The Emperor, after a moment's reflection, said to him, in a suppressed voice, and with a gesture which betrayed his agitation:—"Well, go;—our destinies are about to be accomplished."—"I beg your pardon, Sire, I did not hear you rightly."—"Go;—our destinies are about to be accomplished," repeated the Emperor, in a more distinct, but equally agitated voice.

When the report first became current that there was an intention in Sweden to elect the Prince of Ponte Corvo Prince-Royal, Mareschal Davoust, thinking to please his master, said, in the Emperor's chamber:—"The Prince of Ponte Corvo suspects nothing." This piece of irony made Napoleon smile. He

answered in a low voice,—" He is not yet elected." The Prince, who till then had been very undecided, intimated, that if the King and the States of Sweden fixed their choice on him, he should accept.

During this interval, Napoleon, constantly wishing to prevent him from becoming heir to the throne of Sweden, said to him one day: " You will probably be called to Sweden. I had formed the design of giving you Arragon and Catalonia; for Spain is too great a country for my brother's strength of capacity." The Prince made no reply. For a considerable time back, not wishing to be an object of inquietude to government, he had been considering what means he should use to gain Napoleon's confidence. The greatness of France, the victories gained by her armies, and the eclat which they reflected upon the commander, imposed on the Prince the duty of not endeavouring to emulate the power of the Emperor. In his conversations with Napoleon, he endeavoured to do away the impressions which the Emperor entertained against him. For this purpose he took general views, spoke of the interests of great states—of the fortunes of men who had astonished the world by their successes, of the difficulties and obstacles which these men had had to surmount; and finally, of the public tranquillity and happiness which had been the result of these circumstances, from the moment that secondary interests had been satisfied. The Emperor listened attentively, and seemed almost always to applaud the principles of stability and preservation which the Prince enlarged upon. At times, when the latter reminded the Emperor of the immensity of the means of recompense which he had at his disposal, Napoleon, struck by what he said, held out his hand to him affectionately, when they separated, and seemed, by his manner, to say to him,—" Reckon always upon my friendship and support." The Prince used to return from these conversations, thinking himself no longer an object of suspicion to the Emperor. He expressed this belief to the members of Napoleon's family, in order that they, in their turn, might assure the Emperor, that as the Prince went entirely into his system, both from duty and from interest, any mistrust of him should be laid aside.

There were individuals of Napoleon's family, on those occasions, who smiled at the Prince's simplicity, and told him what the Emperor had said the evening before, immediately after the conversation the Prince and he had had together; and all that the Emperor said bore marks of the greatest insincerity, and of an

ill-will constantly founded on his ideas of the extravagant ambition of the Prince. This ill-will seemed to be mitigated, when the time came for the Prince's departure for Sweden. One of his friends was in high favour with Napoleon. On the very day the Prince departed, Napoleon, seeing this friend come in, went up to him and said:—"Well! does not the Prince regret France?"—"Yes, undoubtedly."—"And I, for my part, should have been very glad if he had not accepted the invitation; but there is no help for it——" And then checking himself,—"Besides, he does not love me." On its being answered, that Napoleon was mistaken, and that the Prince had chosen his party, and had been frankly and cordially attached to him for a long time past, the Emperor replied,—"We have not understood each other: now it is too late: he has his own interests, his own policy, and I have mine." Napoleon had acquiesced in the reasons given him by the Prince, for his refusal to engage not to take arms against him. He saw very well that he ought to have expected such a refusal, and that he ought not to have exposed himself to it. He had even endeavoured to efface any painful impression which his proposal had made on the Prince, by making him the most friendly promises of an indemnity of two millions for the cession of his principality of Ponte Corvo, and his possessions in Poland, and leaving him all the others in property. [The Prince never received more than one million of the two which had been promised him.] He had, besides, permitted him to take with him all his aides-de-camp.

The Prince knew not what was at the bottom of the Emperor's thoughts, but when he left him he was full of confidence in him; and Napoleon had no just motive for imputing to him any designs hostile to his interest, and still less to the interest of France. This illusion, on the part of the Prince, was of short duration. The reception he met with in all the places he passed through, and particularly when he arrived in Sweden,—the speeches addressed to him, and the answers he made,—all contributed to displease the Emperor. It seemed to him as if the Prince attracted some share of that general attention which should have been fixed on him alone. The patriotic sentiments expressed by the speakers of the four orders, were no more to his taste than those of the Prince in his answers. He and the Swedes were equally the objects of the Emperor's sarcasms, and even of his insults; he treated them as Jacobins, as anarchists; and it was chiefly against the Prince that these attacks were

levelled. To show the Prince his displeasure, he annulled all the promises he had made him; and took from him all the lands with which he had endowed him, and which he re-united to his own domains. He recalled all the Prince-Royal's French aides-de-camp. It was in vain that the Prince, in his correspondence, tried to appease him, by writing, among others, the following letter:—

"At the moment when I was going to address my thanks to your Majesty, for your goodness in extending for a year the leave granted to the French officers who have accompanied me to Sweden, I am informed that your Majesty has retr cted that favour. This unexpected disappointment, and, indeed, every thing that reaches me from Paris, makes me sensible that your Majesty is not well disposed towards me. What have I done, Sire, to deserve this treatment? I suppose that calumny alone has been the cause of it. In the new situation in which Fortune has placed me, I should doubtless be more exposed to it than ever, were I not fortunate enough to find a defender in your Majesty's own heart. Whatever may be said to you, Sire, I beseech you to believe that I have nothing to reproach myself with, and that I am entirely devoted to your person, not merely through the strength of my old associations, but from a sentiment that is unalterable. If things are not conducted in Sweden entirely according to your Majesty's wish, this is solely owing to the Constitution. To infringe this Constitution is not in the power of the King, and still less in mine. There are still here many particular interests to be melted down in the great national crucible,—four orders of the state to be tied up in one bundle,—and it is only by means of very prudent and measured conduct that I can hope to sit one day on the throne of Sweden. As M. Gentil de St Alphonse, my aide-de-camp, returns to France in conformity to your Majesty's orders, I make him the bearer of this letter. Your Majesty may question him; he has seen every thing; let him tell your Majesty the truth. You will see in what a situation I am placed, and how many measures I have to keep. He will tell your Majesty whether or not I am anxious to please you, and if I am not here in a state of continual torment between the pain of displeasing you, and my new duties, Sire, your Majesty has grieved me by withdrawing from me the officers whom you had granted me for a year. Since you command it, I send them back to France. Perhaps your Majesty will be inclined to alter your decision; in which case, I

beg that you yourself will fix the number that you may think proper to send me. I shall receive them from you with gratitude. If, on the contrary, your Majesty retains them in France, I recommend them to your goodness. They have always served with distinction, and have had no share in the rewards which were distributed after the last campaign."

Napoleon's ill-humour against the Prince changed to positive resentment. He repented that he had agreed to his going, and he made no secret of it; for he went the length of saying, before his courtiers,—"That he had a mind to make him finish his course of the Swedish language at Vincennes." While the Prince refused to believe the information, which he had received from the Tuileries, of such a threat as this, Napoleon was actually thinking of putting it in execution, and of repeating, upon him, the capture of the Duc d'Enghien. The Prince at last was convinced of the truth of what he had heard, by the discovery of a plot formed by Napoleon's agents, for seizing him in the neighbourhood of Haga, and carrying him on board a vessel which they had in readiness. The attempt failed through a mere accident. The conspirators, all foreigners but one, thought themselves discovered; they instantly embarked, and sailed in the night. [1]

This conduct, odious as it was, made no change in the disposition of the Prince towards Napoleon. He looked upon it as the effect of intrigues formed by the personal enemies of both, and by enemies of France. He saw nothing in it, besides, but a degree of personal animosity, which might pass away, and which ought to have no influence on the political determinations of Sweden. But Napoleon, listening to nothing but his hatred,

[1] M. de Salazar, formerly aide-de-camp to the Duke of Ragusa, who had quitted the service, and retired into England, was one of those who gave information respecting a plan formed in France to carry off the Prince Royal. He made a full communication on this subject to an illustrious personage in England, and to Baron de Rehausen, the Swedish Minister at London, who immediately informed Count d'Engestrom of what had been revealed by M. de Salazar, as to the plots which Napoleon was laying against the personal safety of the Prince. In order to facilitate these communications, Baron de Rehausen was instructed to furnish M. de Salazar with money to enable him to go to Sweden. He arrived at Orebro during the Diet of 1812, and was admitted to some private audiences, in which he repeated to the Prince the declarations which he had previously made to Baron de Rehausen and Count d'Engestrom.

knowing that the Prince, being aware of his designs, would now be on his guard, and having no longer any hope of surprising him, desired to place the Prince in open hostility to him. He took the surest method to accomplish this object by seizing Pomerania, because he thought that this insulting violation of public faith would force the Prince-Royal to revenge the affront put upon Sweden, but at bottom directed against the Prince personally. In order to leave no room for doubt on this subject, the Emperor had given orders that the invasion should take place on the 26th of January, the Prince-Royal's birth-day; but this refinement, so much in character, was thrown away; for the invasion could not be carried into effect till the morning of the 27th.[1]

The news of this invasion did not reach Stockholm till the 11th of February. The Prince immediately wrote the Emperor the following letter:—

"The accounts, which have just arrived, inform me that a division of the army under the orders of the Prince of Eckmühl, has invaded the territory of Swedish Pomerania, in the night between the 26th and 27th of January; that this division has continued its march, entered the capital of the duchy, and taken possession of the island of Rugen. The King expects that your Majesty will explain the reasons which have led you to act in a manner so diametrically opposite to the faith of existing treaties. My former connexion with your Majesty authorizes me to beseech you to explain your motives without delay, in order that I may be enabled to give the King my opinion as to the future policy which ought to be adopted by Sweden. This gratuitous outrage committed against Sweden is deeply felt by the people, and doubly so, Sire, by me, who am intrusted with the honour of defending them. If I have contributed to the triumphs of France, if I have uniformly wished to see her respected and happy, it never could enter into my thoughts to sacrifice the interests, the honour, and the national independence of the country which has adopted me. Your Majesty, so good a judge of what is right in the case which has happened, has already penetrated my resolution. Though not jealous of the glory and power by which you are surrounded, Sire, I am extremely sensible to the disgrace of being looked upon as a vassal. Your

[1] It was from a similar motive that the Prince-Royal opened the ports of Sweden to all nations on the 15th August, 1812, Napoleon's birth-day, and that the peace with England was signed at the same time.

Majesty rules the greater part of Europe; but your dominion does not extend to the country to whose government I have been called. My ambition is limited to her defence; which I look upon as the lot assigned me by Providence. The effect produced on the people by the invasion which I now complain of, may have incalculable consequences; and though I am not a Coriolanus, nor command Volscians, I have a good enough opinion of the Swedes to assure you, Sire, that they are capable of daring and undertaking every thing, to revenge affronts which they have not provoked, and to preserve rights to which they are probably as much attached as to their existence."

When the Emperor received this letter, it was observed that he foamed with rage, and cried, "Submit to your degradation, or die with arms in your hands!" This, indeed, was the only alternative which he wished to leave the Prince; knowing very well what part would be taken by a man whom he himself had called, "A French head, with the heart of a Roman." There was no receding. The Prince declared to the King of England and the Emperor of Russia, that he was at war with Napoleon; and wrote the Emperor Alexander the following letter, dated from Stockholm, the 7th of March, 1812:

"The occupation of Swedish Pomerania by the French troops, induces the King to despatch Count de Lowenhjelm, his aide-de-camp, to your Imperial Majesty. This officer, who enjoys the entire confidence of his sovereign, has it in charge to acquaint your Majesty with the motives which have served as a pretext for an invasion so diametrically in opposition to the subsisting treaties. The successive annexation of the coasts of the Mediterranean, of Holland, and of the Baltic, and the subjugation of the interior of Germany, must have pointed out, even to the least clear-sighted princes, that the laws of nations being thrown aside, were giving way to a system, which, destroying every kind of equilibrium, would unite a number of nations under the government of a single chief;—the tributary monarchs, terrified at this constantly increasing dominion, are waiting in consternation for the developement of this vast plan. In the midst of this universal depression, men's eyes are turned towards your Majesty; they are already raised to you, Sire, with confidence and hope; but suffer me to observe to your Majesty, that in all the successes of life, there is nothing like the magical effect of the first instant;—so long as its influence lasts, every thing depends on him who chooses to act. Minds struck with astonish-

ment are incapable of reflection; and every thing yields to the impulse of the charm which they fear, or by which they are attracted. Be pleased, Sire, to receive with favour the expression of my gratitude for the sentiments which your Majesty has testified towards me. If I have still any wish to form, it is for the continuation of a happiness, of which I shall always be worthy, in consequence of the value which I attach to it."

It was not, then, the Emperor of Russia who prevailed upon Sweden to take up arms against Napoleon.—It was himself—himself alone,—who irresistibly compelled the Prince to throw himself among his enemies. In doing so, the Prince merely did what Napoleon desired; and the latter wished it, because Sweden having given him no motive for directly attacking her, he saw no other way of regaining the mastery of the Prince's fortunes, but by placing him among the number of his enemies, whom he looked upon as already conquered, without suspecting that he was going to force them at last to conquer himself. Mean while, still wishing to deceive the Prince, he made proposals to him. The Prince answered them by the following letter, the bearer of which was M. Signeul:—

"Notes have just reached me; and I cannot refrain from expressing myself on the subject of them to your Imperal Majesty, with all the frankness which belongs to my character. When the wishes of the Swedish people called me to succeed to the throne, I hoped, in leaving France, that I should always be able to reconcile my personal affections with the interests of my new country. My heart cherished the hope that it might identify itself with the sentiments of this people, at the same time preserving the remembrance of its first attachments, and never losing sight of the glory of France, nor its sincere attachment to your Majesty—an attachment founded on a brotherhood in arms, which had been distinguished by so many great actions.—It was with this hope that I arrived in Sweden.—I found a nation generally attached to France; but still more to its own liberty and laws:—jealous of your friendship, Sire, but not desirous of ever obtaining it at the expense of its honour and its independence.—Your Majesty's minister chose to disregard this national feeling, and ruined every thing by his arrogance:—his communications bore no marks of that respect which crowned heads owe each other.—While fulfilling, according to the dictates of his own passions, the intentions of your Majesty, Baron Aguier spoke like a Roman proconsul, without recollecting that he

was not addressing himself to slaves.—This minister, then, was the first cause of the distrust which Sweden began to show as to your Majesty's intentions with regard to her; subsequent events [the invasion of Sweden] were calculated to give it new weight. —I had already had the honour, Sire, by my letters of the 19th November and 8th December, 1810, to make your Majesty acquainted with the situation of Sweden, and the desire which she felt to find in your Majesty a protector. She could attribute your Majesty's silence to nothing but unmerited indifference; and it became incumbent on her to take precautions against the storm that was ready to burst on the continent.—Sire, mankind has already suffered but too much. For twenty years the earth has been deluged with human blood; and to put a period to these sufferings is the only thing wanting to complete your Majesty's glory.—If your Majesty desires that the King should intimate to his Majesty the Emperor Alexander the possibility of an accommodation, I augur enough, from the magnanimity of that monarch, to venture to assure you, that he will give a willing ear to overtures equitable at the same time for your empire and for the North. If an event, so unexpected, and so universally wished for, could take place, with what blessings would the nations of the continent hail your Majesty! Then gratitude would be increased in proportion to the terror they now feel for the return of a scourge which has already been so heavy upon them, and the ravages of which have left such cruel marks.—Sire, one of the happiest moments which I have experienced since leaving France was that in which I became assured that your Majesty had not altogether forgotten me. You have judged rightly as to my feelings. You have been aware how deeply they must have been wounded by the painful prospect of either seeing the interests of Sweden on the eve of being separated from those of France, or of being constrained to sacrifice the interests of a country by which I have been adopted with boundless confidence.—Sire, though a Swede by honour, by duty, and by religion, I still identify myself, by my wishes, with that beautiful France, in which I was born, and which I have served faithfully ever since my childhood. Every step I take in Sweden, the homage I receive, revives in my mind those bright recollections of glory which were the principal cause of my elevation; nor do I disguise from myself, that Sweden, in choosing me, wished to pay a tribute of esteem to the French people."

Napoleon blames all the world for his reverses. When he has

no longer any one to blame, he accuses his destiny. But it is himself only whom he should blame; and the more so, because the very desertion on the part of his allies, which hastened his fall, could have had no other cause but the deep wounds he had inflicted by his despotic pride, and his acts of injustice. He was himself the original author of his misfortunes, by outraging those who had contributed to his elevation. It was his own hands that consummated his ruin; he was, in all the strictness of the term, a political suicide, and so much the more guilty, that he did not dispose of himself alone, but of France at the same time.

END OF VOLUME THIRTEENTH.

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